Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

VOLUME ONE: THE NAME OF THE GAME

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2006
AVIÑA

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Dynamite Entertainment Presents

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

volume one: THE NAME OF THE GAME

The BOYS™

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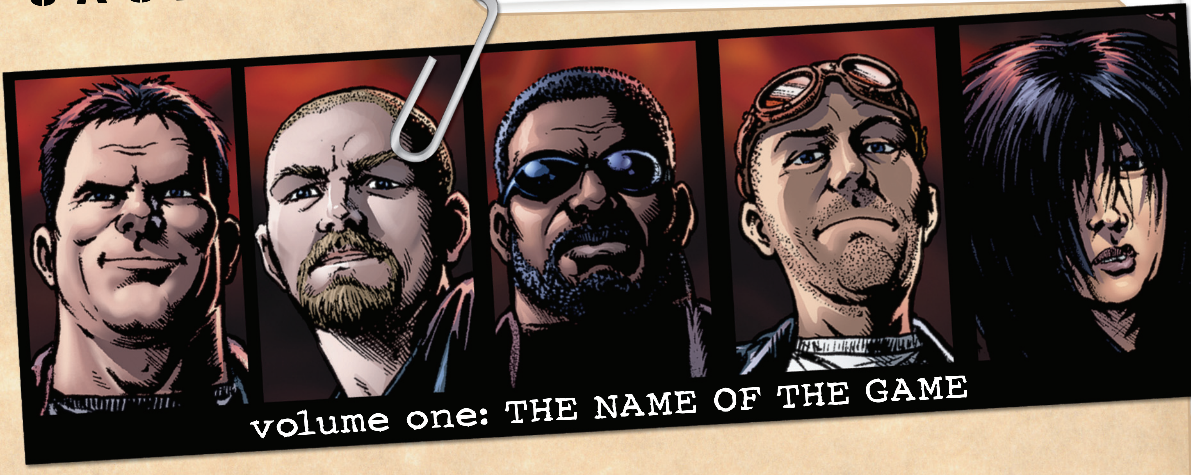

volume one: THE NAME OF THE GAME

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GARTH ENNIS

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Lettered by:
GREG THOMPSON
additional lettering by:
SIMON BOWLAND

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TONY AVIÑA

Cover by:
ROBERTSON & AVIÑA

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

Collects issues one through six of The Boys, originally published by Wildstorm Productions/DC Comics.

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An Introduction By Simon Pegg

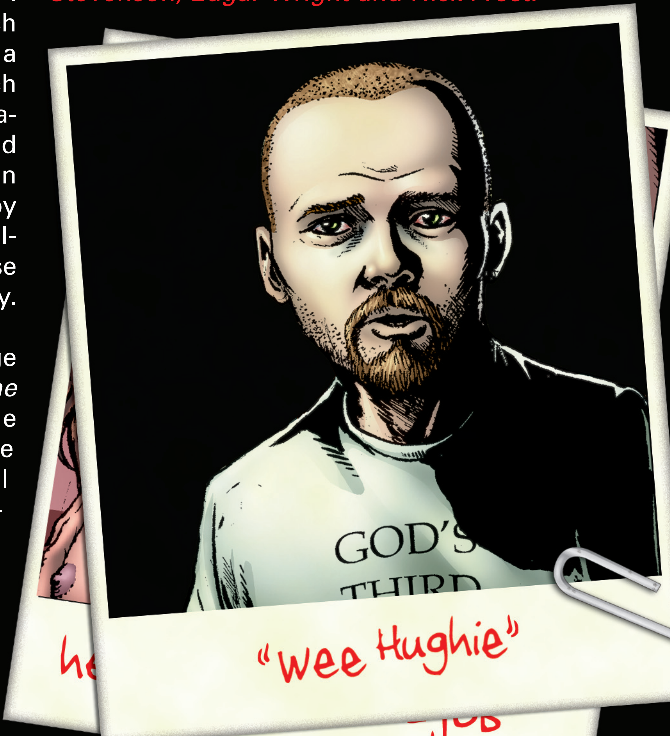
As an actor, auditions are a necessary evil. An appointment is made; script pages are received, a line reading takes place in front of several dispassionates and an ominous little DV cam. Sometimes, an offer will arrive without condition, requiring a straight yes or no. You never get a part without knowing about it. You never switch on the TV or settle down in the cinema to watch something you are unaware stars you. Seeing yourself acting in scenes you don't recall performing would surely be extremely disconcerting. Although I can't say I was anything less than thrilled when I opened the first issue of *The Boys* and came face to face with a young man called Wee Hughie, it wasn't a total surprise. A few months earlier I had received an email from a colleague informing me that an artist called Darick Robertson had appropriated my likeness for a new comic book written by Garth Ennis. Had I not been a comic book fan, or indeed an admirer of Garth's previous works, I might have been a little pissed off, but the fact is I was chuffed to bits. Apparently Robertson had seen episodes of a sitcom called Spaced, which I had co-written and appeared in, around the turn of the millennium and figured I was a ringer for the plucky little Scot in Ennis's darkly funny tale of extreme hero bashing. I guess Darick assumed I would forever be consigned to culty British television and would never emerge into the mainstream enough for me or anyone else to make the connection. I don't hold that against him, I thought much the same at the time. As it turned out, a cricket bat and a zombie outbreak in Crouch End, North London put paid to that speculation in 2004, and before long I discovered with a huge amount of geekish joy that, in likeness at least, I was being conscripted by a hard bitten team of "hero police", hell-bent on dishing out bloody justice to those corrupted by the burden of super-humanity.

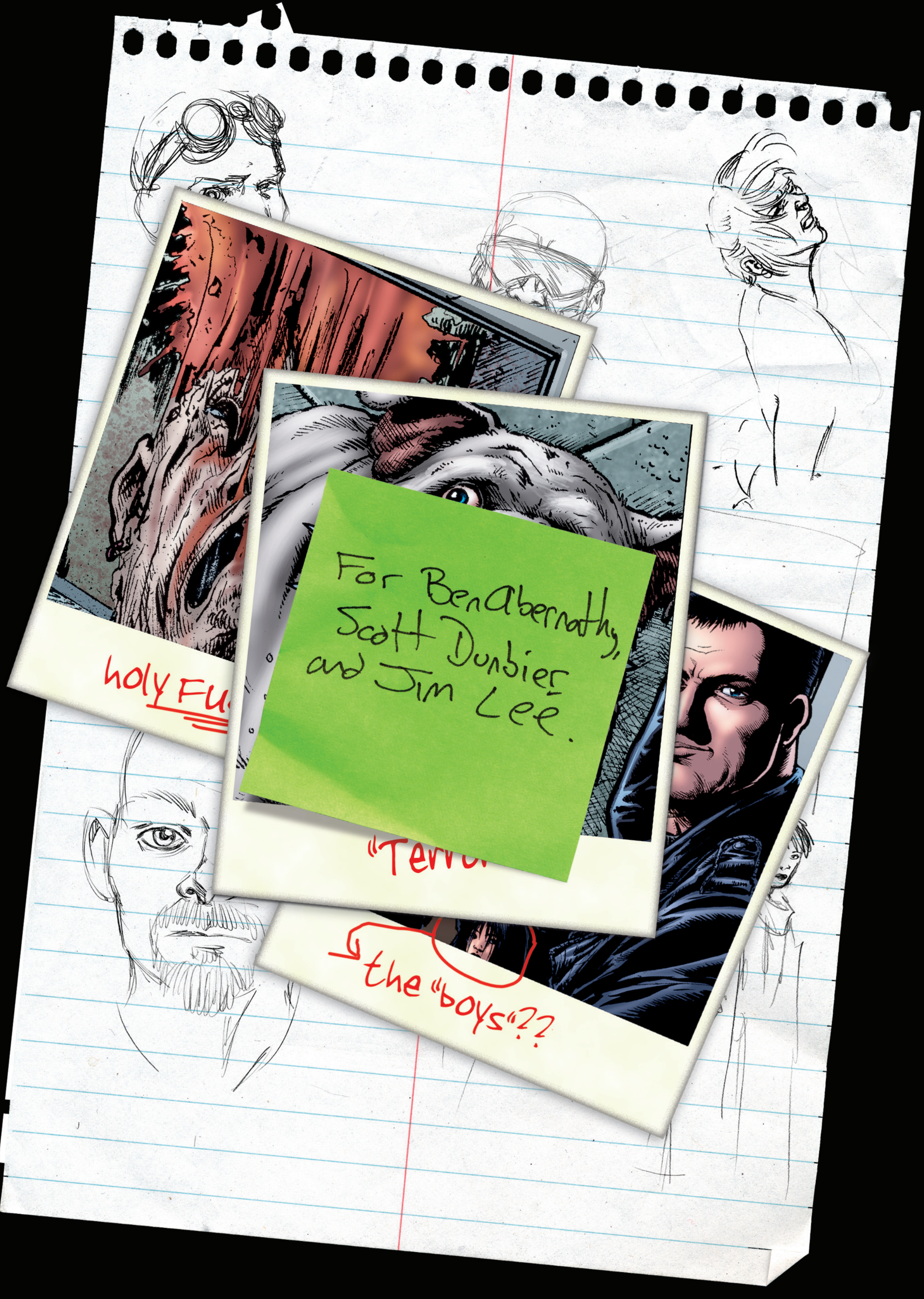
I bought my first proper comic at the age of seven. A Marvel UK title called *The Incredible Hulk Weekly*. Aside from its title character, who was enjoying a resurgence of mainstream popularity thanks to Bill Bixby and Lou Ferrigno, the comic featured stories such as Alan Moore's dark precursor to V, *Night Raven,* and our own super flag flier *Captain Britain*. Every week I would pore over the pages, studying each panel, getting lost in the stories. I soon learned to appreciate the relationship between writer and artist and how the maxim "being on the same page" was never more fitting than when describing this vital symbiosis. Thrills, scares, jokes and dramas are made and broken by the effectiveness of this connection. The titles I have most enjoyed over the years have seen writers and artists tossing set ups and pay offs between each other like unpinned hand grenades, sharing the responsibilities of storytelling and truly exploiting the medium. With *The Boys*, Ennis' signature gleeful moral depravity is brilliantly realized by Robertson's sly graphics. Sick, funny and disturbing, this rather marvellous collaboration answers an old question, "who watches the Watchmen?" The Boys, of course, and they kick the living, fucking shit out of them to boot.

Hell, I'm in.

Simon Pegg
2007-03-29

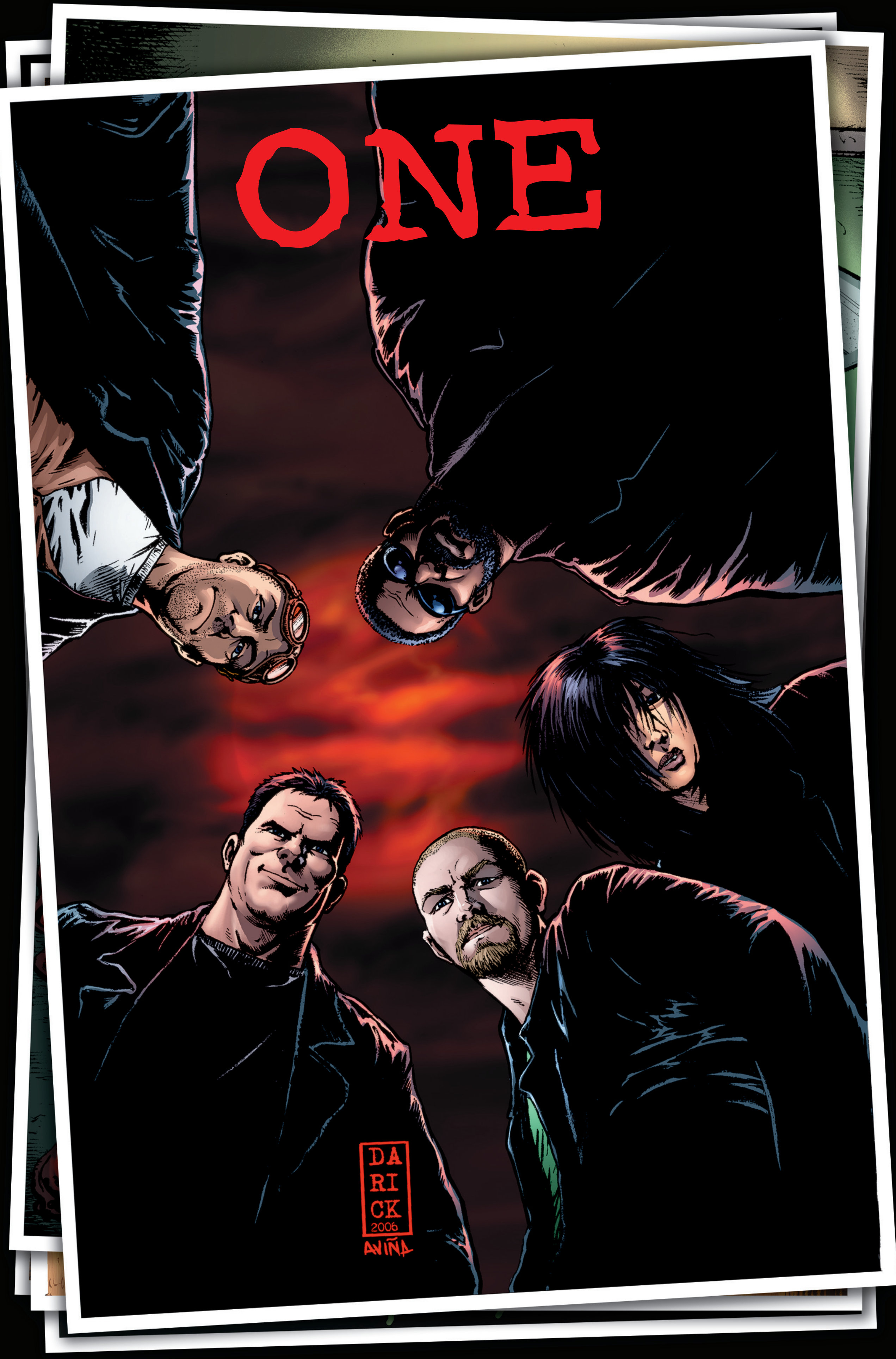
Simon John Pegg is an English stand-up comedian, writer and film and television actor. He is perhaps best known for his title roles in Shaun of the Dead *and* Hot Fuzz*, and for the British sitcom* Spaced*. Much of his major work has been in collaboration with some combination of Jessica Stevenson, Edgar Wright and Nick Frost.*





For Ben Abernathy,
Scott Dunbier
and Jim Lee.

holy FU
"Terro
the "boys"??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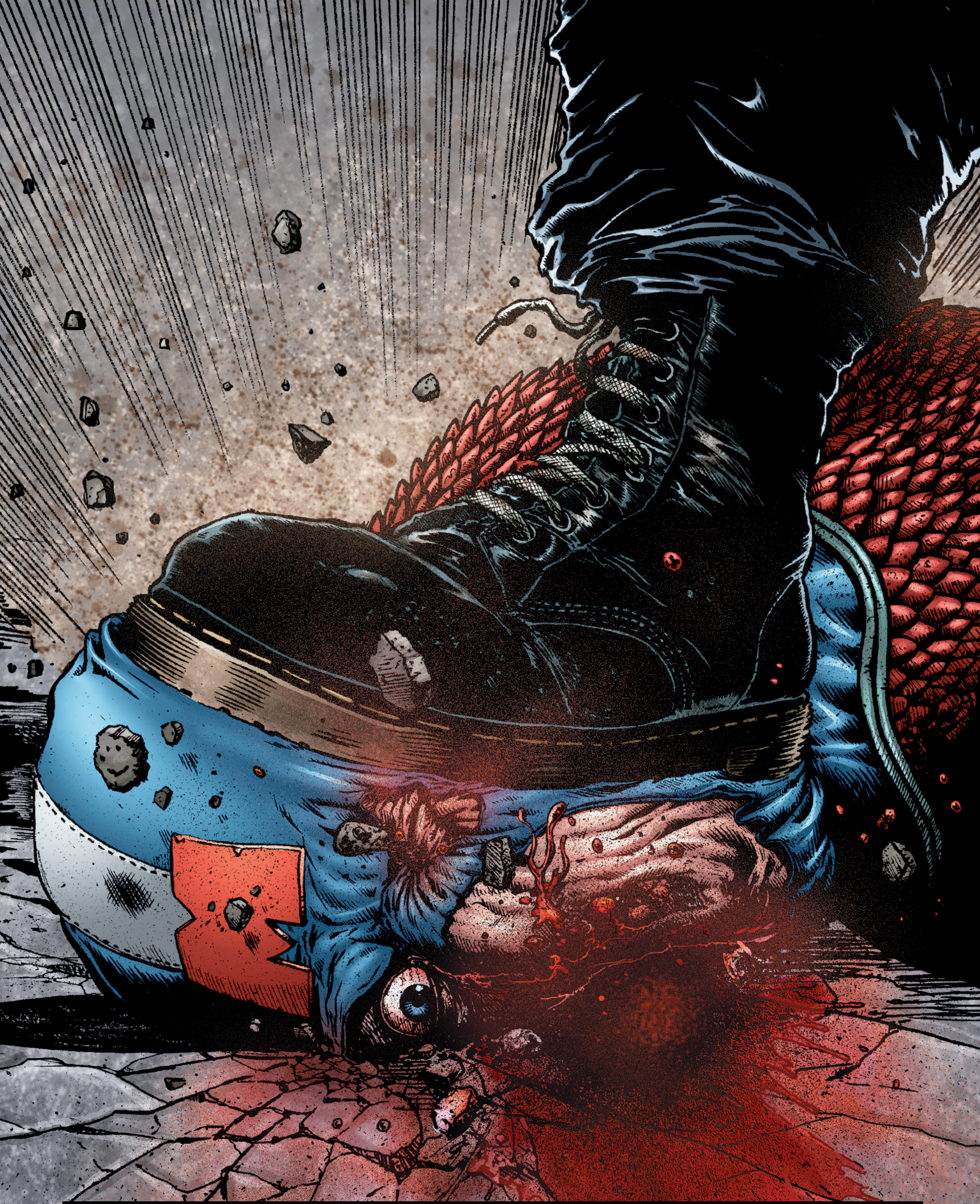
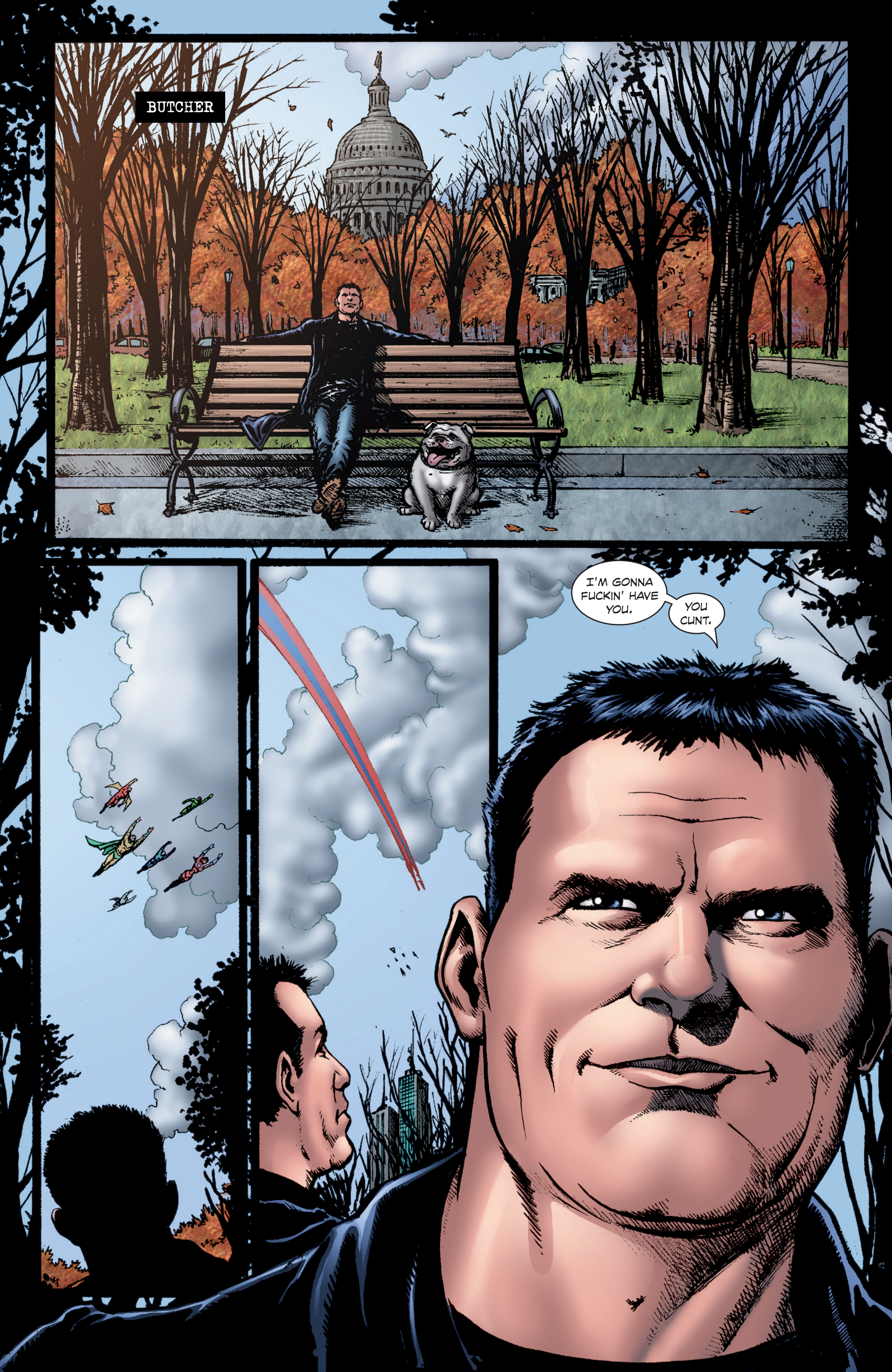


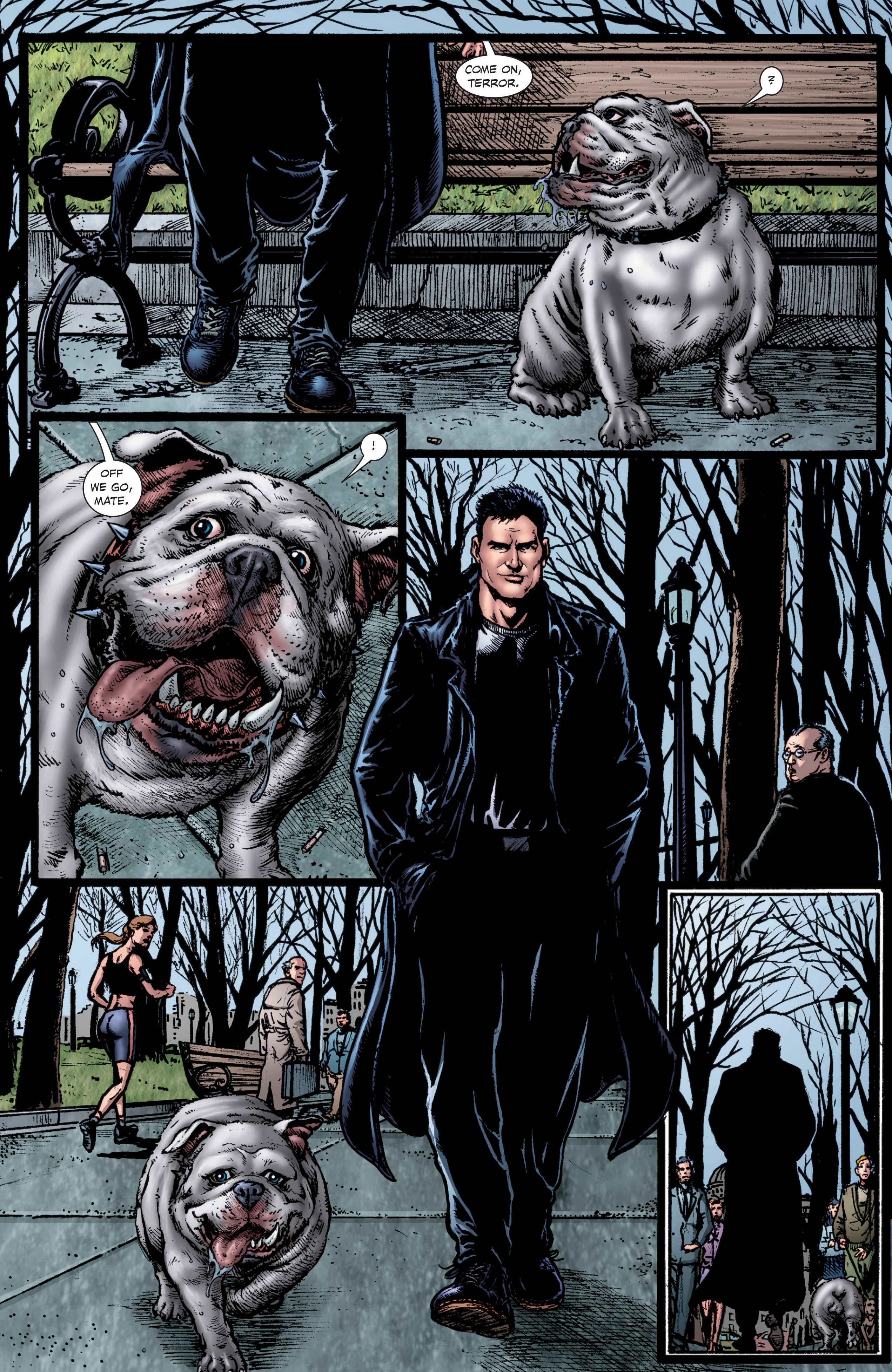
THE NAME OF THE GAME

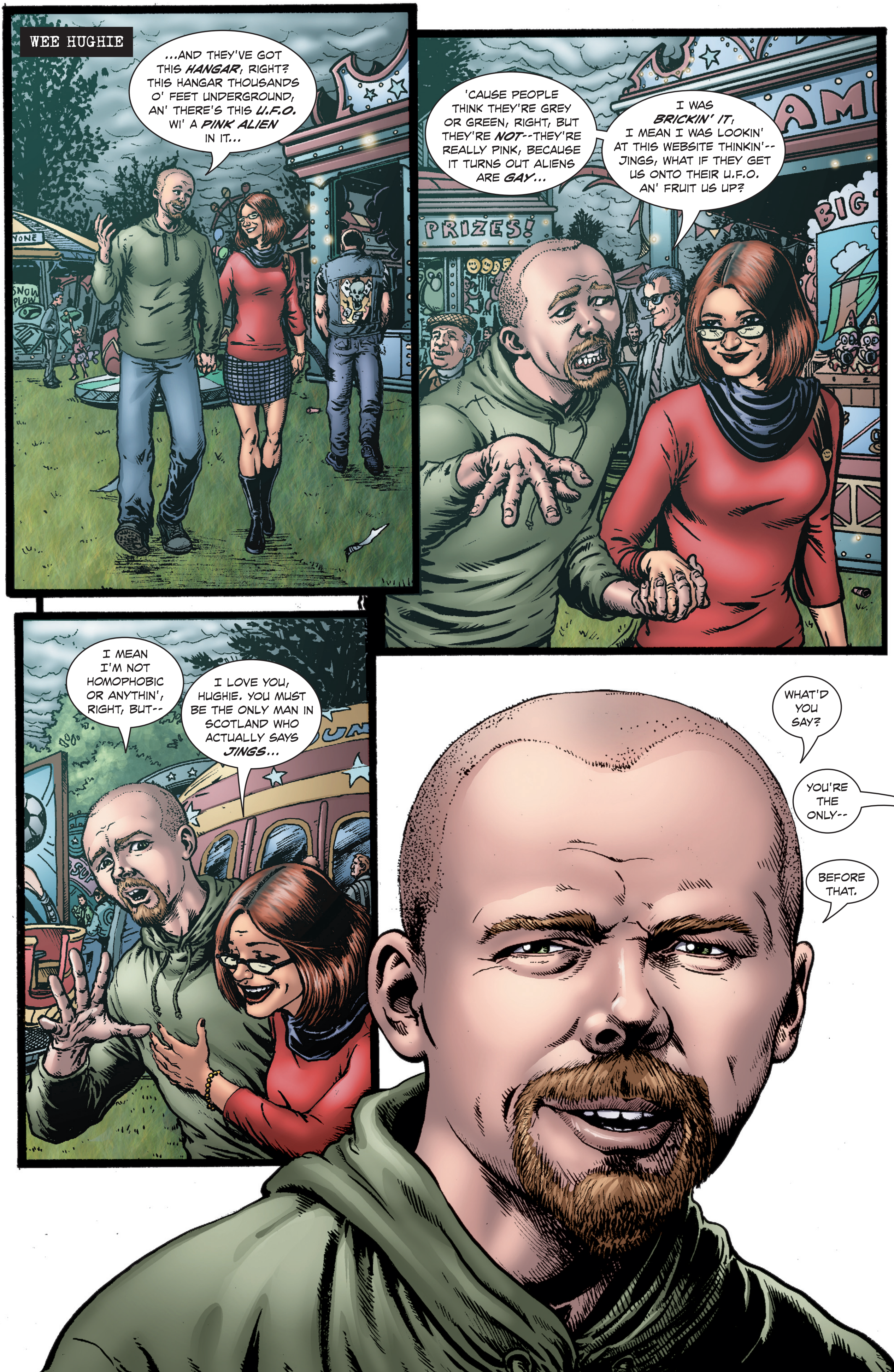
PART ONE

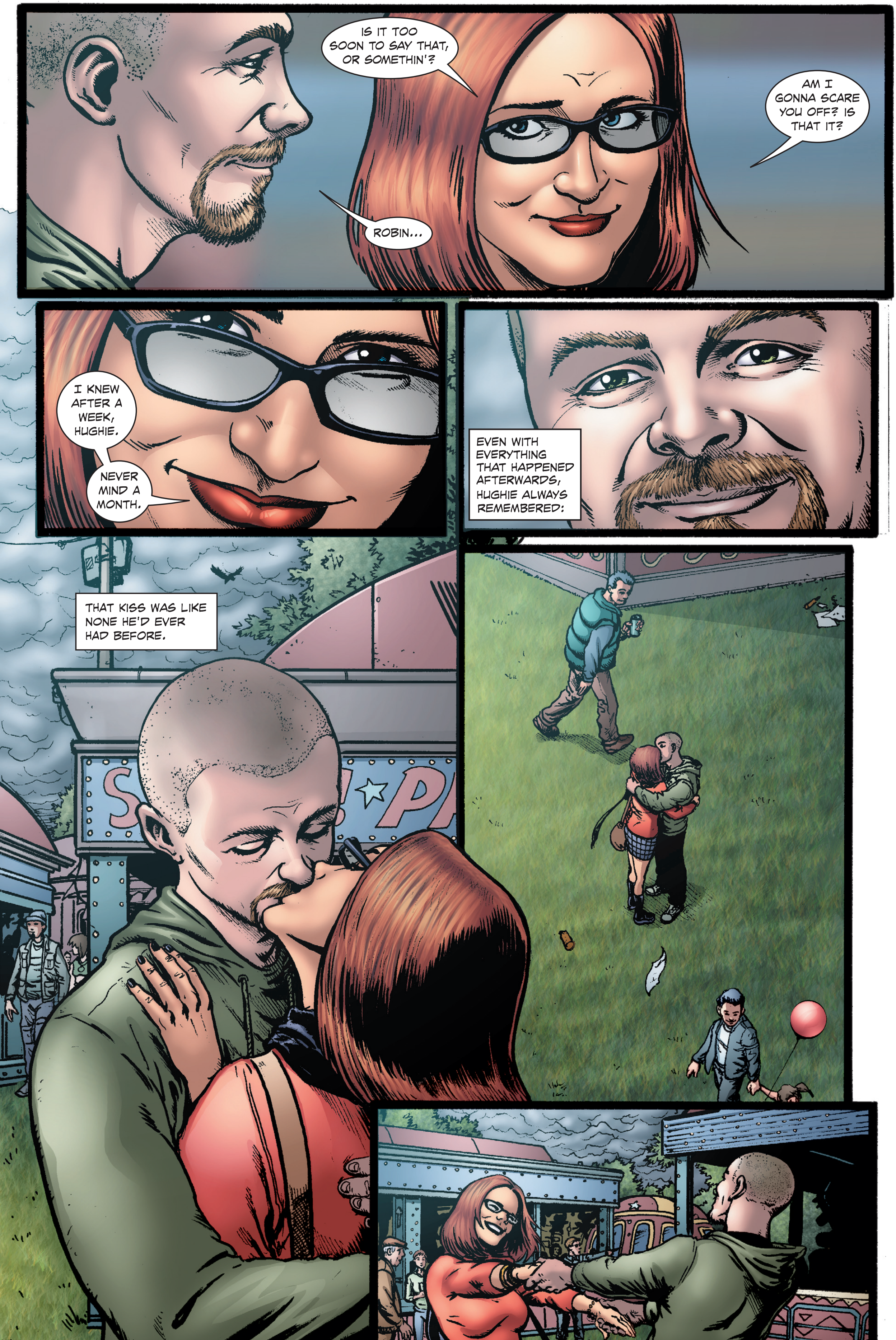
WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

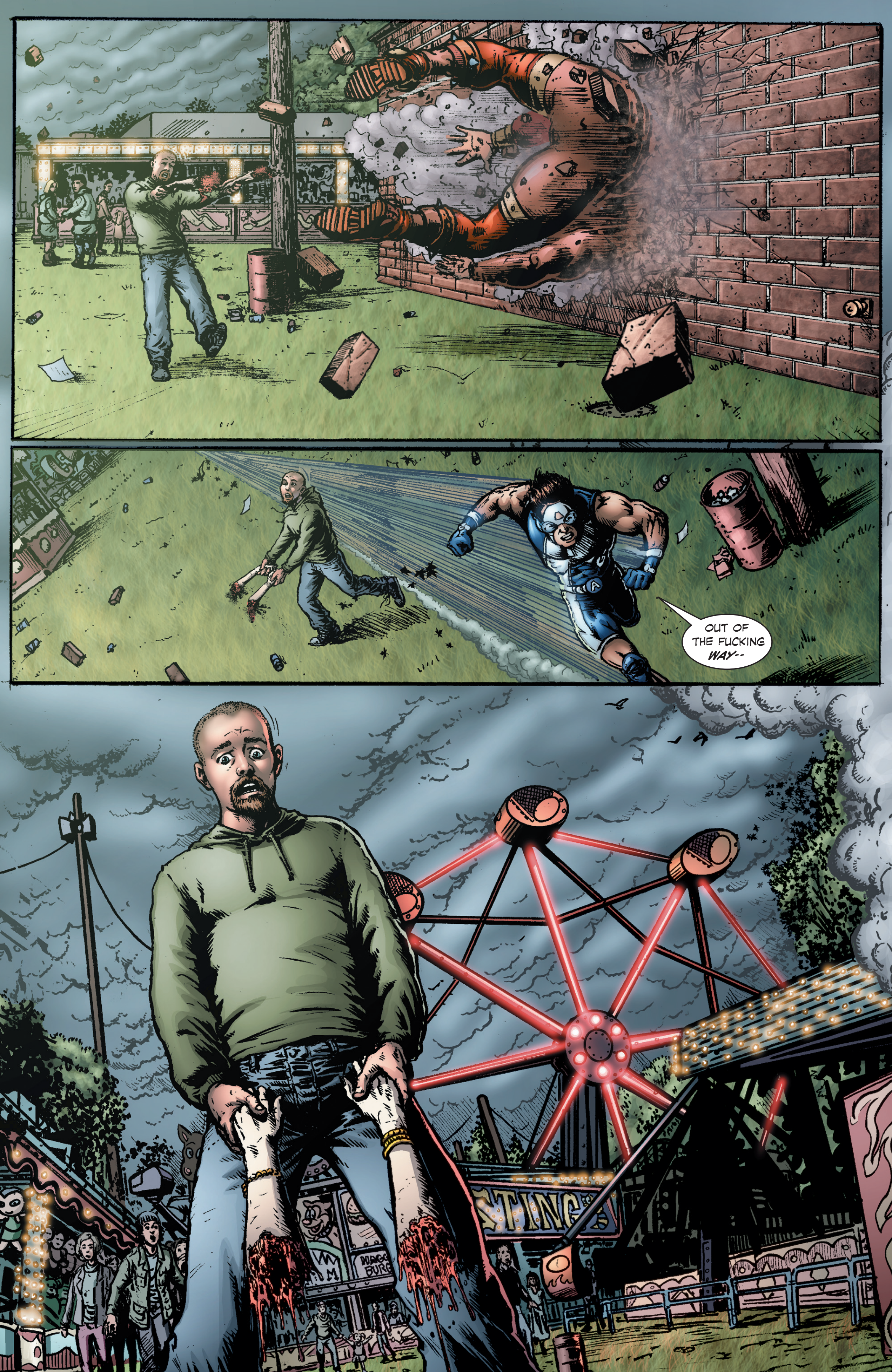
ASSISTANT EDITOR - KRISTY QUINN
EDITOR - BEN ABERNATHY
COVER BY ROBERTSON AND AVIÑA
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON

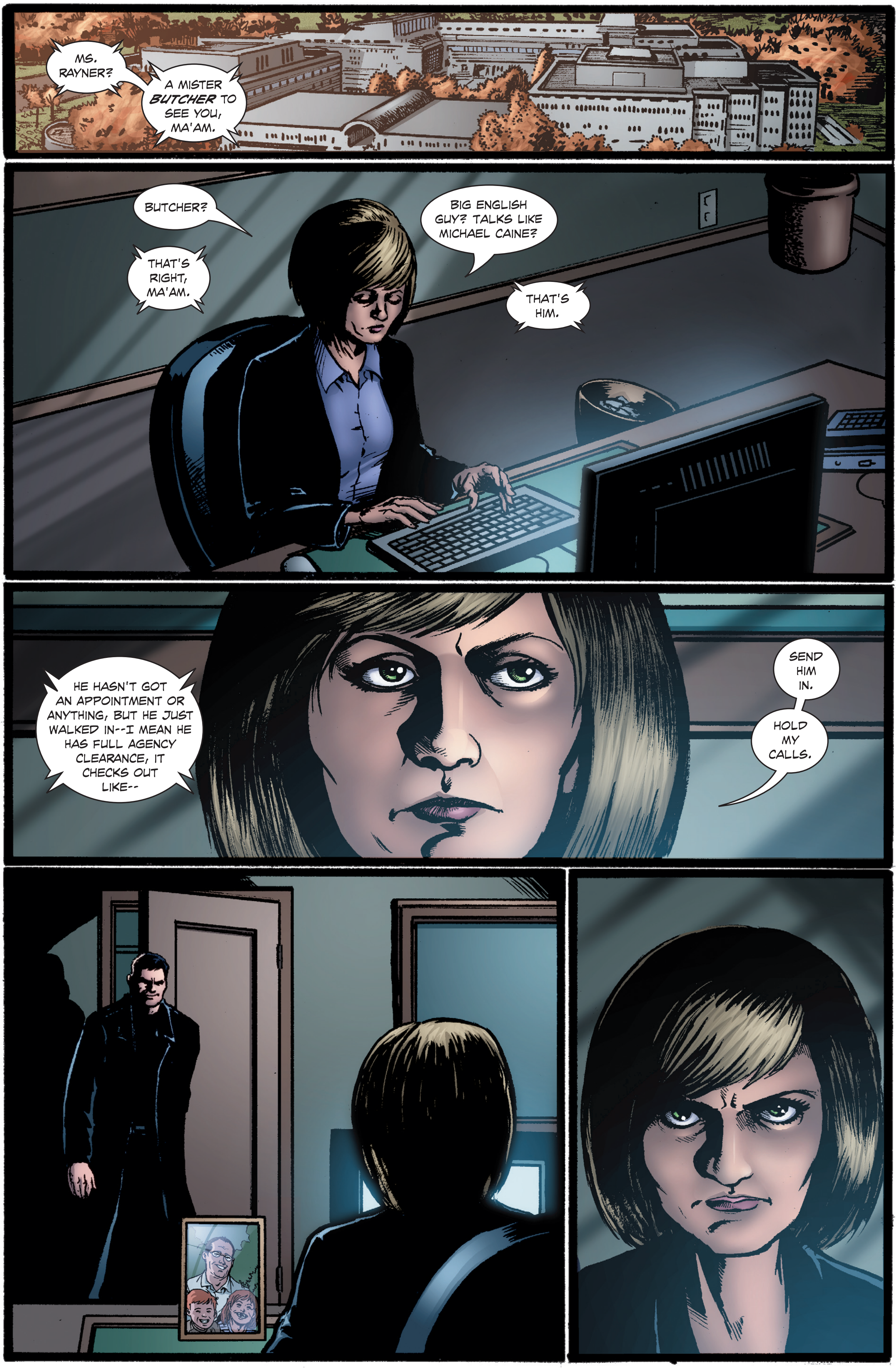

BUTCHER
I'M GONNA FUCKIN' HAVE YOU.
YOU CUNT.

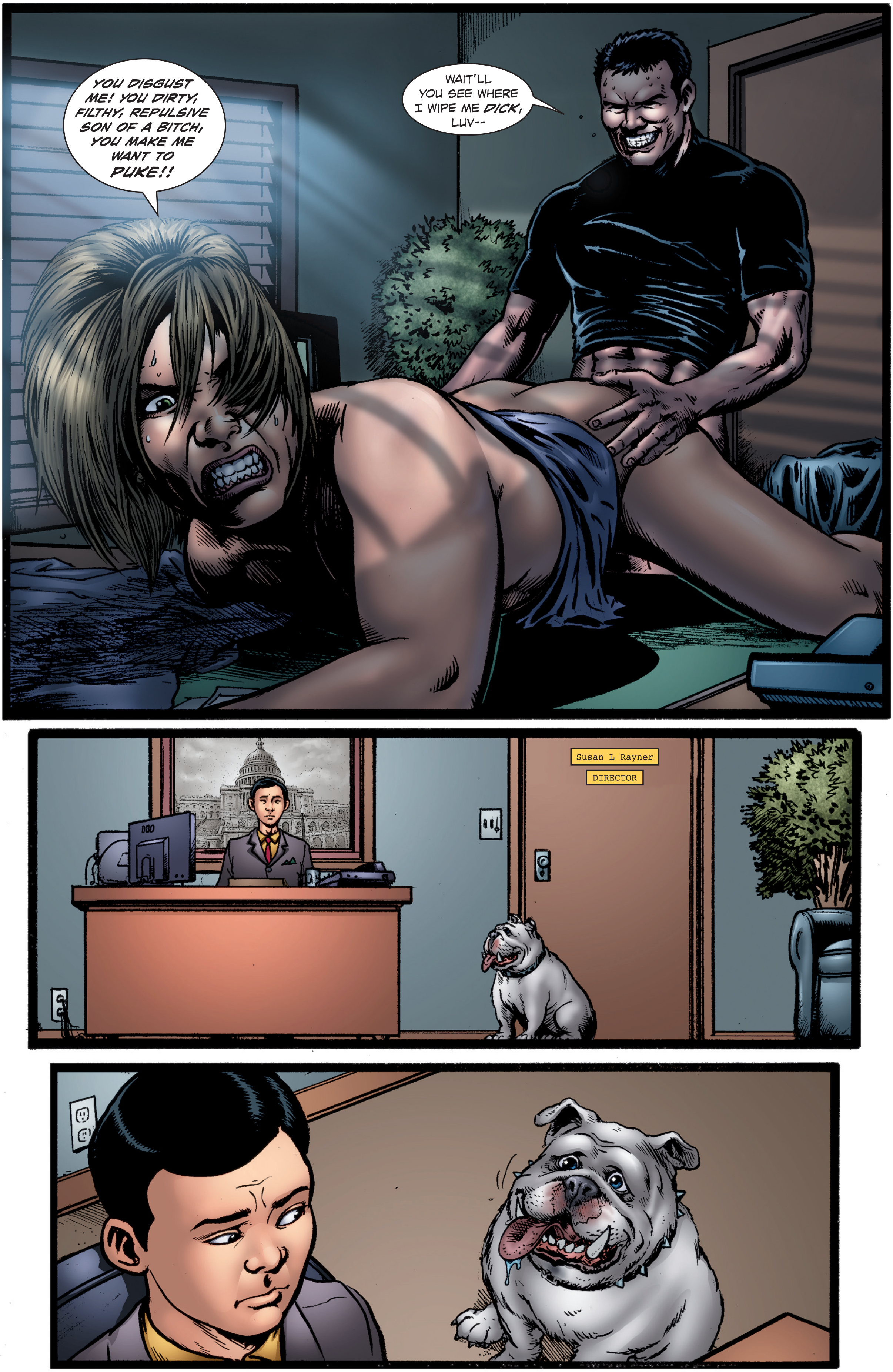

COME ON, TERROR.
?
OFF WE GO, MATE.
!

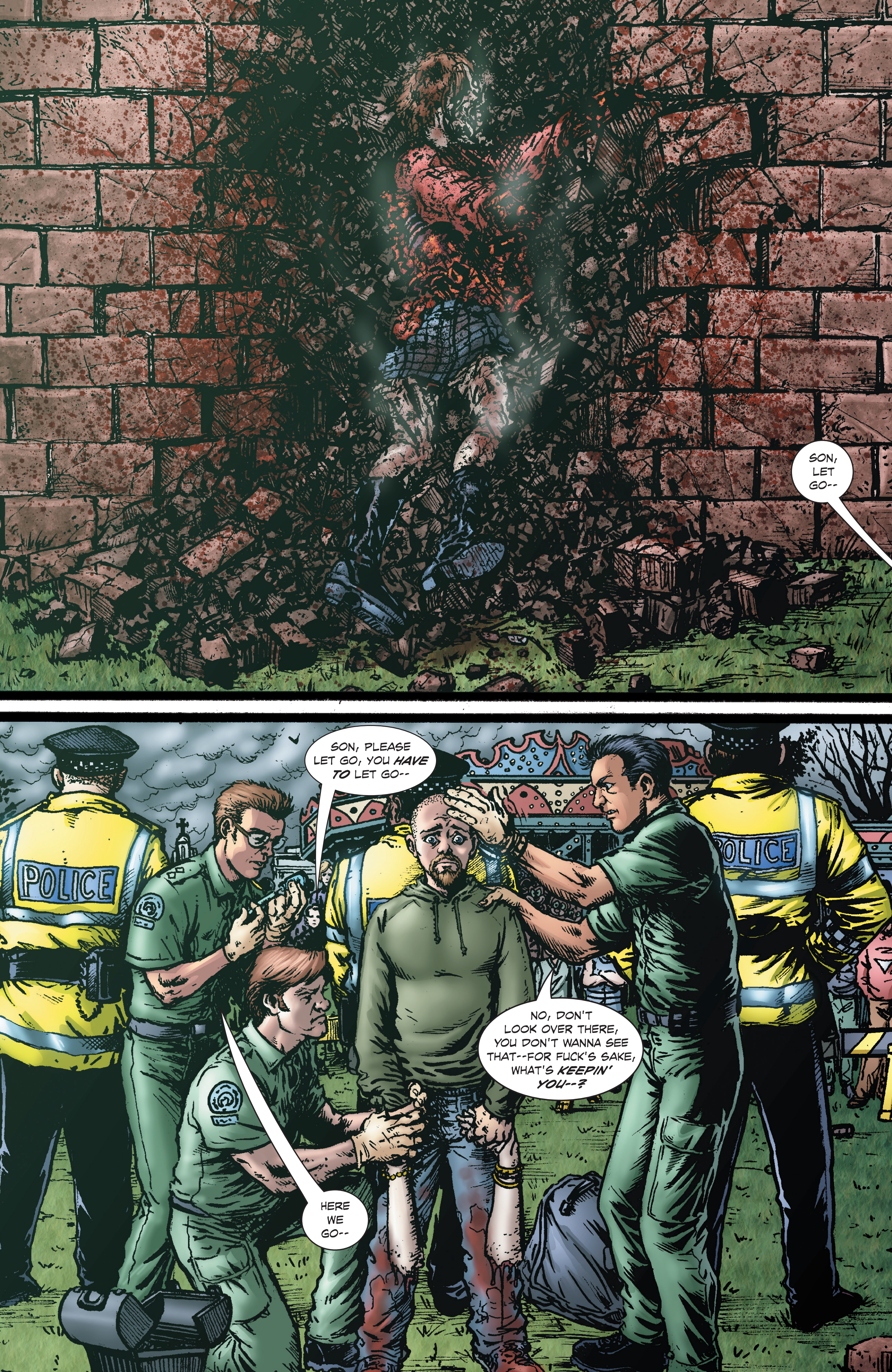

WEE HUGHIE
...AND THEY'VE GOT THIS *HANGAR*, RIGHT? THIS HANGAR THOUSANDS O' FEET UNDERGROUND, AN' THERE'S THIS *U.F.O.* WI' A *PINK ALIEN* IN IT...
'CAUSE PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE GREY OR GREEN, RIGHT, BUT THEY'RE *NOT*--THEY'RE REALLY PINK, BECAUSE IT TURNS OUT ALIENS ARE *GAY*...
I WAS *BRICKIN' IT*, I MEAN I WAS LOOKIN' AT THIS WEBSITE THINKIN'--JINGS, WHAT IF THEY GET US ONTO THEIR U.F.O. AN' FRUIT US UP?
I MEAN I'M NOT HOMOPHOBIC OR ANYTHIN', RIGHT, BUT--
I LOVE YOU, HUGHIE. YOU MUST BE THE ONLY MAN IN SCOTLAND WHO ACTUALLY SAYS *JINGS*...
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
YOU'RE THE ONLY--
BEFORE THAT.
PRIZES!
BIG

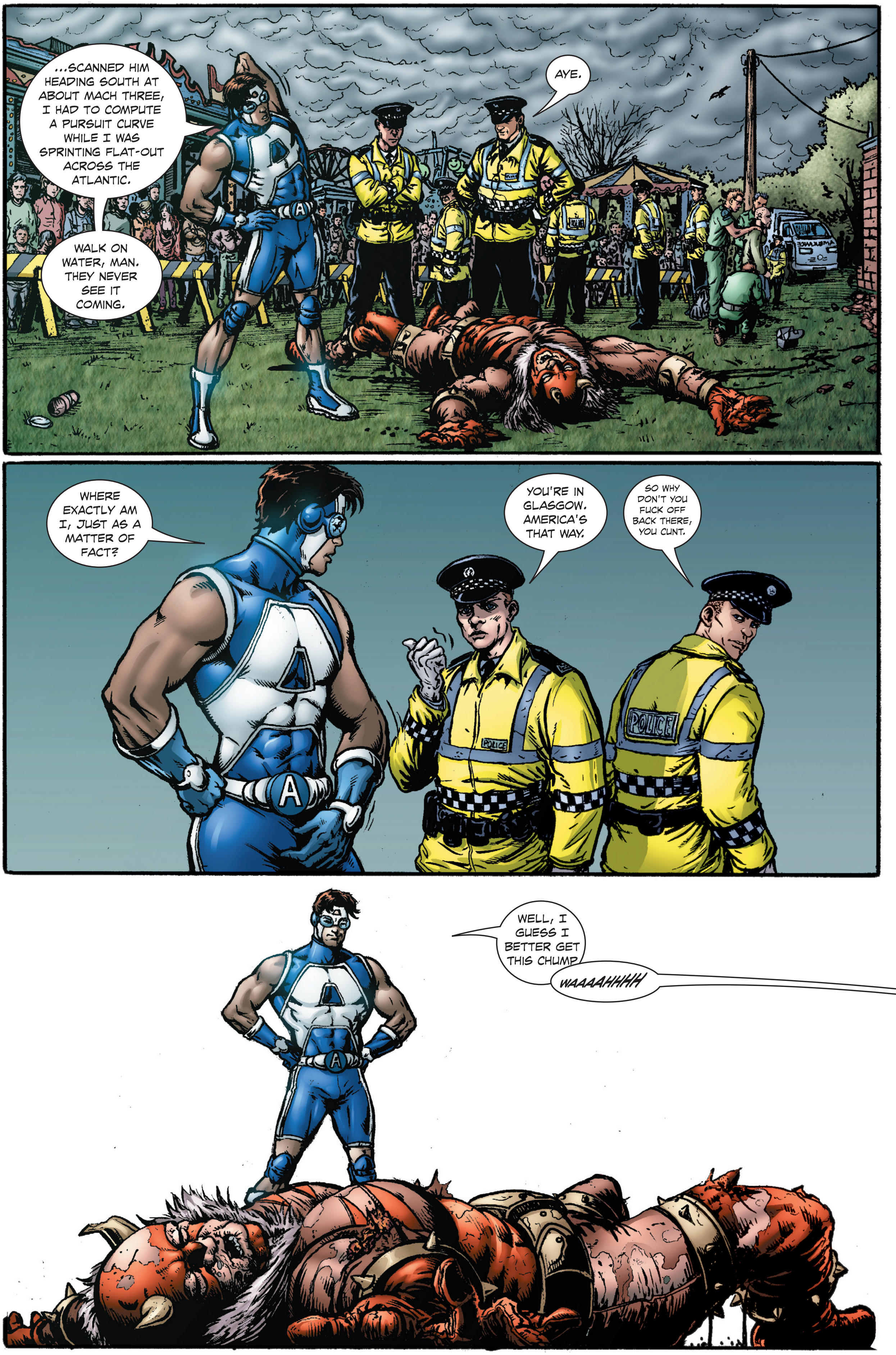

IS IT TOO SOON TO SAY THAT, OR SOMETHIN'?
ROBIN...
AM I GONNA SCARE YOU OFF? IS THAT IT?
I KNEW AFTER A WEEK, HUGHIE.
NEVER MIND A MONTH.
EVEN WITH EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS, HUGHIE ALWAYS REMEMBERED:
THAT KISS WAS LIKE NONE HE'D EVER HAD BEFORE.

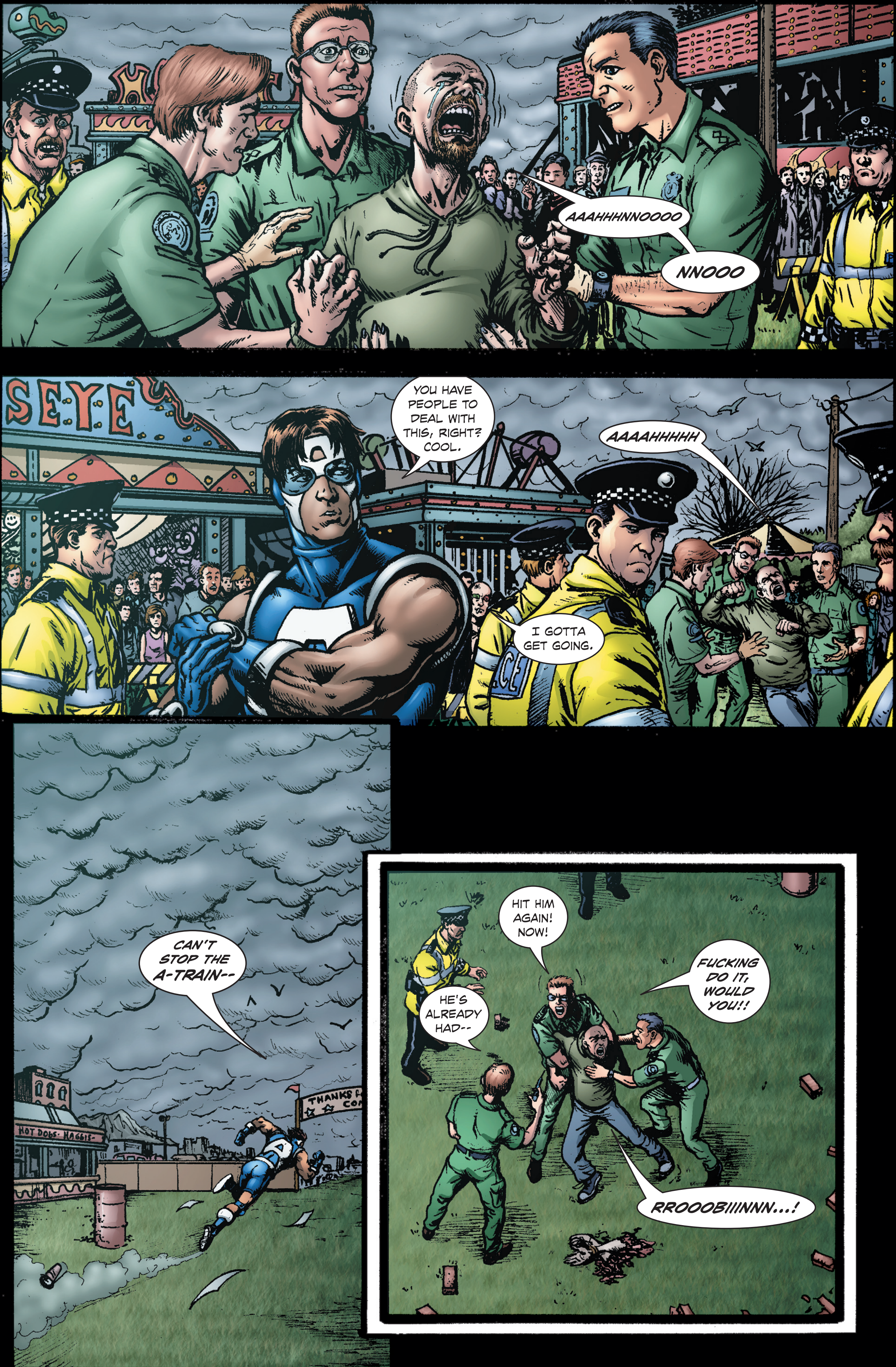

OUT OF THE FUCKING *WAY*--
STING

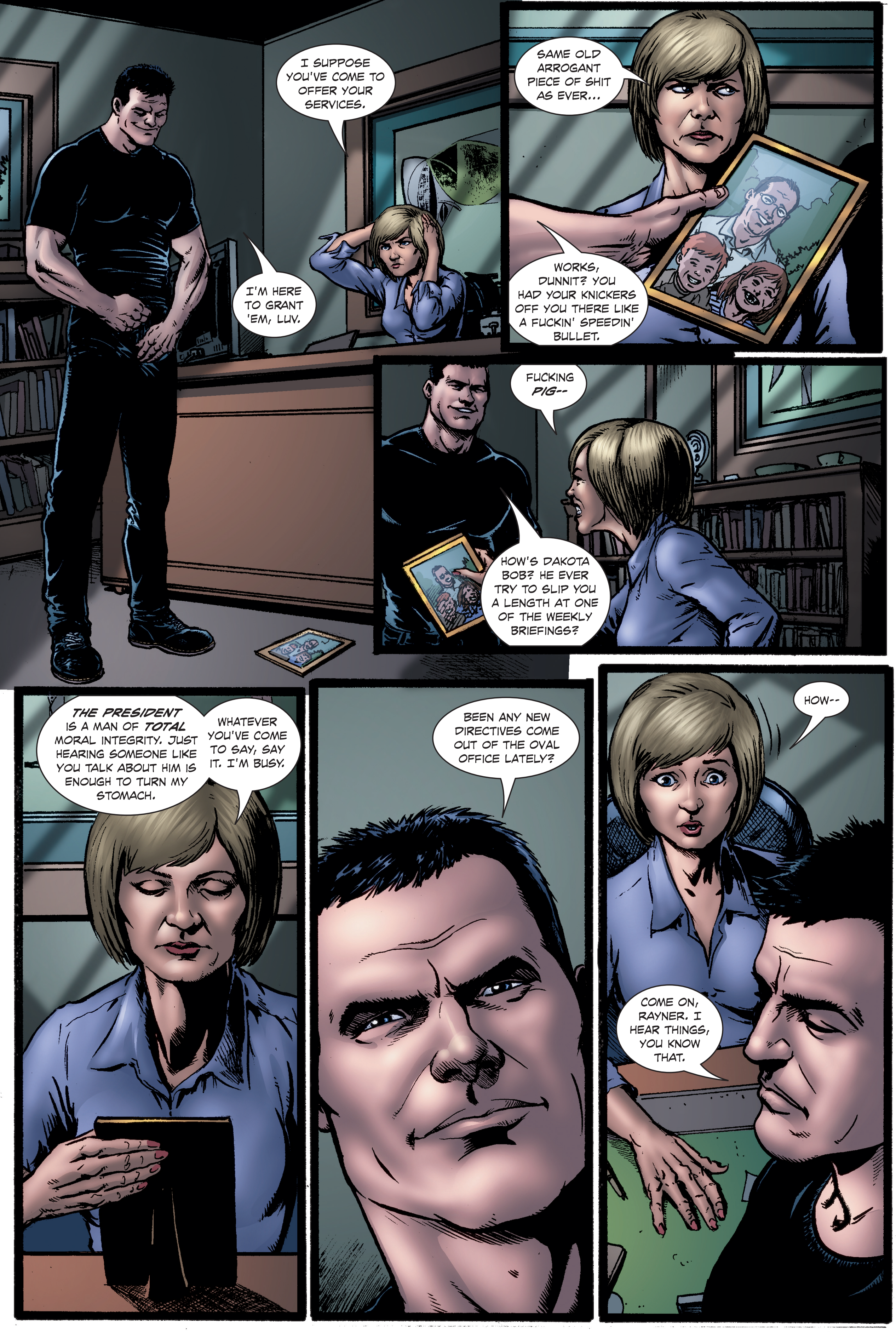

MS. RAYNER?
A MISTER ***BUTCHER*** TO SEE YOU, MA'AM.
BUTCHER?
THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM.
BIG ENGLISH GUY? TALKS LIKE MICHAEL CAINE?
THAT'S HIM.
HE HASN'T GOT AN APPOINTMENT OR ANYTHING, BUT HE JUST WALKED IN--I MEAN HE HAS FULL AGENCY CLEARANCE, IT CHECKS OUT LIKE--
SEND HIM IN.
HOLD MY CALLS.

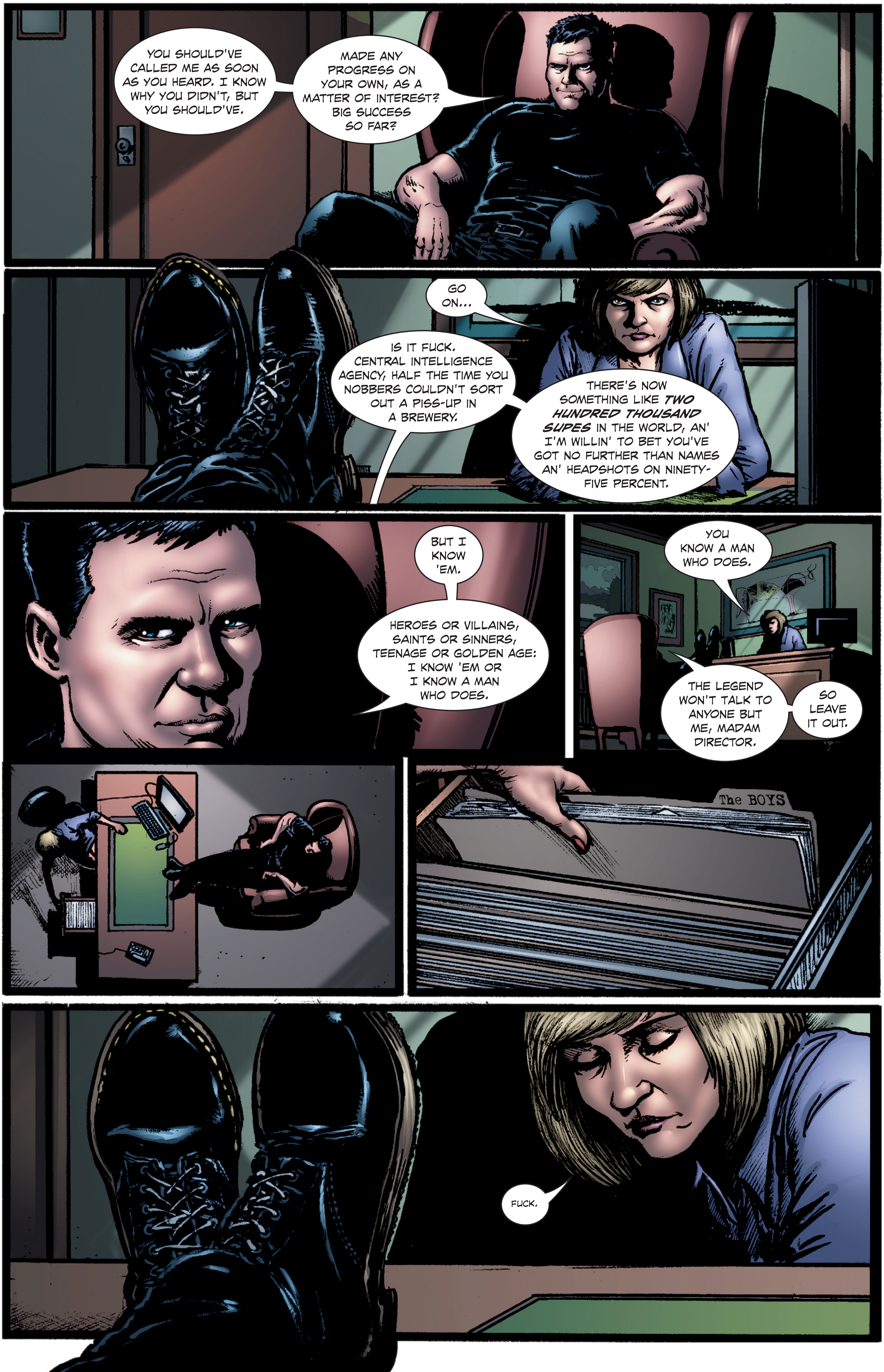

YOU DISGUST ME! YOU DIRTY, FILTHY, REPULSIVE SON OF A BITCH, YOU MAKE ME WANT TO *PUKE!!*
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHERE I WIPE ME *DICK*, LUV--
Susan L Rayner
DIRECTOR

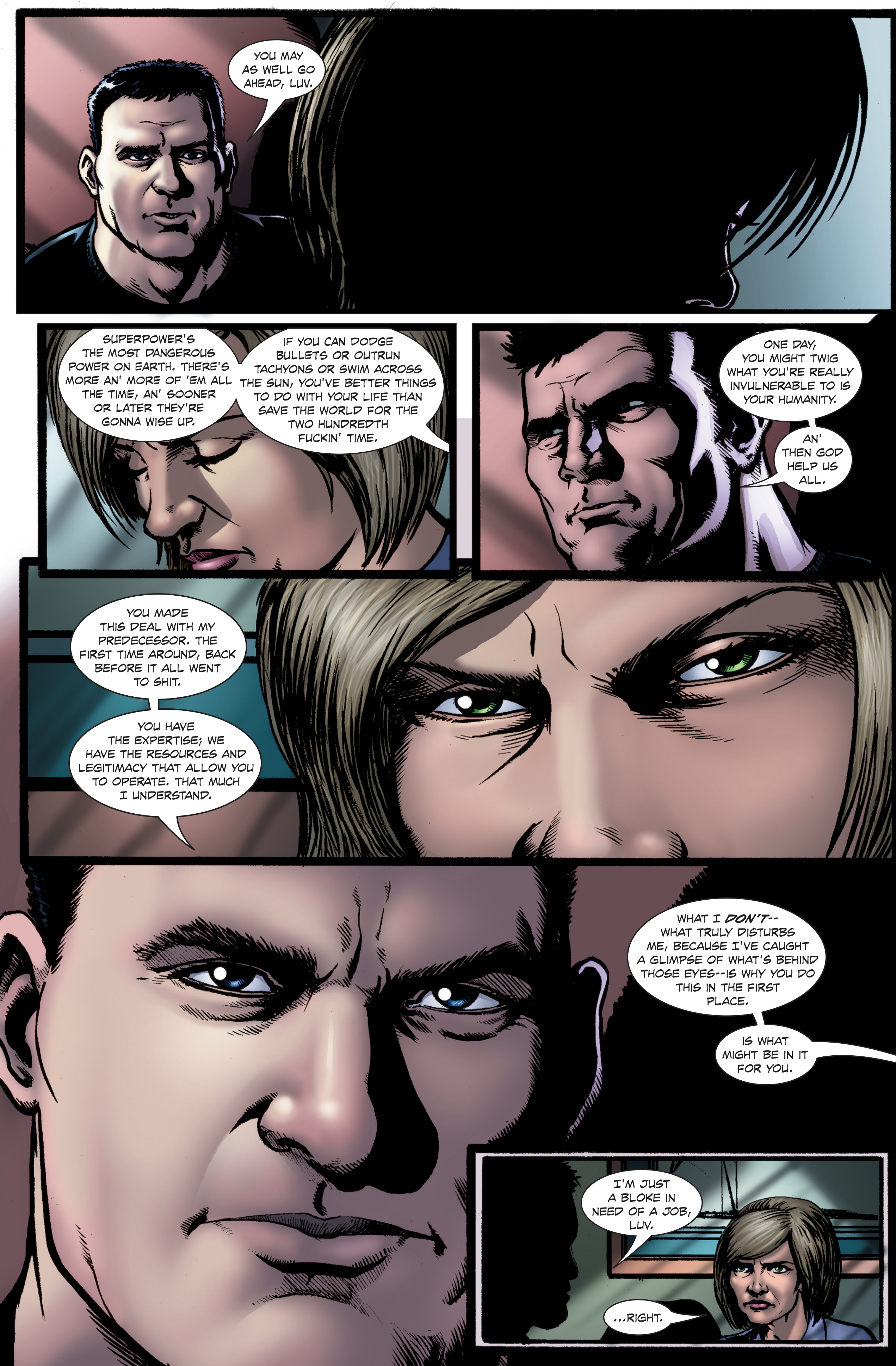

SON, LET GO--
SON, PLEASE LET GO, YOU *HAVE TO* LET GO--
POLICE
POLICE
NO, DON'T LOOK OVER THERE, YOU DON'T WANNA SEE THAT--FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WHAT'S *KEEPIN' YOU*--?
HERE WE GO--

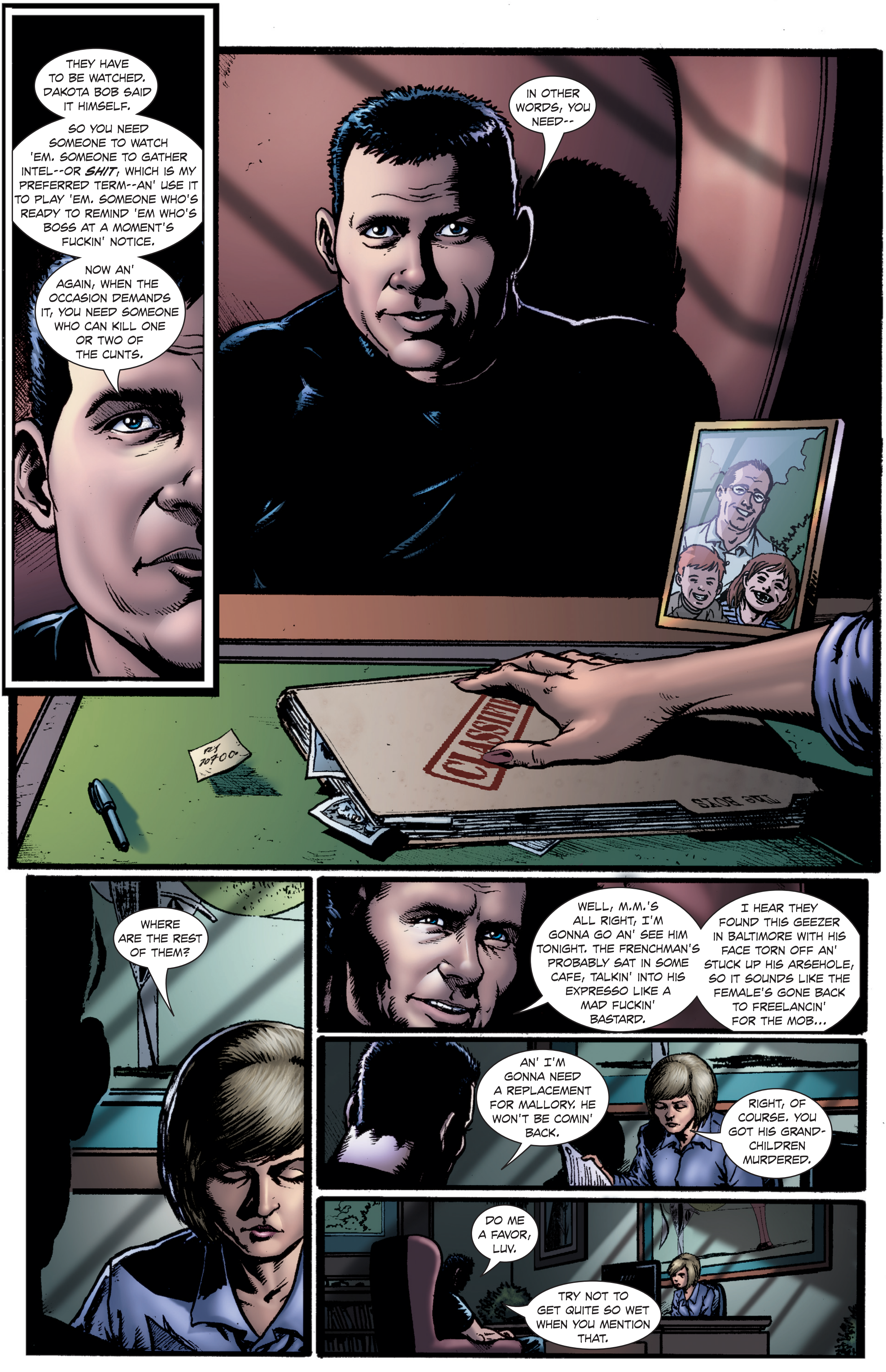

...SCANNED HIM HEADING SOUTH AT ABOUT MACH THREE, I HAD TO COMPUTE A PURSUIT CURVE WHILE I WAS SPRINTING FLAT-OUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.
WALK ON WATER, MAN. THEY NEVER SEE IT COMING.
AYE.
WHERE EXACTLY AM I, JUST AS A MATTER OF FACT?
YOU'RE IN GLASGOW. AMERICA'S THAT WAY.
SO WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF BACK THERE, YOU CUNT.
POLICE
POLICE
WELL, I GUESS I BETTER GET THIS CHUMP
WAAAAHHHH

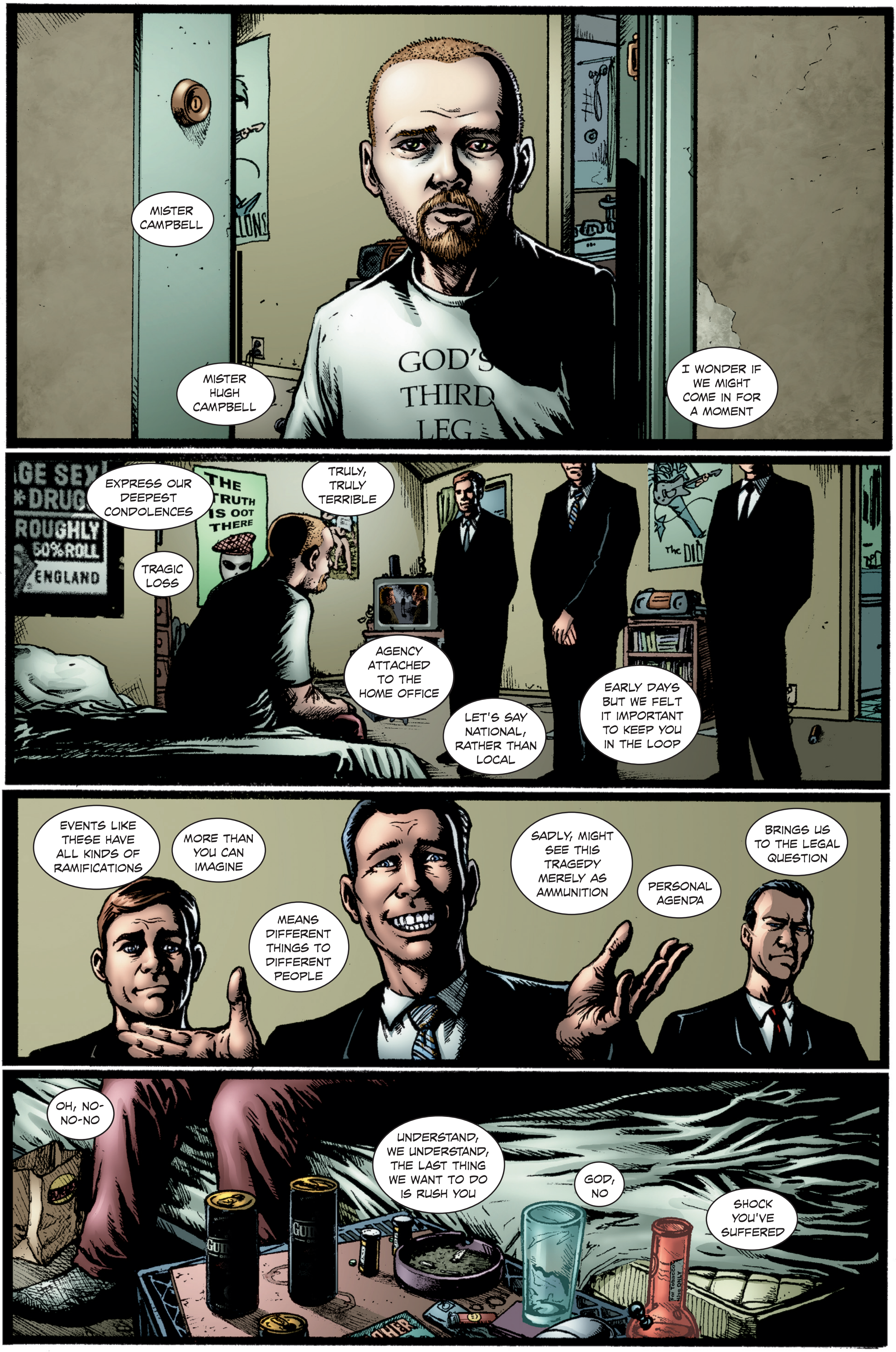

AAAHHHHNNOOOO
NNOOO
SEYE
YOU HAVE PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH THIS, RIGHT? COOL.
AAAAHHHHH
I GOTTA GET GOING.
CAN'T STOP THE A-TRAIN--
HOT DOGS · HAGGIS
THANKS
HIT HIM AGAIN! NOW!
HE'S ALREADY HAD--
FUCKING DO IT, WOULD YOU!!
RROOOBIIINNN...!

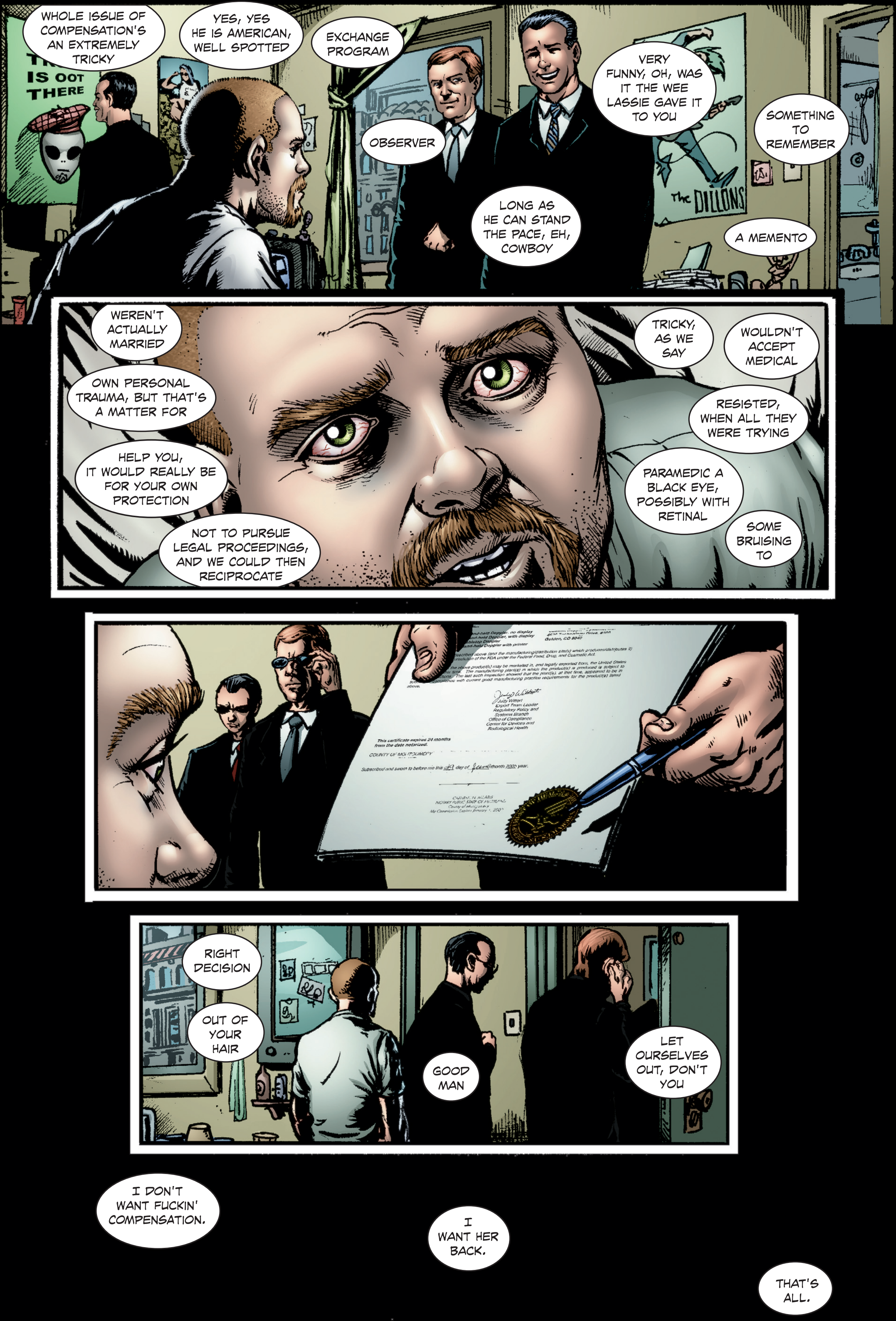

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES.
I'M HERE TO GRANT 'EM, LUV.
SAME OLD ARROGANT PIECE OF SHIT AS EVER...
WORKS, DUNNIT? YOU HAD YOUR KNICKERS OFF YOU THERE LIKE A FUCKIN' SPEEDIN' BULLET.
FUCKING *PIG--*
HOW'S DAKOTA BOB? HE EVER TRY TO SLIP YOU A LENGTH AT ONE OF THE WEEKLY BRIEFINGS?
THE PRESIDENT IS A MAN OF ***TOTAL*** MORAL INTEGRITY. JUST HEARING SOMEONE LIKE YOU TALK ABOUT HIM IS ENOUGH TO TURN MY STOMACH.
WHATEVER YOU'VE COME TO SAY, SAY IT. I'M BUSY.
BEEN ANY NEW DIRECTIVES COME OUT OF THE OVAL OFFICE LATELY?
HOW--
COME ON, RAYNER. I HEAR THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.


YOU SHOULD'VE CALLED ME AS SOON AS YOU HEARD. I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T, BUT YOU SHOULD'VE.
MADE ANY PROGRESS ON YOUR OWN, AS A MATTER OF INTEREST? BIG SUCCESS SO FAR?
GO ON...
IS IT FUCK. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, HALF THE TIME YOU NOBBERS COULDN'T SORT OUT A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY.
THERE'S NOW SOMETHING LIKE *TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SUPES* IN THE WORLD, AN' I'M WILLIN' TO BET YOU'VE GOT NO FURTHER THAN NAMES AN' HEADSHOTS ON NINETY-FIVE PERCENT.
BUT I KNOW 'EM.
HEROES OR VILLAINS, SAINTS OR SINNERS, TEENAGE OR GOLDEN AGE: I KNOW 'EM OR I KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.
YOU KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.
THE LEGEND WON'T TALK TO ANYONE BUT ME, MADAM DIRECTOR.
SO LEAVE IT OUT.
The BOYS
FUCK.


YOU MAY AS WELL GO AHEAD, LUV.
SUPERPOWER'S THE MOST DANGEROUS POWER ON EARTH. THERE'S MORE AN' MORE OF 'EM ALL THE TIME, AN' SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA WISE UP.
IF YOU CAN DODGE BULLETS OR OUTRUN TACHYONS OR SWIM ACROSS THE SUN, YOU'VE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE THAN SAVE THE WORLD FOR THE TWO HUNDREDTH FUCKIN' TIME.
ONE DAY, YOU MIGHT TWIG WHAT YOU'RE REALLY INVULNERABLE TO IS YOUR HUMANITY.
AN' THEN GOD HELP US ALL.
YOU MADE THIS DEAL WITH MY PREDECESSOR. THE FIRST TIME AROUND, BACK BEFORE IT ALL WENT TO SHIT.
YOU HAVE THE EXPERTISE; WE HAVE THE RESOURCES AND LEGITIMACY THAT ALLOW YOU TO OPERATE. THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND.
WHAT I *DON'T*-- WHAT TRULY DISTURBS ME, BECAUSE I'VE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE EYES--IS WHY YOU DO THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
IS WHAT MIGHT BE IN IT FOR YOU.
I'M JUST A BLOKE IN NEED OF A JOB, LUV.
...RIGHT.


THEY HAVE TO BE WATCHED. DAKOTA BOB SAID IT HIMSELF.
SO YOU NEED SOMEONE TO WATCH 'EM. SOMEONE TO GATHER INTEL--OR ***SHIT***, WHICH IS MY PREFERRED TERM--AN' USE IT TO PLAY 'EM. SOMEONE WHO'S READY TO REMIND 'EM WHO'S BOSS AT A MOMENT'S FUCKIN' NOTICE.
NOW AN' AGAIN, WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT, YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN KILL ONE OR TWO OF THE CUNTS.
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU NEED--
CLASSIFIED
THE BOYS
WHERE ARE THE REST OF THEM?
WELL, M.M.'S ALL RIGHT, I'M GONNA GO AN' SEE HIM TONIGHT. THE FRENCHMAN'S PROBABLY SAT IN SOME CAFE, TALKIN' INTO HIS EXPRESSO LIKE A MAD FUCKIN' BASTARD.
I HEAR THEY FOUND THIS GEEZER IN BALTIMORE WITH HIS FACE TORN OFF AN' STUCK UP HIS ARSEHOLE, SO IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FEMALE'S GONE BACK TO FREELANCIN' FOR THE MOB...
AN' I'M GONNA NEED A REPLACEMENT FOR MALLORY. HE WON'T BE COMIN' BACK.
RIGHT, OF COURSE. YOU GOT HIS GRANDCHILDREN MURDERED.
DO ME A FAVOR, LUV.
TRY NOT TO GET QUITE SO WET WHEN YOU MENTION THAT.


MISTER CAMPBELL
MISTER HUGH CAMPBELL
LONS
GOD'S THIRD LEG
I WONDER IF WE MIGHT COME IN FOR A MOMENT
GE SEX *DRUG ROUGHLY 50% ROLL ENGLAND
EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST CONDOLENCES
THE TRUTH IS OOT THERE
TRULY, TRULY TERRIBLE
TRAGIC LOSS
The DIL
AGENCY ATTACHED TO THE HOME OFFICE
LET'S SAY NATIONAL, RATHER THAN LOCAL
EARLY DAYS BUT WE FELT IT IMPORTANT TO KEEP YOU IN THE LOOP
EVENTS LIKE THESE HAVE ALL KINDS OF RAMIFICATIONS
MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE
MEANS DIFFERENT THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE
SADLY, MIGHT SEE THIS TRAGEDY MERELY AS AMMUNITION
PERSONAL AGENDA
BRINGS US TO THE LEGAL QUESTION
OH, NO-NO-NO
UNDERSTAND, WE UNDERSTAND, THE LAST THING WE WANT TO DO IS RUSH YOU
GOD, NO
SHOCK YOU'VE SUFFERED
For Tobacco Use Only


WHOLE ISSUE OF COMPENSATION'S AN EXTREMELY TRICKY
YES, YES HE IS AMERICAN, WELL SPOTTED
EXCHANGE PROGRAM
OBSERVER
VERY FUNNY, OH, WAS IT THE WEE LASSIE GAVE IT TO YOU
LONG AS HE CAN STAND THE PACE, EH, COWBOY
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER
A MEMENTO
IS OOT THERE
The DILLONS
WEREN'T ACTUALLY MARRIED
OWN PERSONAL TRAUMA, BUT THAT'S A MATTER FOR
HELP YOU, IT WOULD REALLY BE FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION
NOT TO PURSUE LEGAL PROCEEDINGS, AND WE COULD THEN RECIPROCATE
TRICKY, AS WE SAY
WOULDN'T ACCEPT MEDICAL
RESISTED, WHEN ALL THEY WERE TRYING
PARAMEDIC A BLACK EYE, POSSIBLY WITH RETINAL
SOME BRUISING TO
and-held Doppler, no display
and-held Doppler, with display
abletop Doppler
and-held Doppler with printer
Golden, CO 8040
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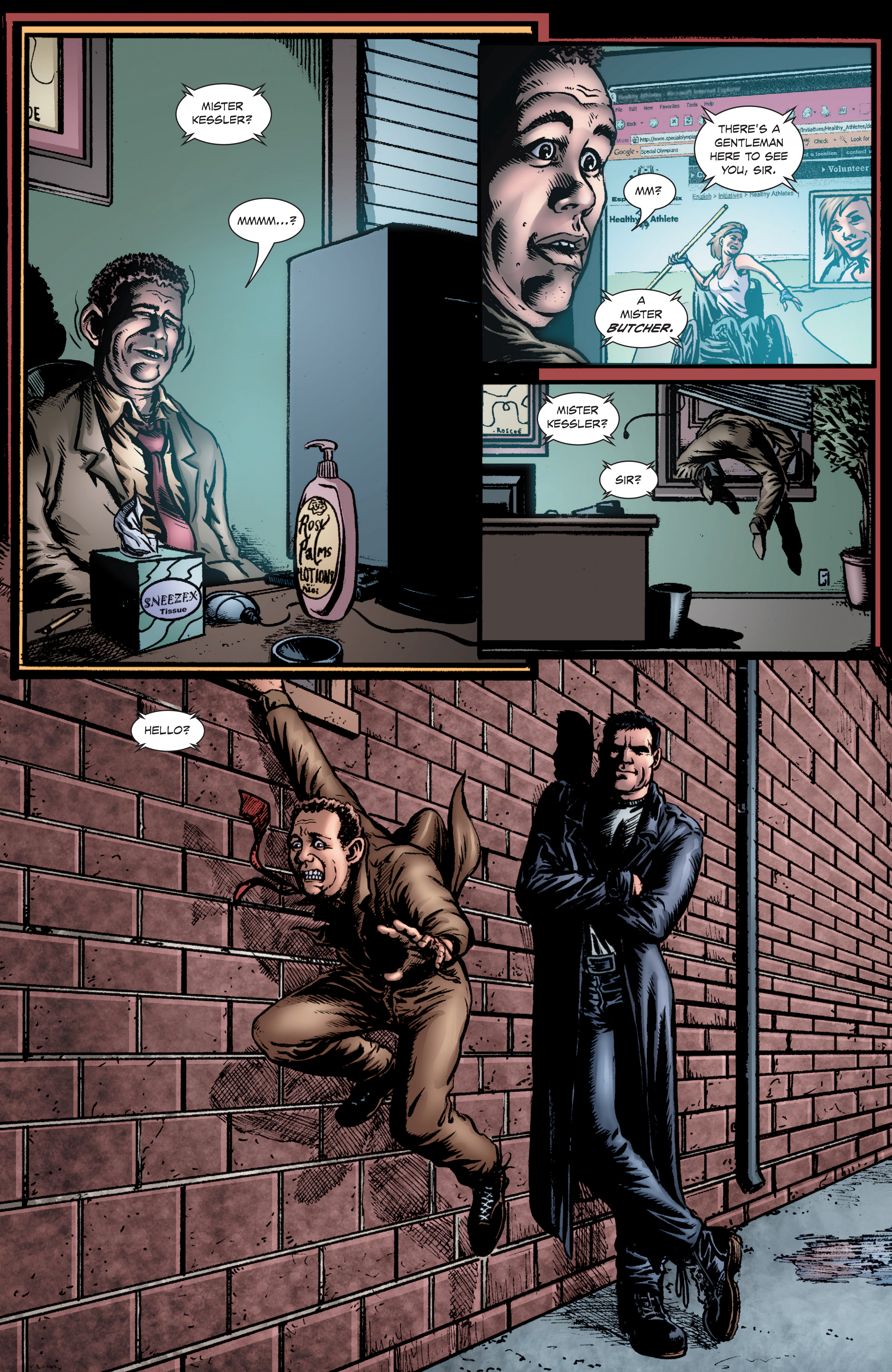
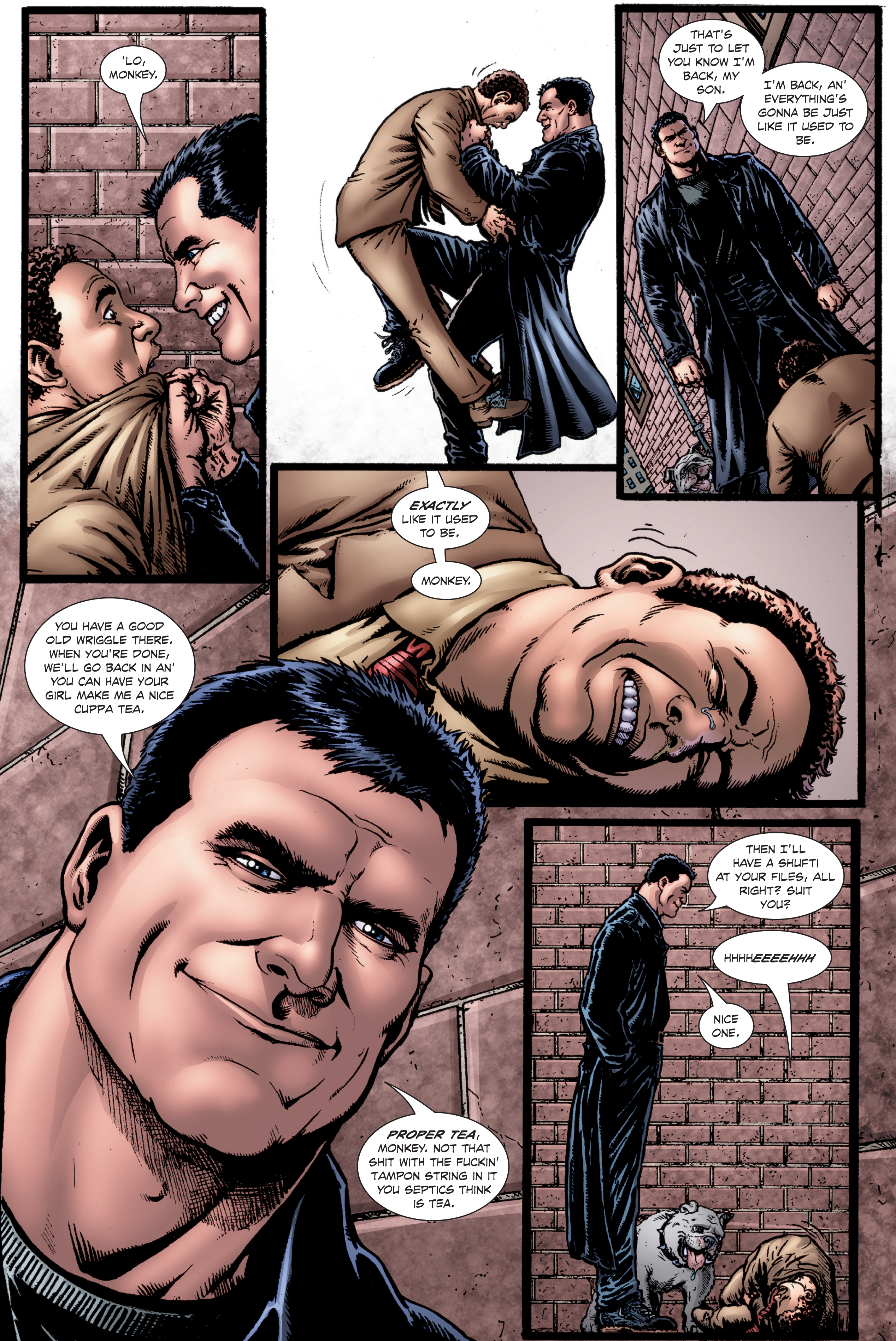
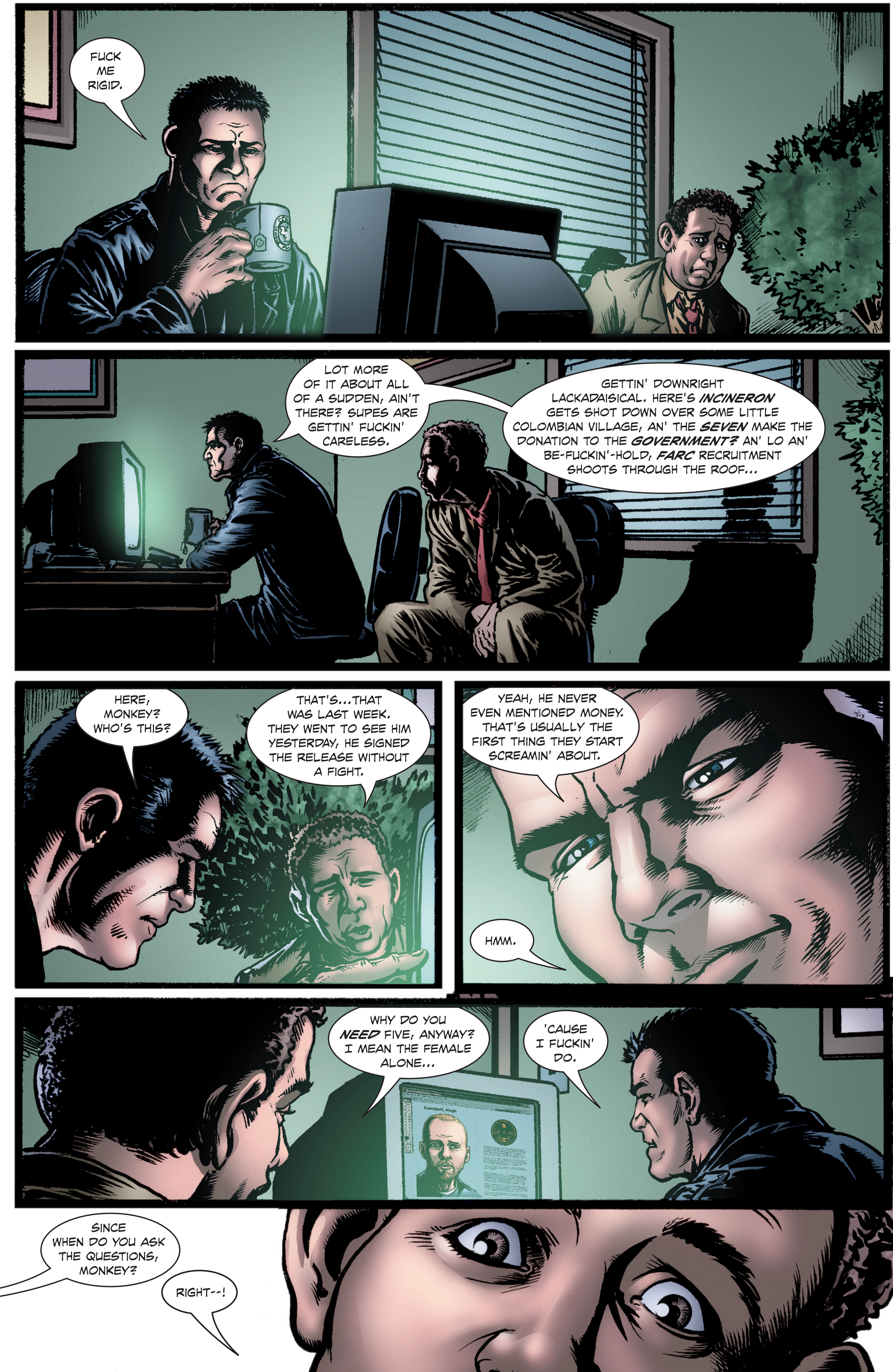
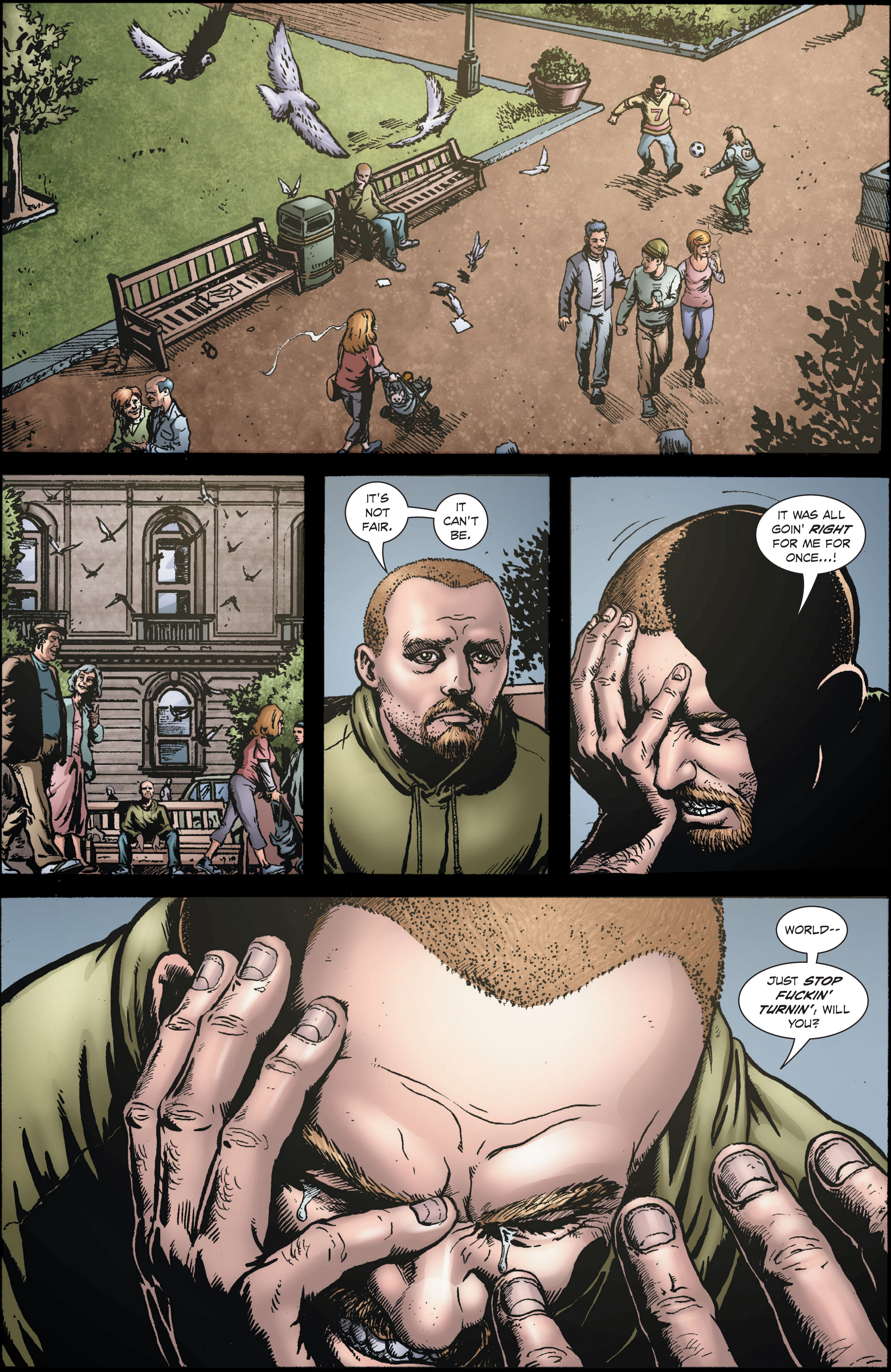
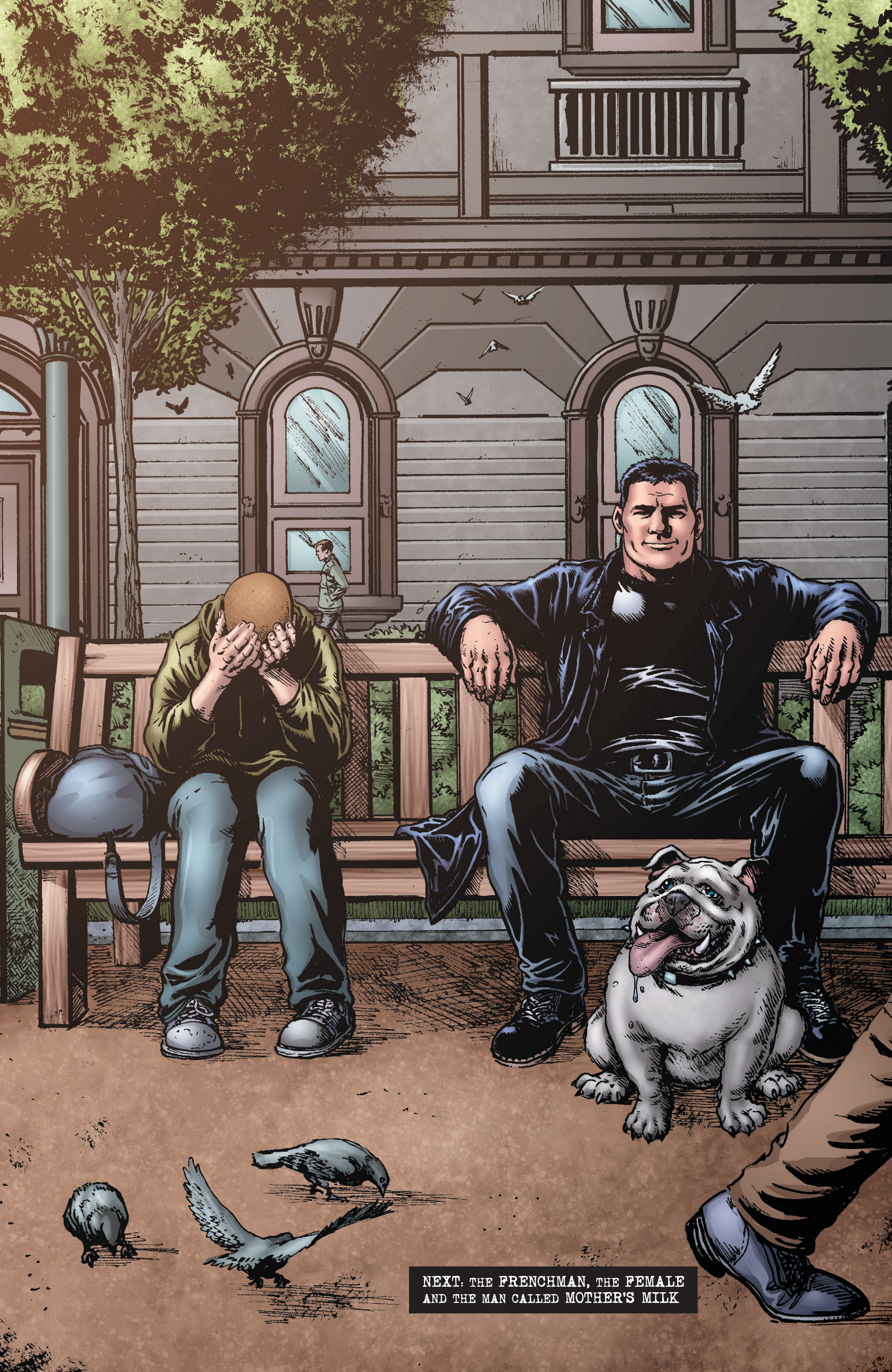
ctions. The last such inspection showed that the plant(s), at that time, appeared to be in
compliance with current good manufacturing practice requirements for the product(s) listed
above.
Judy Wittort
Export Team Leader
Regulatory Policy and
Systems Branch
Office of Compliance
Center for Devices and
Radiological Health
This certificate expires 24 months from the date notarized.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29 day of June month 200 year.
RIGHT DECISION
OUT OF YOUR HAIR
GOOD MAN
LET OURSELVES OUT, DON'T YOU
I DON'T WANT FUCKIN' COMPENSATION.
I WANT HER BACK.
THAT'S ALL.


MISTER KESSLER?
MMMM...?
SNEEZEX Tissue
Rosy Palms LOTION
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.
MM?
A MISTER *BUTCHER.*
MISTER KESSLER?
SIR?
HELLO?

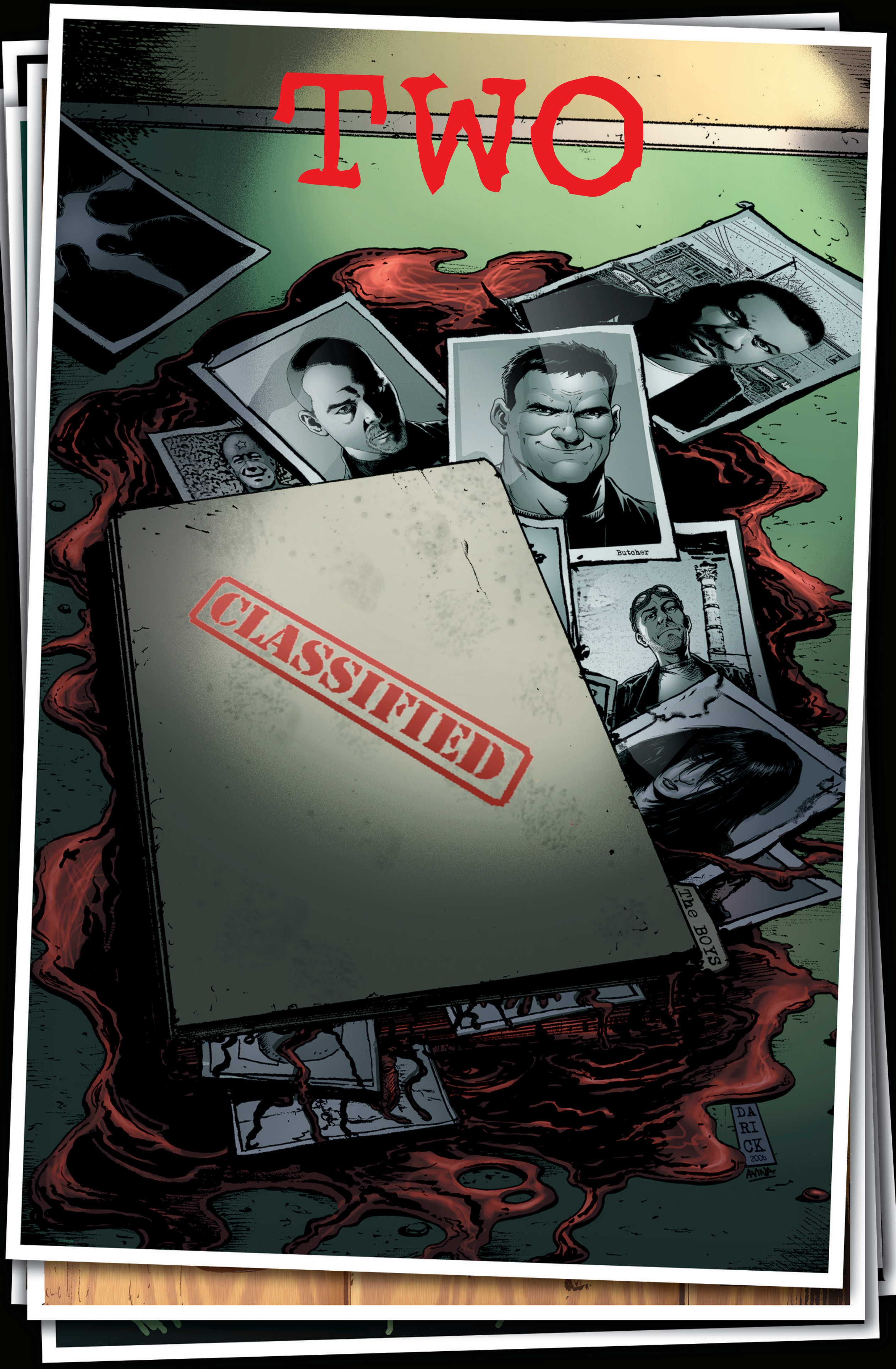

'LO, MONKEY.
THAT'S JUST TO LET YOU KNOW I'M BACK, MY SON.
I'M BACK, AN' EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE.
EXACTLY LIKE IT USED TO BE.
MONKEY.
YOU HAVE A GOOD OLD WRIGGLE THERE. WHEN YOU'RE DONE, WE'LL GO BACK IN AN' YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GIRL MAKE ME A NICE CUPPA TEA.
PROPER TEA, MONKEY. NOT THAT SHIT WITH THE FUCKIN' TAMPON STRING IN IT YOU SEPTICS THINK IS TEA.
THEN I'LL HAVE A SHUFTI AT YOUR FILES, ALL RIGHT? SUIT YOU?
HHHH*EEEEHHH*
NICE ONE.


FUCK ME RIGID.
LOT MORE OF IT ABOUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, AIN'T THERE? SUPES ARE GETTIN' FUCKIN' CARELESS.
GETTIN' DOWNRIGHT LACKADAISICAL. HERE'S *INCINERON* GETS SHOT DOWN OVER SOME LITTLE COLOMBIAN VILLAGE, AN' THE *SEVEN* MAKE THE DONATION TO THE *GOVERNMENT?* AN' LO AN' BE-FUCKIN'-HOLD, *FARC* RECRUITMENT SHOOTS THROUGH THE ROOF...
HERE, MONKEY? WHO'S THIS?
THAT'S...THAT WAS LAST WEEK. THEY WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY, HE SIGNED THE RELEASE WITHOUT A FIGHT.
YEAH, HE NEVER EVEN MENTIONED MONEY. THAT'S USUALLY THE FIRST THING THEY START SCREAMIN' ABOUT.
HMM.
WHY DO YOU *NEED* FIVE, ANYWAY? I MEAN THE FEMALE ALONE...
'CAUSE I FUCKIN' DO.
Campbell, Hugh
SINCE WHEN DO YOU ASK THE QUESTIONS, MONKEY?
RIGHT--!


IT'S NOT FAIR.
IT CAN'T BE.
IT WAS ALL GOIN' *RIGHT* FOR ME FOR ONCE...!
WORLD--
JUST *STOP FUCKIN' TURNIN'*, WILL YOU?


NEXT: THE FRENCHMAN, THE FEMALE AND THE MAN CALLED MOTHER'S MILK

TWO


CLASSIFIED
Butcher
The BOYS
DARICK 2006
AVINA

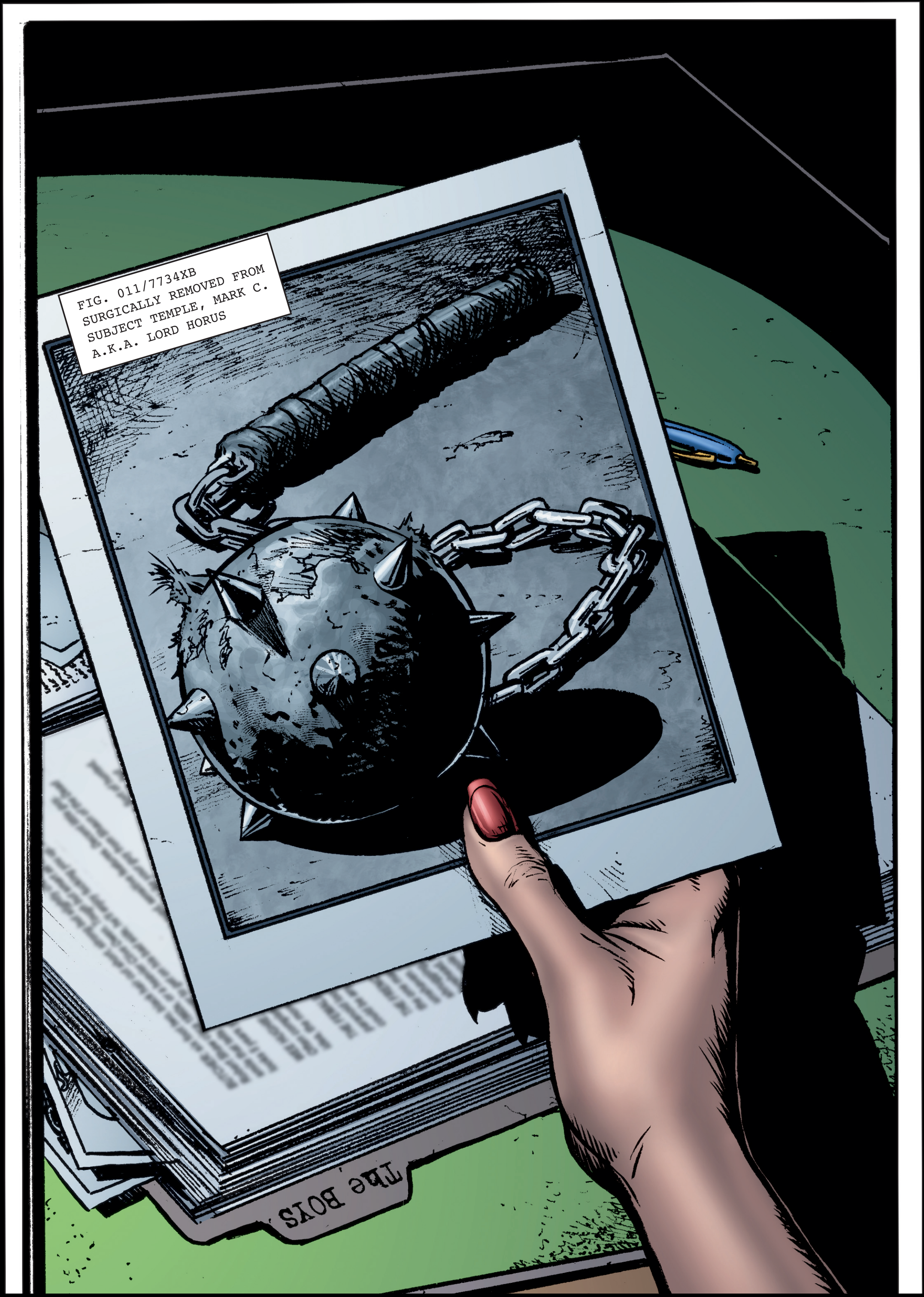


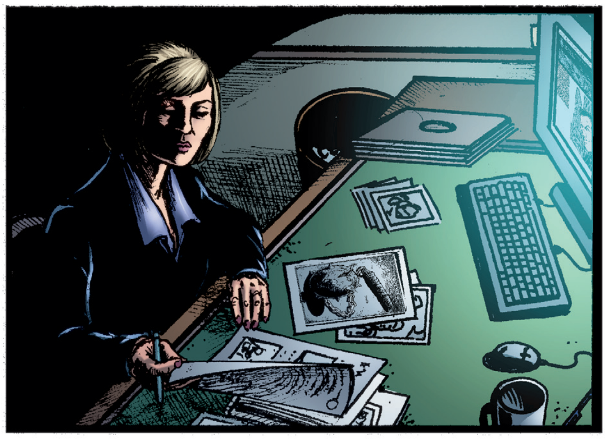
FIG. 011/7734XB SURGICALLY REMOVED FROM SUBJECT TEMPLE, MARK C. A.K.A. LORD HORUS
The Boys

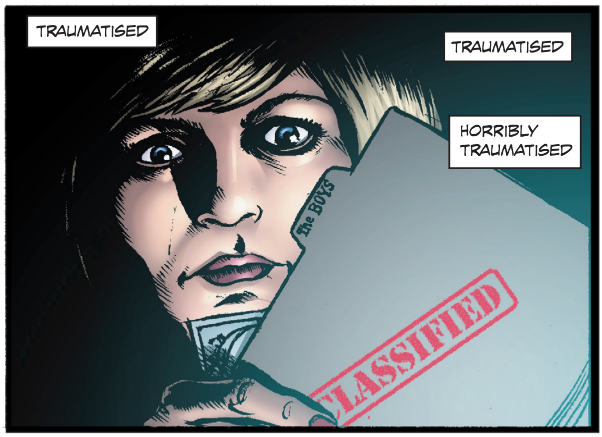
THE NAME OF THE GAME

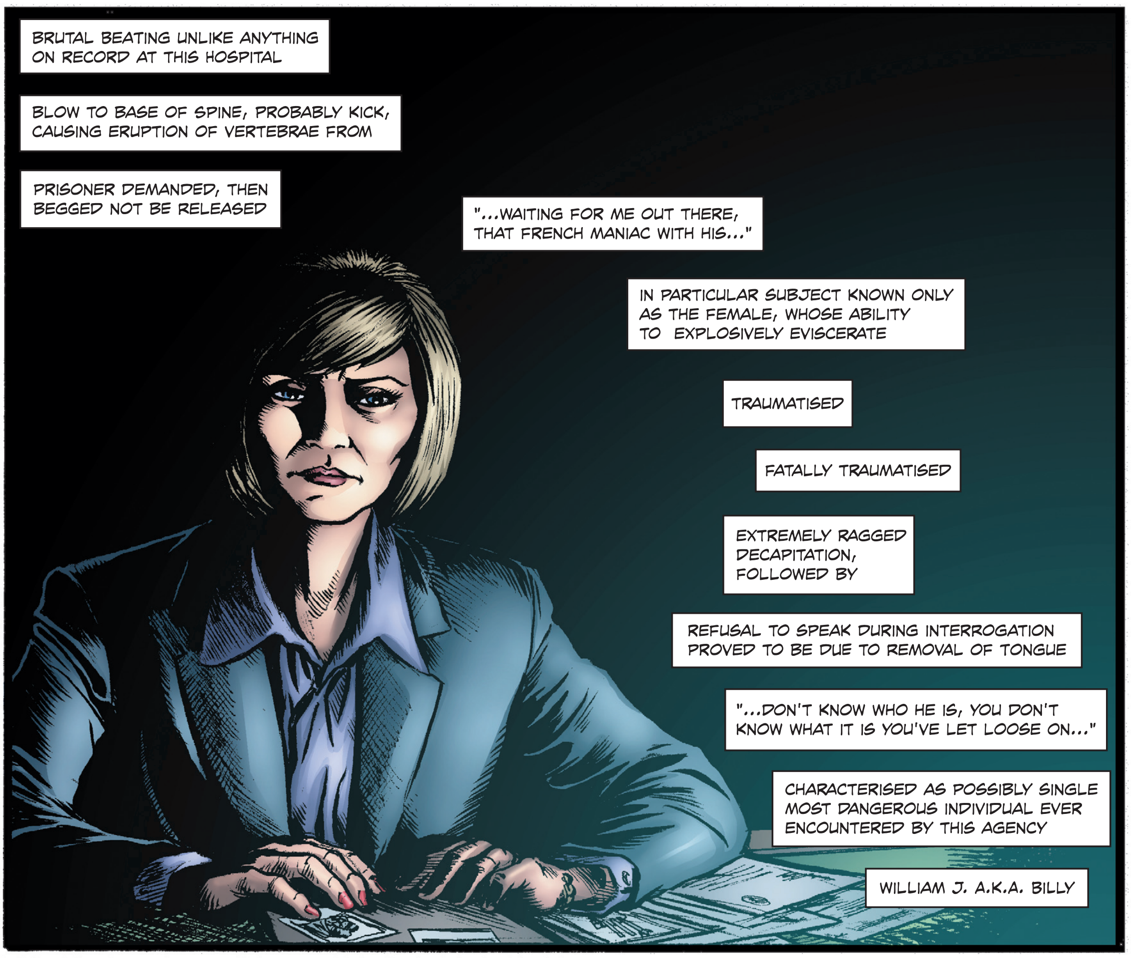
PART TWO

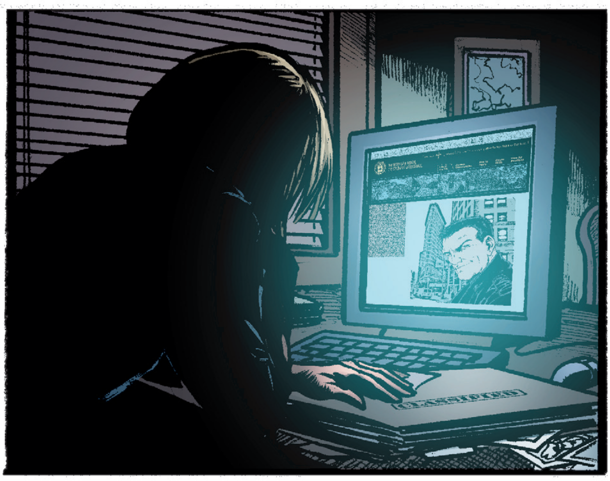
WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR - KRISTY QUINN
EDITOR - BEN ABERNATHY
COVER BY ROBERTSON AND AVIÑA
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON




TRAUMATISED
TRAUMATISED
HORRIBLY TRAUMATISED
The BOYS
CLASSIFIED


BRUTAL BEATING UNLIKE ANYTHING ON RECORD AT THIS HOSPITAL
BLOW TO BASE OF SPINE, PROBABLY KICK, CAUSING ERUPTION OF VERTEBRAE FROM
PRISONER DEMANDED, THEN BEGGED NOT BE RELEASED
"...WAITING FOR ME OUT THERE, THAT FRENCH MANIAC WITH HIS..."
IN PARTICULAR SUBJECT KNOWN ONLY AS THE FEMALE, WHOSE ABILITY TO EXPLOSIVELY EVISCERATE
TRAUMATISED
FATALLY TRAUMATISED
EXTREMELY RAGGED DECAPITATION, FOLLOWED BY
REFUSAL TO SPEAK DURING INTERROGATION PROVED TO BE DUE TO REMOVAL OF TONGUE
"...DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'VE LET LOOSE ON..."
CHARACTERISED AS POSSIBLY SINGLE MOST DANGEROUS INDIVIDUAL EVER ENCOUNTERED BY THIS AGENCY
WILLIAM J. A.K.A. BILLY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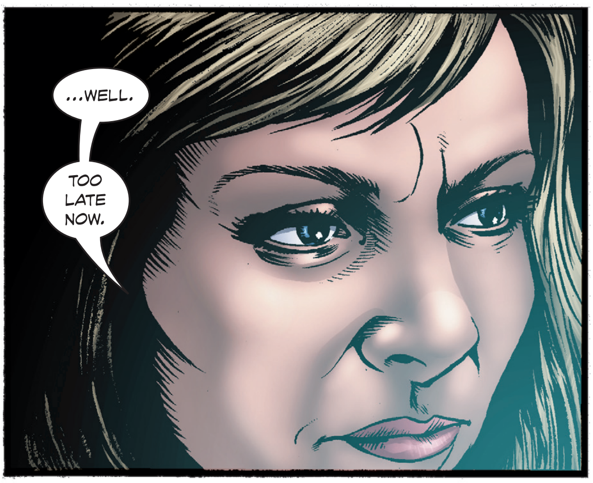
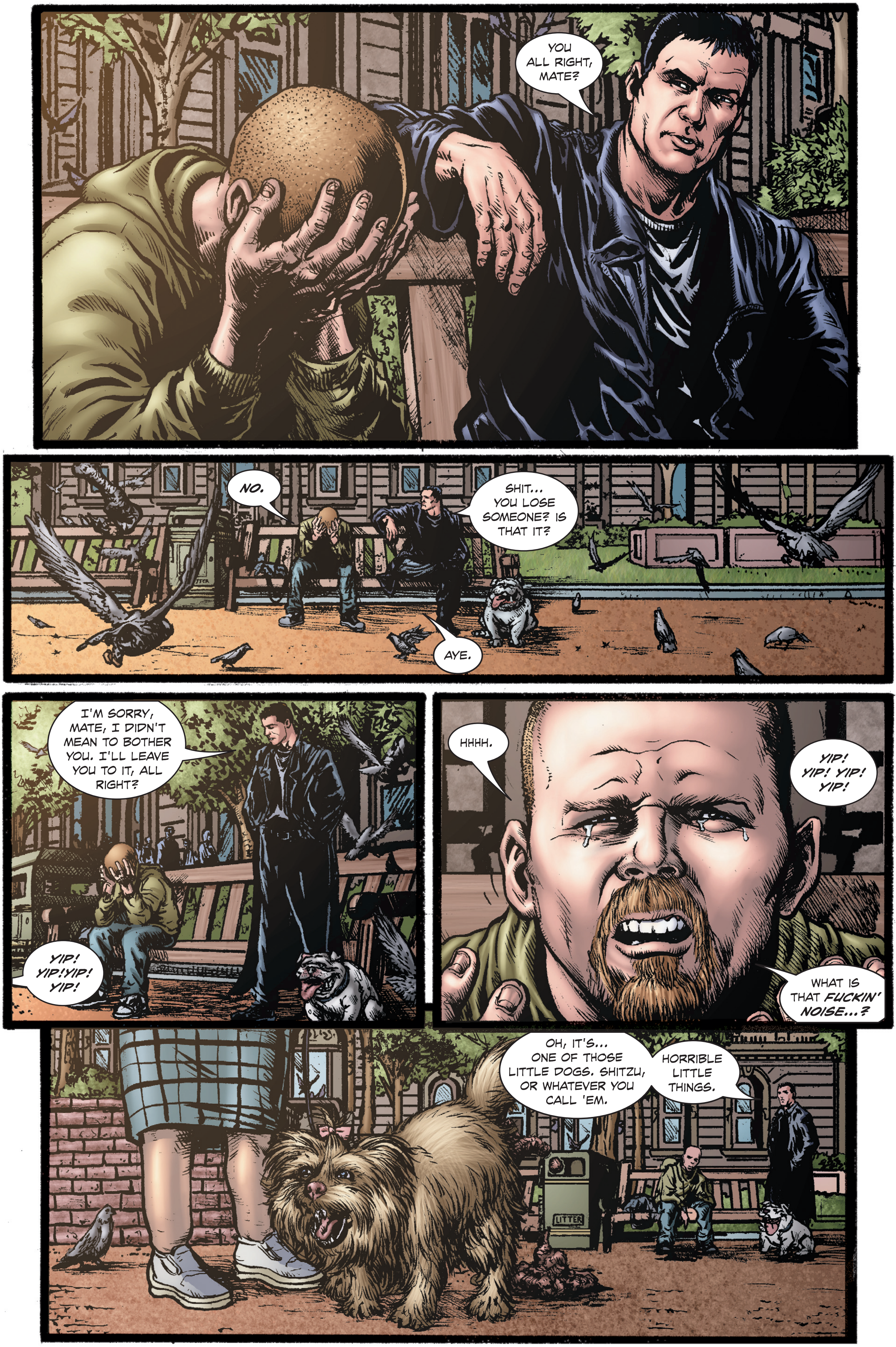
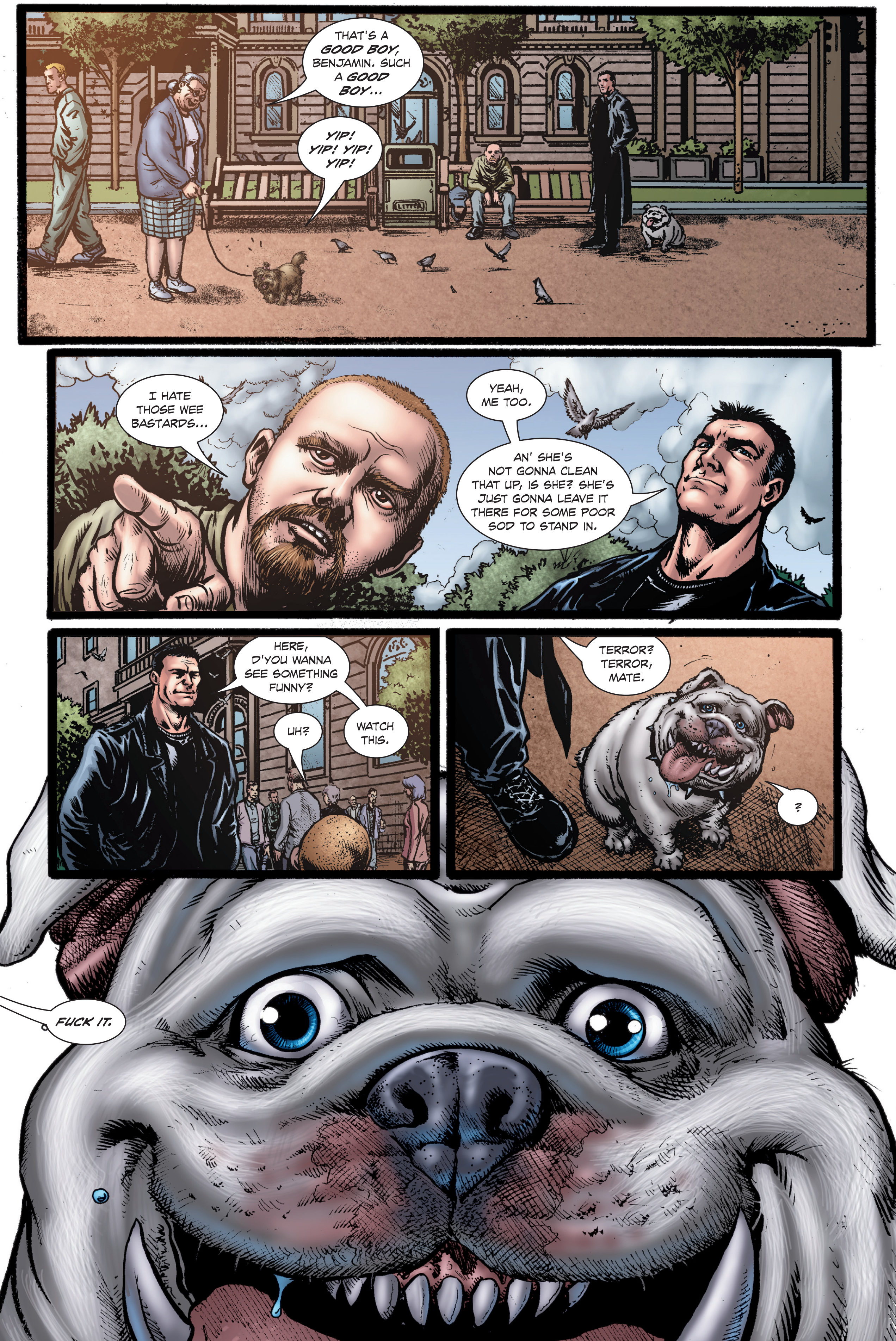
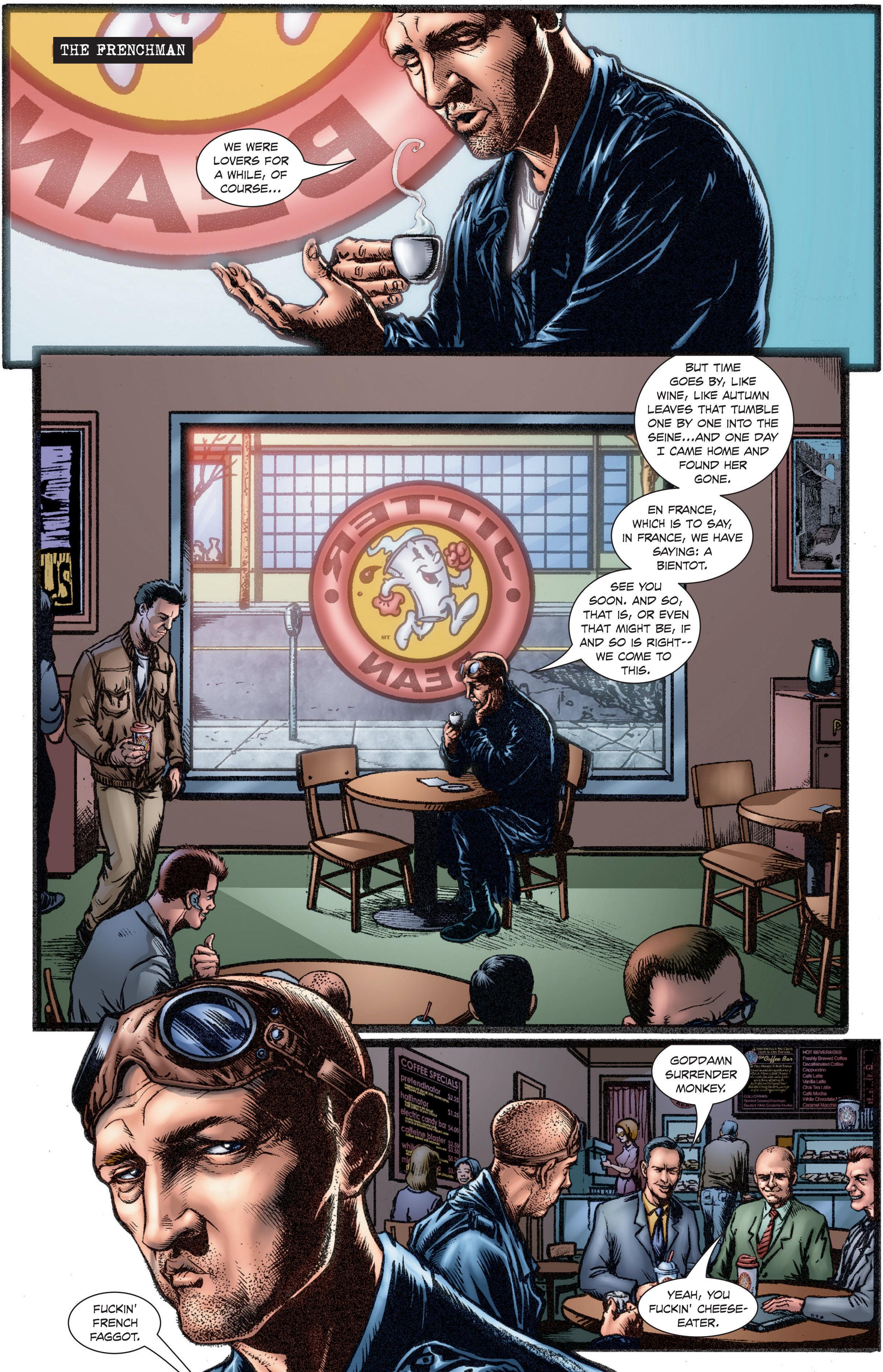
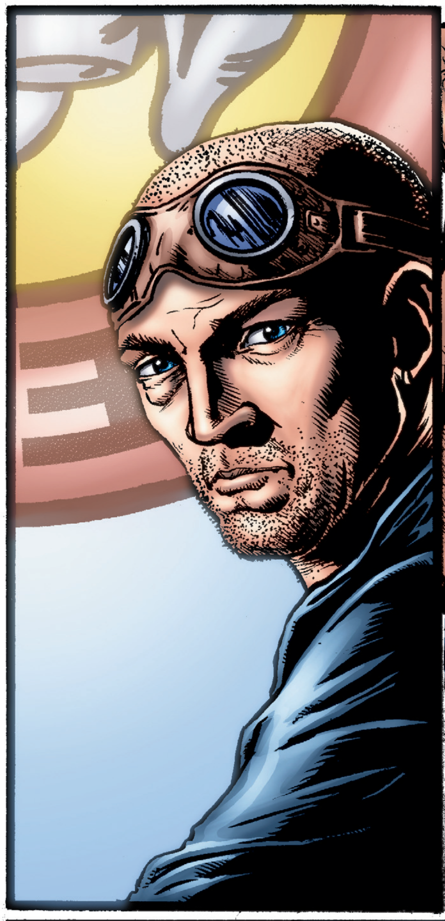
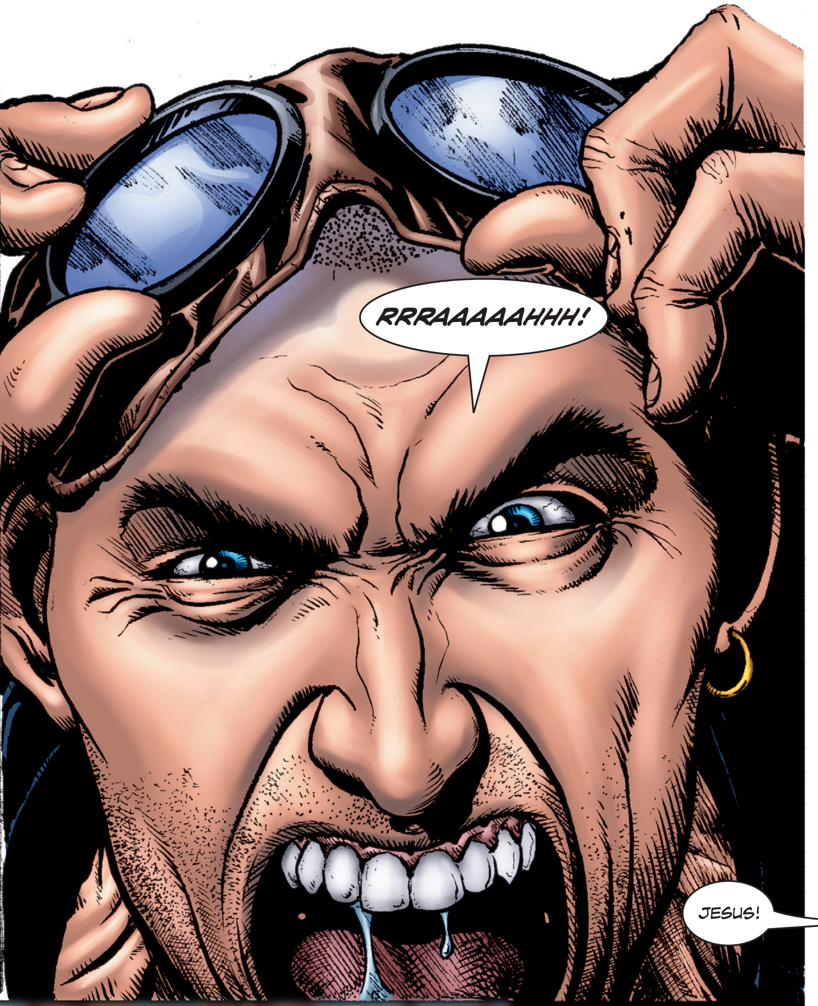

...WELL.
TOO LATE NOW.

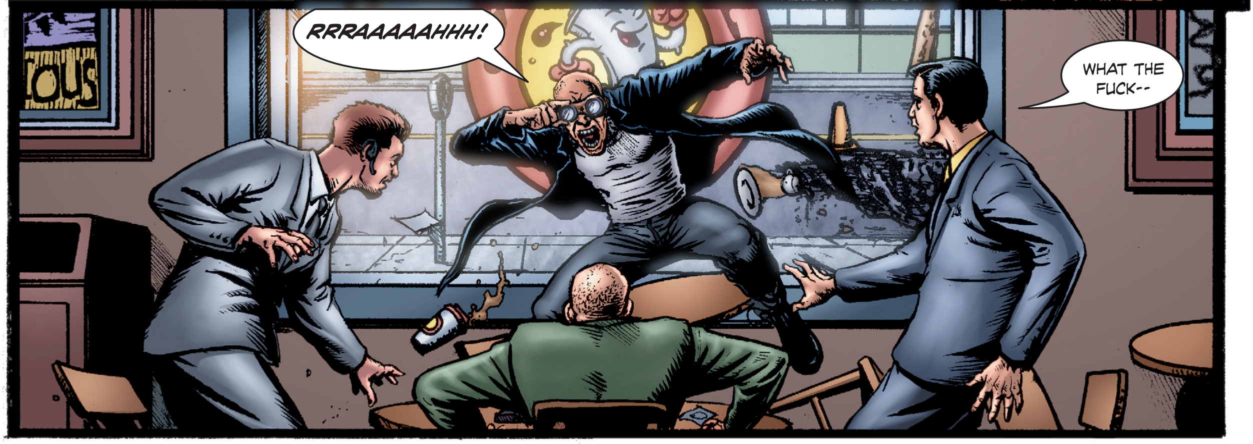

YOU ALL RIGHT, MATE?
NO.
SHIT... YOU LOSE SOMEONE? IS THAT IT?
AYE.
I'M SORRY, MATE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BOTHER YOU. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, ALL RIGHT?
YIP! YIP!YIP! YIP!
HHHH.
YIP! YIP! YIP! YIP!
WHAT IS THAT *FUCKIN'* *NOISE...?*
OH, IT'S... ONE OF THOSE LITTLE DOGS. SHITZU, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL 'EM.
HORRIBLE LITTLE THINGS.
LITTER

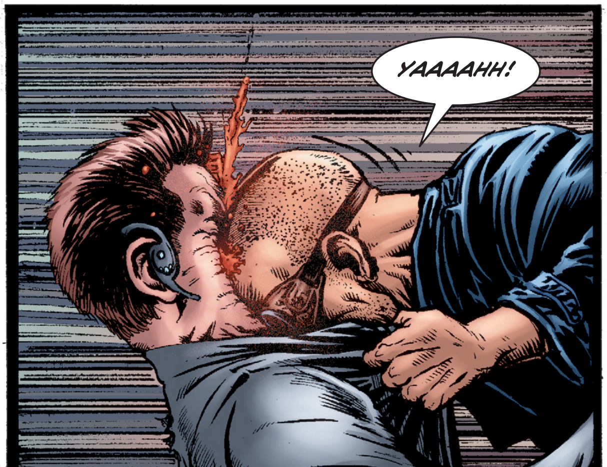

THAT'S A *GOOD BOY*, BENJAMIN. SUCH A *GOOD BOY*...
YIP! YIP! YIP! YIP!
I HATE THOSE WEE BASTARDS...
YEAH, ME TOO.
AN' SHE'S NOT GONNA CLEAN THAT UP, IS SHE? SHE'S JUST GONNA LEAVE IT THERE FOR SOME POOR SOD TO STAND IN.
HERE, D'YOU WANNA SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?
UH?
WATCH THIS.
TERROR? TERROR, MATE.
?
FUCK IT.

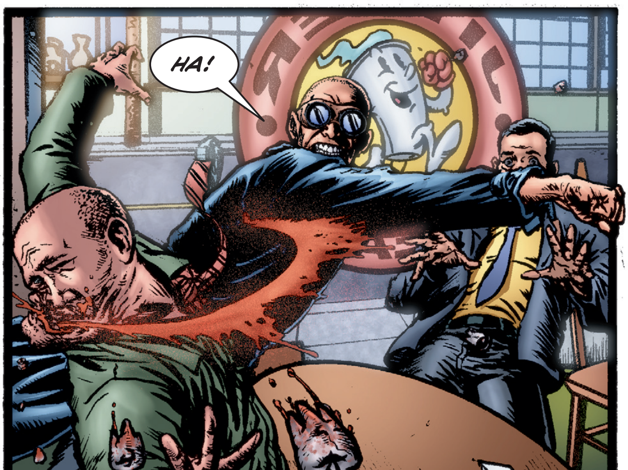

THE FRENCHMAN
WE WERE LOVERS FOR A WHILE, OF COURSE...
BUT TIME GOES BY, LIKE WINE, LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES THAT TUMBLE ONE BY ONE INTO THE SEINE...AND ONE DAY I CAME HOME AND FOUND HER GONE.
EN FRANCE, WHICH IS TO SAY, IN FRANCE, WE HAVE SAYING: A BIENTOT.
SEE YOU SOON. AND SO, THAT IS, OR EVEN THAT MIGHT BE, IF AND SO IS RIGHT--WE COME TO THIS.
COFFEE SPECIALS
pretendinator $2.25
hallinator $1.25
electric candy bar $4.00
caffeine blaster
HOT BEVERAGES
Freshly Brewed Coffee
Decaffeinated Coffee
Cappuccino
Café Latte
Vanilla Latte
Chai Tea Latte
Café Mocha
GODDAMN SURRENDER MONKEY.
FUCKIN' FRENCH FAGGOT.
YEAH, YOU FUCKIN' CHEESE-EATER.

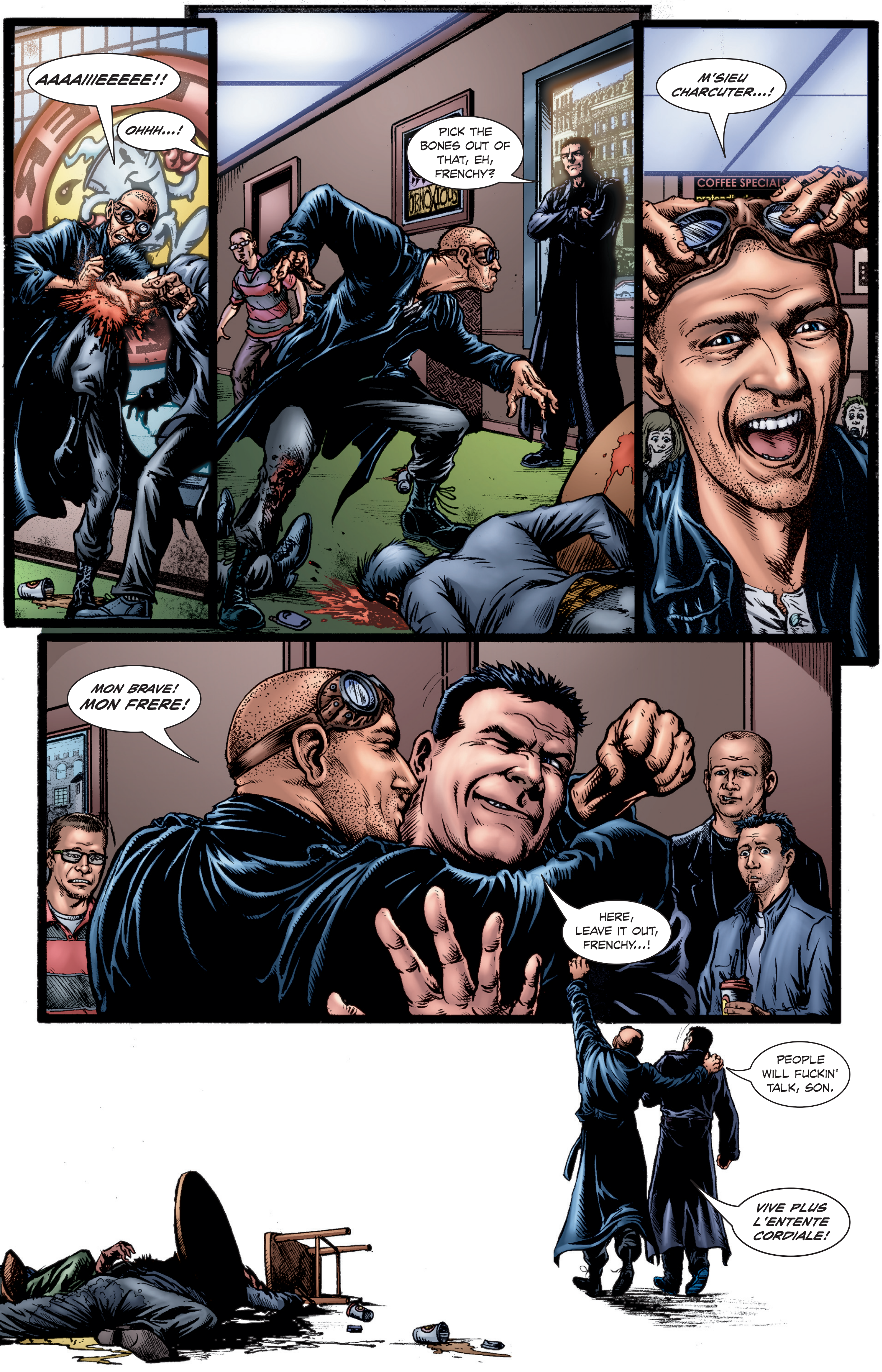


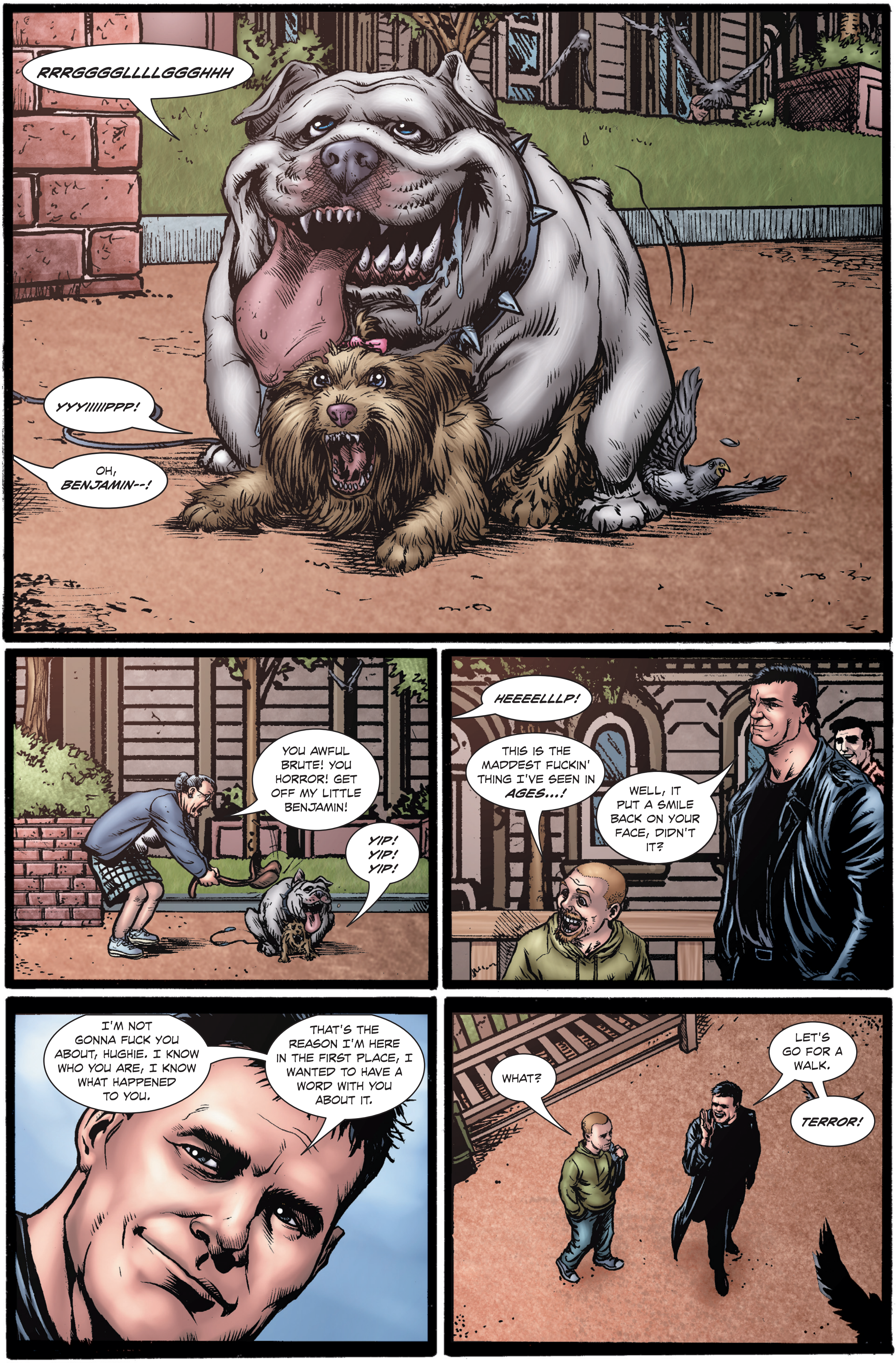

RRRAAAAAAHHH!
JESUS!

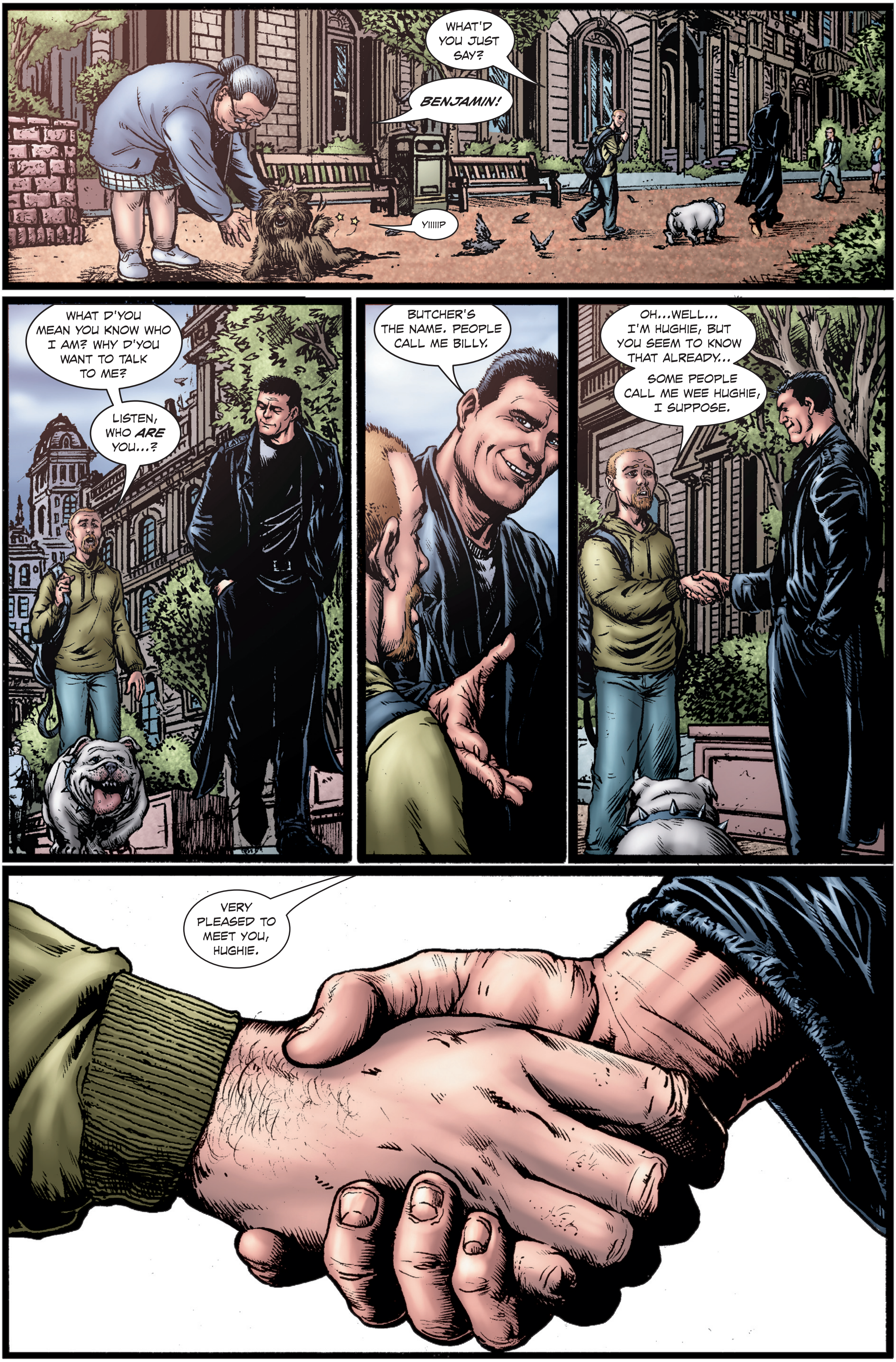

RRRAAAAAAHHH!
WHAT THE FUCK--

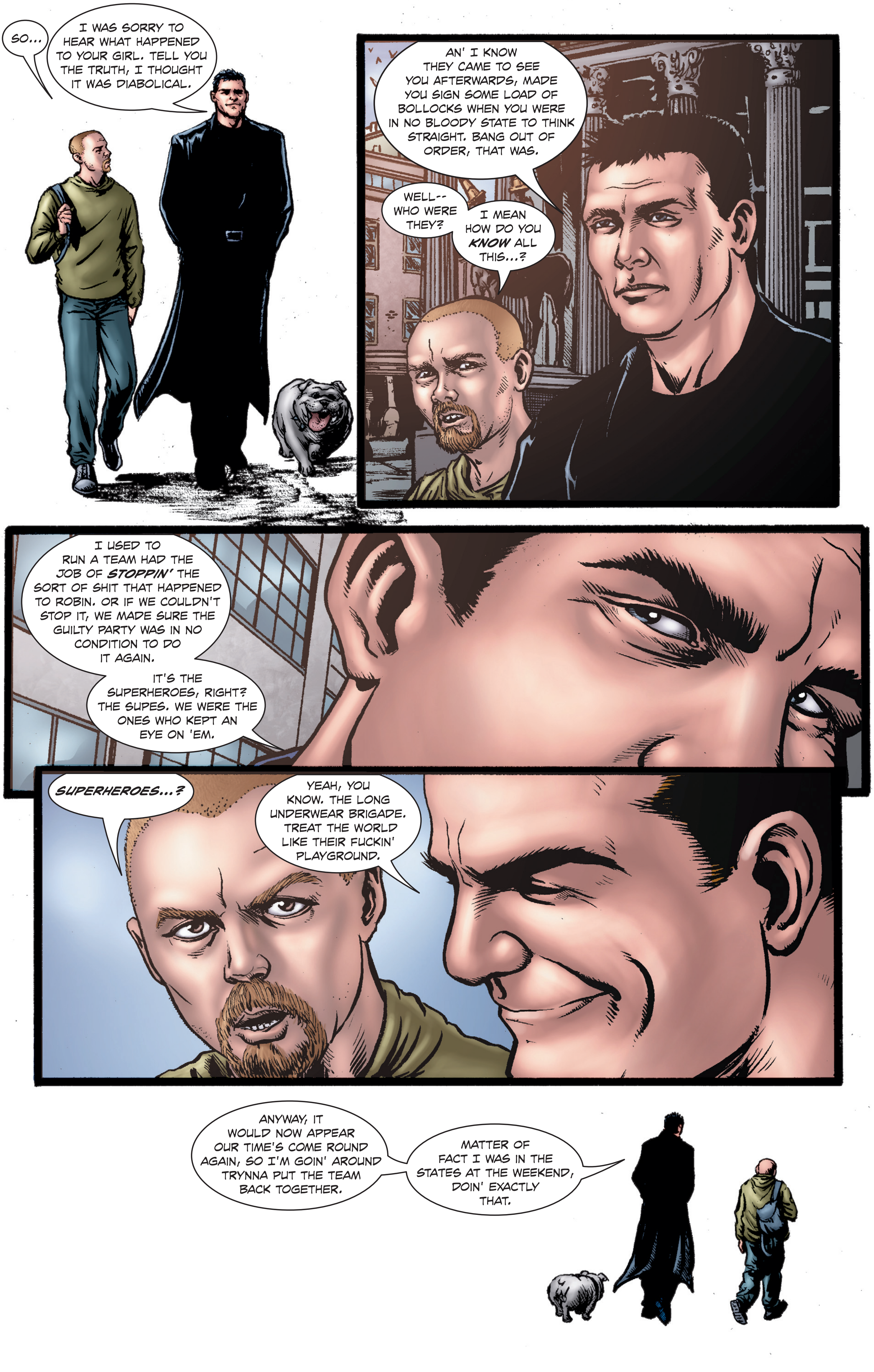

YAAAAHH!

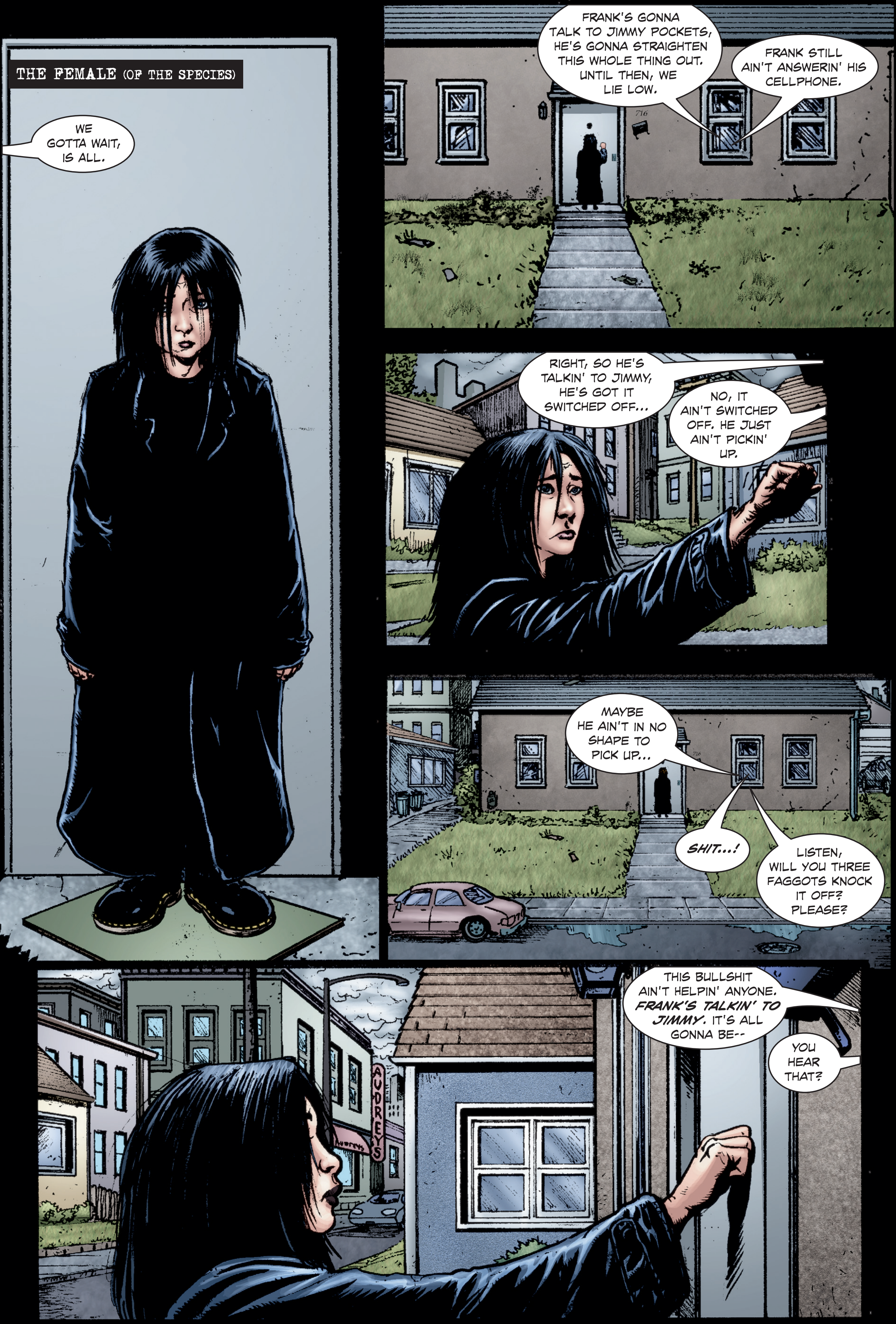

HA!

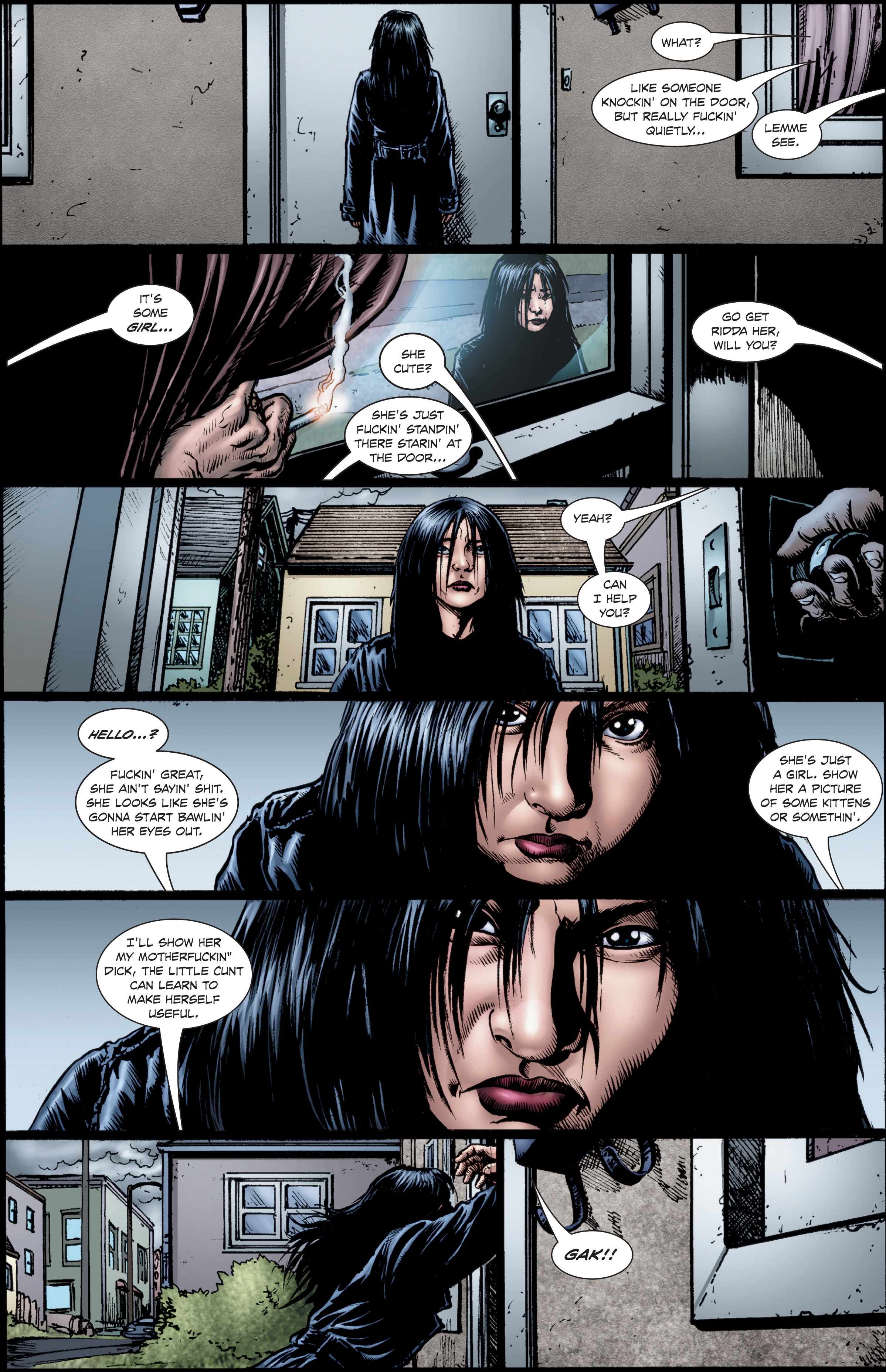

AAAAIIIEEEEE!!
OHHH...!
OBNOXIOUS
PICK THE BONES OUT OF THAT, EH, FRENCHY?
M'SIEU CHARCUTER...!
COFFEE SPECIALS
MON BRAVE! MON FRERE!
HERE, LEAVE IT OUT, FRENCHY...!
PEOPLE WILL FUCKIN' TALK, SON.
VIVE PLUS L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!

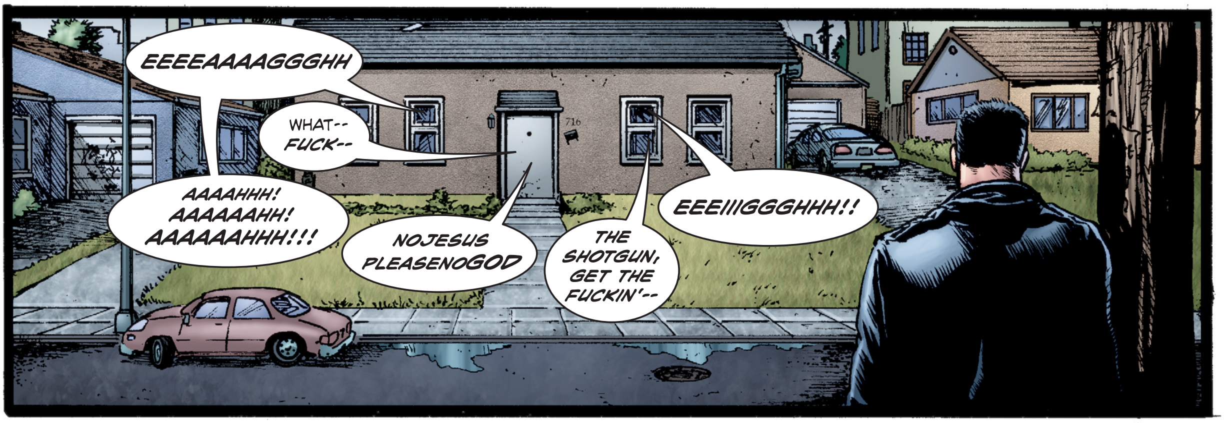

RRRGGGGLLLLGGGHHH
YYYIIIIIPPP!
OH, BENJAMIN--!
YOU AWFUL BRUTE! YOU HORROR! GET OFF MY LITTLE BENJAMIN!
YIP! YIP! YIP!
HEEEELLLP!
THIS IS THE MADDEST FUCKIN' THING I'VE SEEN IN AGES...!
WELL, IT PUT A SMILE BACK ON YOUR FACE, DIDN'T IT?
I'M NOT GONNA FUCK YOU ABOUT, HUGHIE. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.
THAT'S THE REASON I'M HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, I WANTED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT IT.
WHAT?
LET'S GO FOR A WALK.
TERROR!

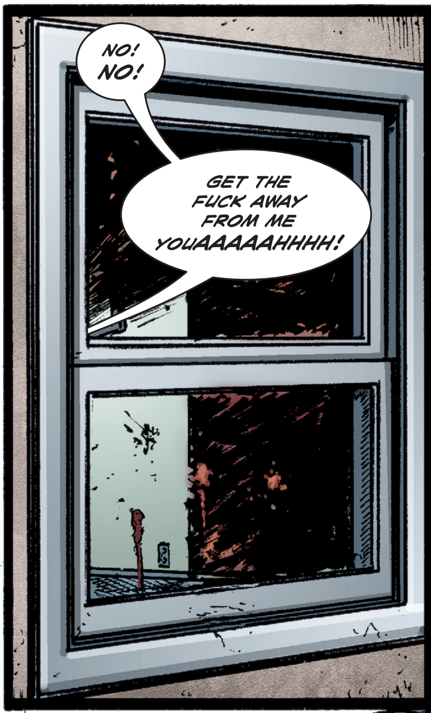

WHAT'D YOU JUST SAY?
BENJAMIN!
YIIIIIP
WHAT D'YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHY D'YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME?
LISTEN, WHO ARE YOU...?
BUTCHER'S THE NAME. PEOPLE CALL ME BILLY.
OH...WELL... I'M HUGHIE, BUT YOU SEEM TO KNOW THAT ALREADY...
SOME PEOPLE CALL ME WEE HUGHIE, I SUPPOSE.
VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HUGHIE.

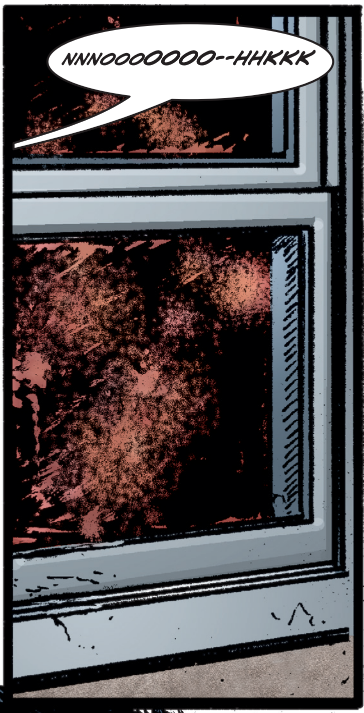

SO...
I WAS SORRY TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GIRL. TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT IT WAS DIABOLICAL.
AN' I KNOW THEY CAME TO SEE YOU AFTERWARDS, MADE YOU SIGN SOME LOAD OF BOLLOCKS WHEN YOU WERE IN NO BLOODY STATE TO THINK STRAIGHT. BANG OUT OF ORDER, THAT WAS.
WELL-- WHO WERE THEY?
I MEAN HOW DO YOU *KNOW* ALL THIS...?
I USED TO RUN A TEAM HAD THE JOB OF *STOPPIN'* THE SORT OF SHIT THAT HAPPENED TO ROBIN. OR IF WE COULDN'T STOP IT, WE MADE SURE THE GUILTY PARTY WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DO IT AGAIN.
IT'S THE SUPERHEROES, RIGHT? THE SUPES. WE WERE THE ONES WHO KEPT AN EYE ON 'EM.
SUPERHEROES...?
YEAH, YOU KNOW. THE LONG UNDERWEAR BRIGADE. TREAT THE WORLD LIKE THEIR FUCKIN' PLAYGROUND.
ANYWAY, IT WOULD NOW APPEAR OUR TIME'S COME ROUND AGAIN, SO I'M GOIN' AROUND TRYNNA PUT THE TEAM BACK TOGETHER.
MATTER OF FACT I WAS IN THE STATES AT THE WEEKEND, DOIN' EXACTLY THAT.

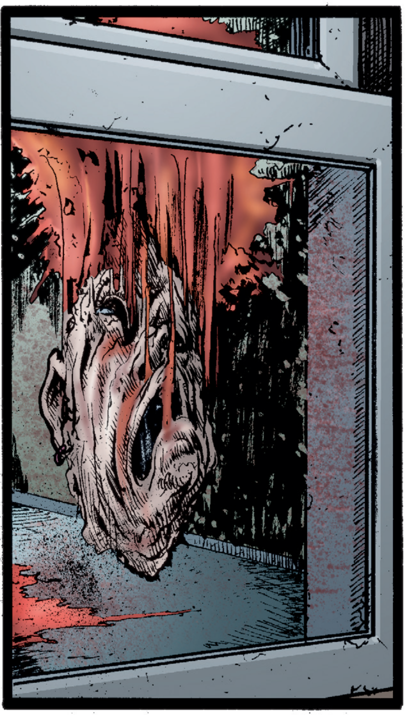

THE FEMALE (OF THE SPECIES)
WE GOTTA WAIT, IS ALL.
FRANK'S GONNA TALK TO JIMMY POCKETS, HE'S GONNA STRAIGHTEN THIS WHOLE THING OUT. UNTIL THEN, WE LIE LOW.
FRANK STILL AIN'T ANSWERIN' HIS CELLPHONE.
716
RIGHT, SO HE'S TALKIN' TO JIMMY, HE'S GOT IT SWITCHED OFF...
NO, IT AIN'T SWITCHED OFF. HE JUST AIN'T PICKIN' UP.
MAYBE HE AIN'T IN NO SHAPE TO PICK UP...
716
SHIT...!
LISTEN, WILL YOU THREE FAGGOTS KNOCK IT OFF? PLEASE?
AUDREYS
THIS BULLSHIT AIN'T HELPIN' ANYONE. FRANK'S TALKIN' TO JIMMY. IT'S ALL GONNA BE--
YOU HEAR THAT?

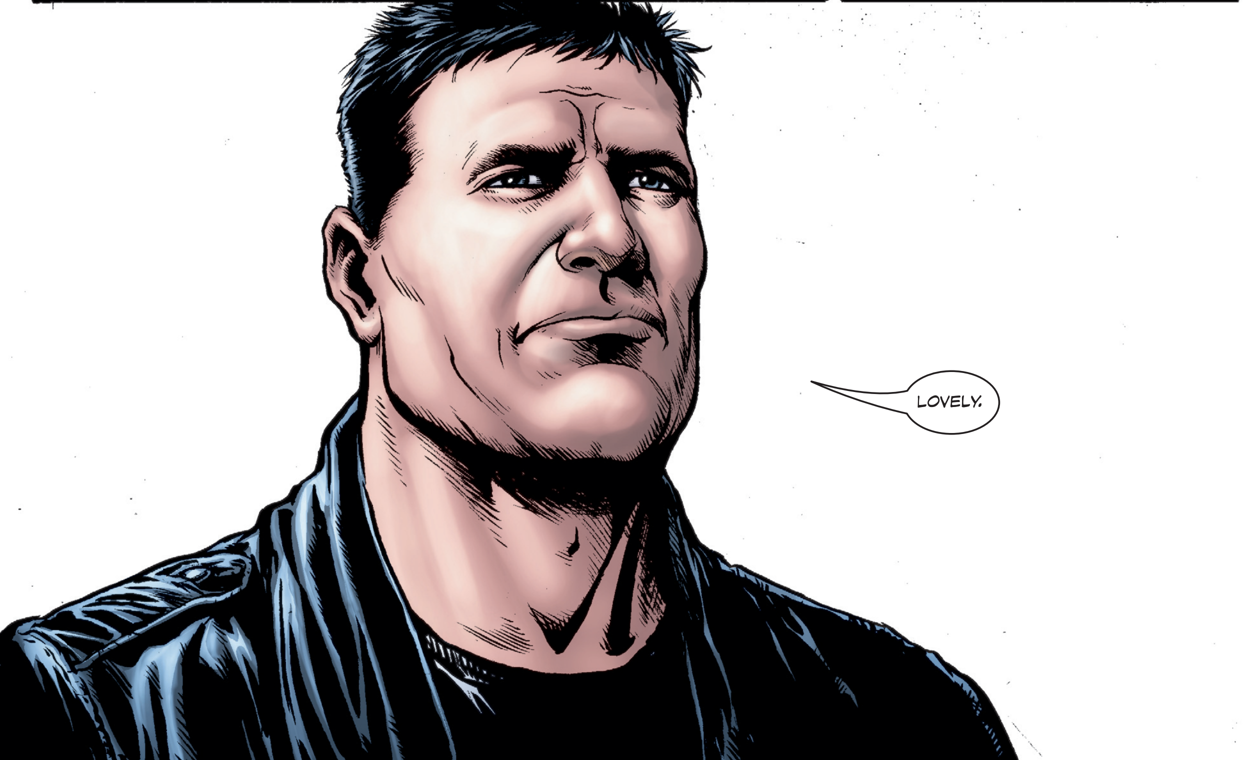

WHAT?
LIKE SOMEONE KNOCKIN' ON THE DOOR, BUT REALLY FUCKIN' QUIETLY...
LEMME SEE.
IT'S SOME *GIRL*...
SHE CUTE?
SHE'S JUST FUCKIN' STANDIN' THERE STARIN' AT THE DOOR...
GO GET RIDDA HER, WILL YOU?
YEAH?
CAN I HELP YOU?
HELLO...?
FUCKIN' GREAT, SHE AIN'T SAYIN' SHIT. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GONNA START BAWLIN' HER EYES OUT.
SHE'S JUST A GIRL. SHOW HER A PICTURE OF SOME KITTENS OR SOMETHIN'.
I'LL SHOW HER MY MOTHERFUCKIN" DICK, THE LITTLE CUNT CAN LEARN TO MAKE HERSELF USEFUL.
GAK!!

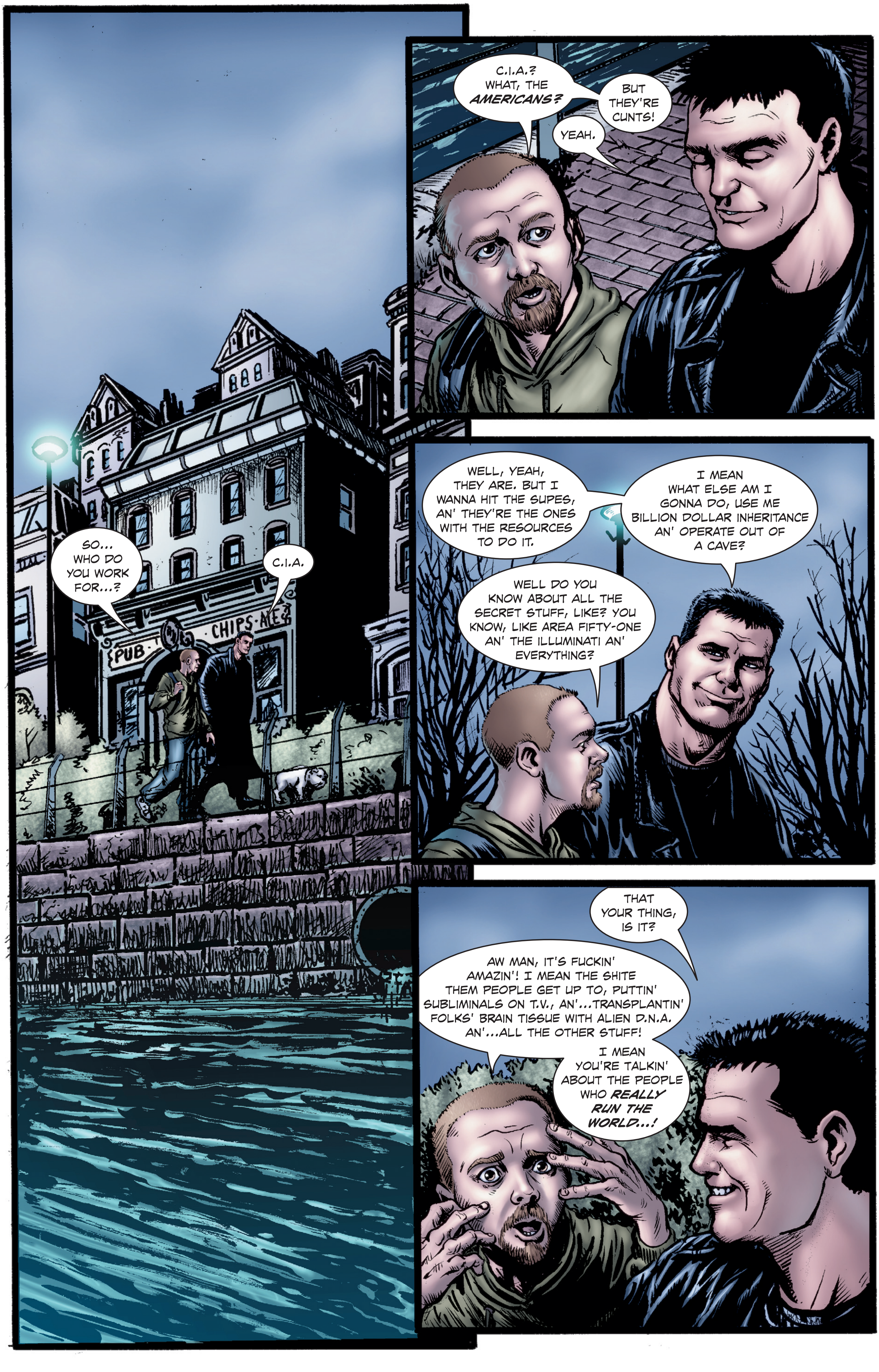

EEEEAAAAGGGHH
WHAT--
FUCK--
AAAAHHH!
AAAAAAAHH!
AAAAAAAHHH!!!
NOJESUS
PLEASENOGOD
THE
SHOTGUN,
GET THE
FUCKIN'--
EEEIIIGGGHHH!!

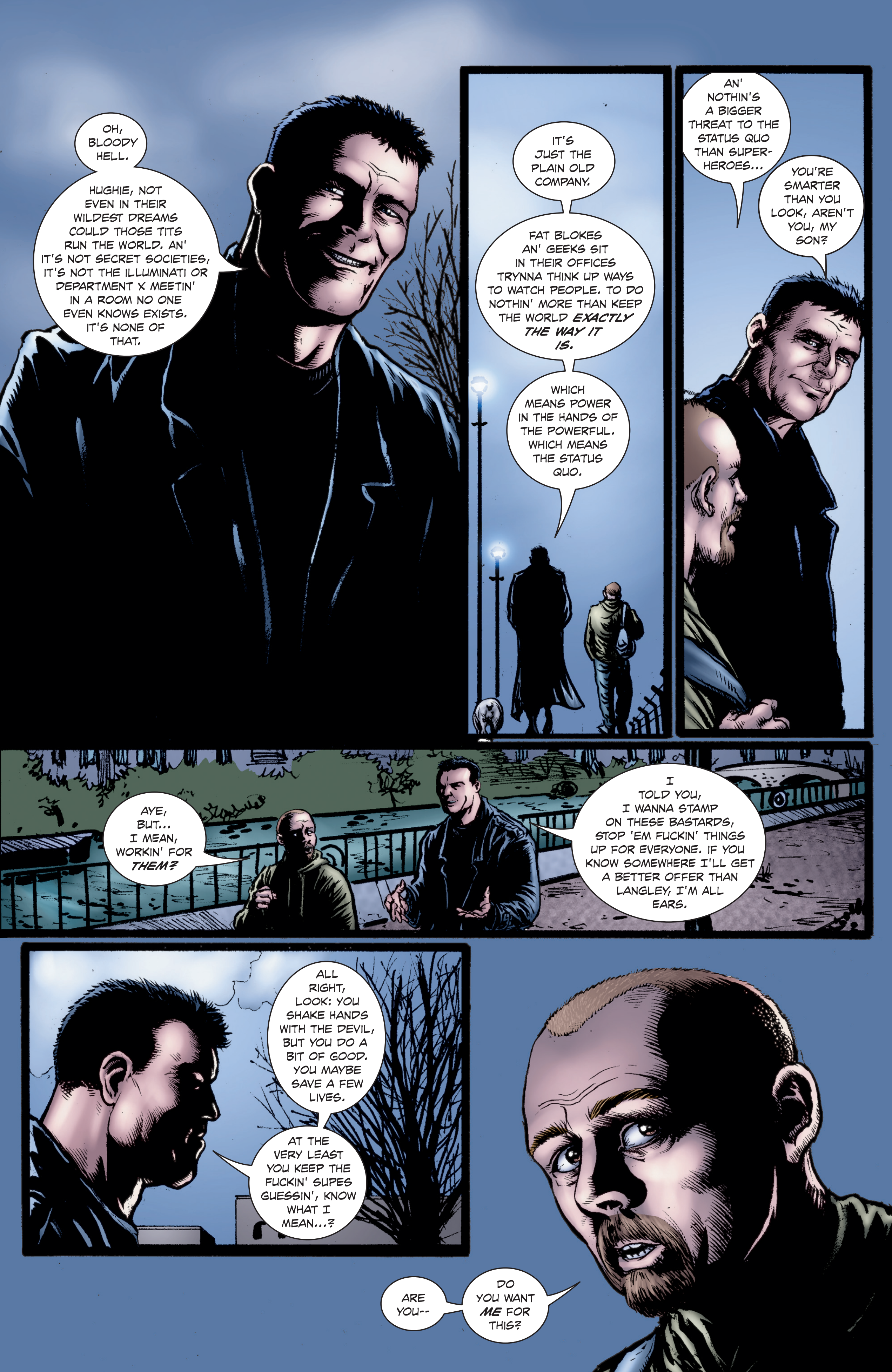

NO!
NO!
GET THE
FUCK AWAY
FROM ME
YOUAAAAAHHHH!

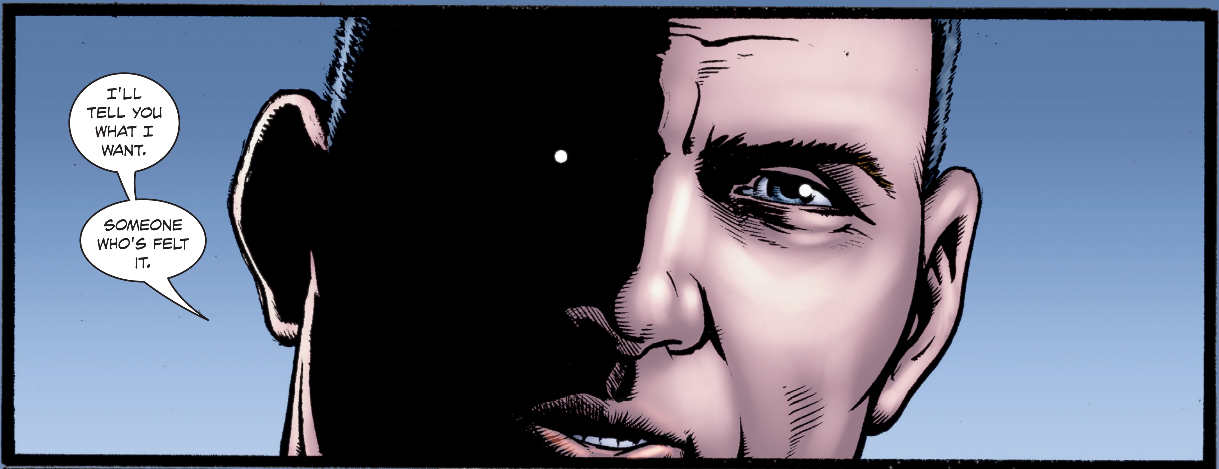

NNNOOOOOOO--HHKKK

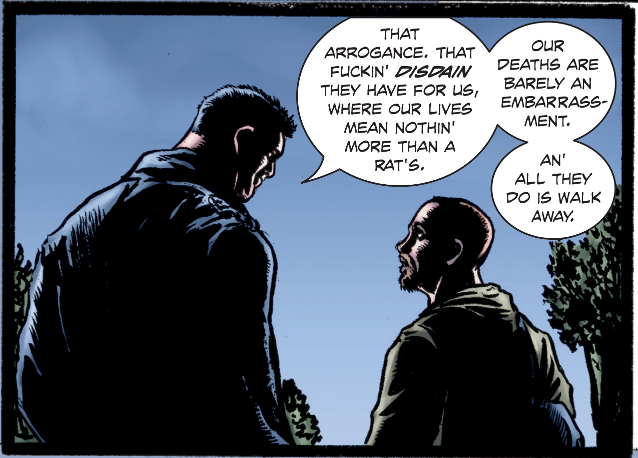


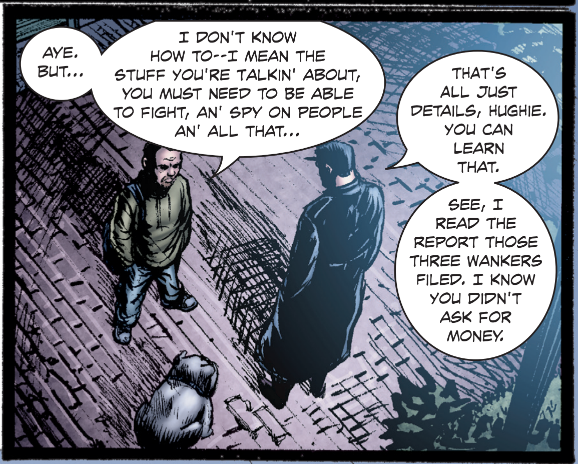

LOVELY.

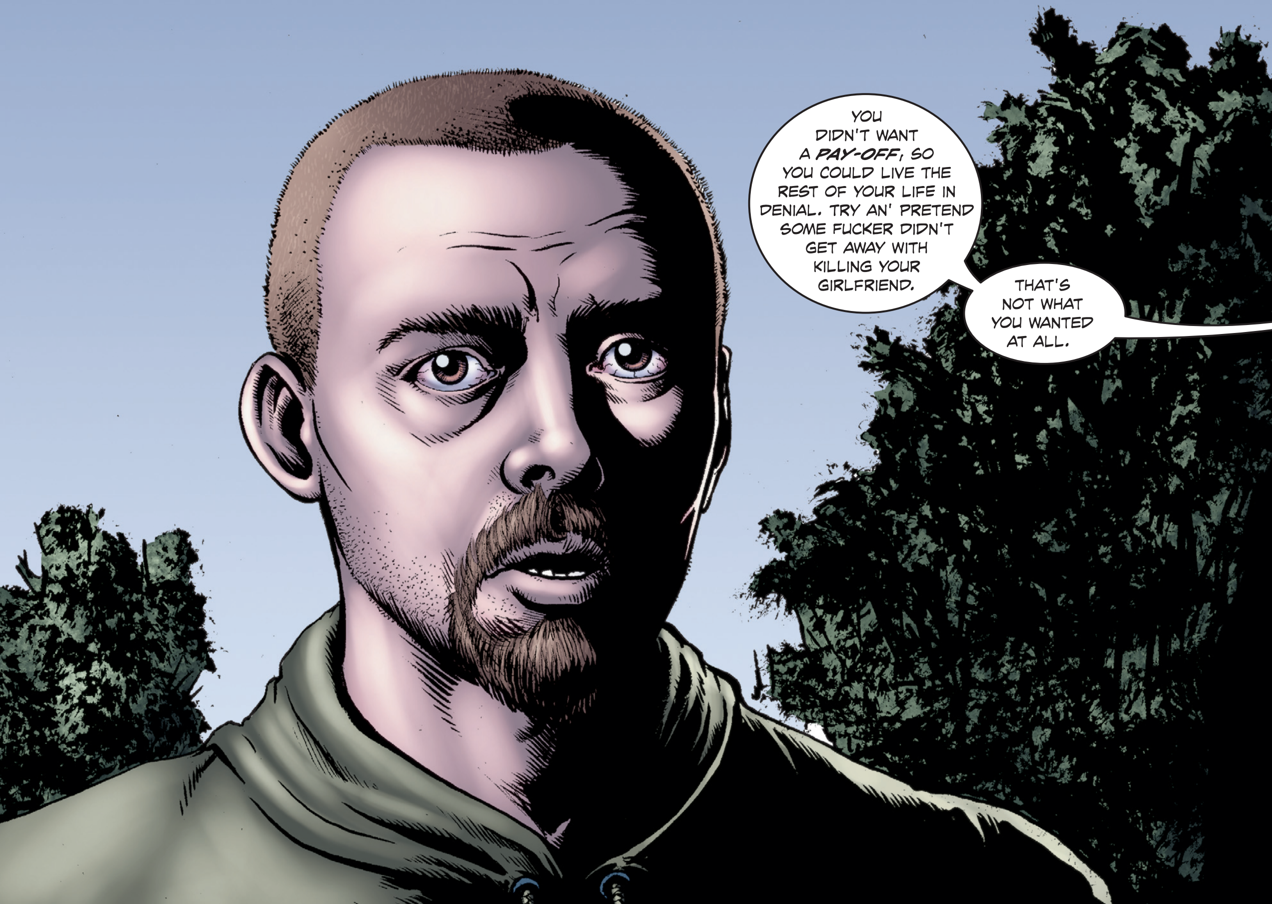

SO... WHO DO YOU WORK FOR...?
C.I.A.
PUB
CHIPS·ALE
C.I.A.? WHAT, THE *AMERICANS?*
BUT THEY'RE CUNTS!
YEAH.
WELL, YEAH, THEY ARE. BUT I WANNA HIT THE SUPES, AN' THEY'RE THE ONES WITH THE RESOURCES TO DO IT.
I MEAN WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO, USE ME BILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE AN' OPERATE OUT OF A CAVE?
WELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL THE SECRET STUFF, LIKE? YOU KNOW, LIKE AREA FIFTY-ONE AN' THE ILLUMINATI AN' EVERYTHING?
THAT YOUR THING, IS IT?
AW MAN, IT'S FUCKIN' AMAZIN'! I MEAN THE SHITE THEM PEOPLE GET UP TO, PUTTIN' SUBLIMINALS ON T.V., AN'...TRANSPLANTIN' FOLKS' BRAIN TISSUE WITH ALIEN D.N.A. AN'...ALL THE OTHER STUFF!
I MEAN YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO *REALLY RUN THE WORLD...!*

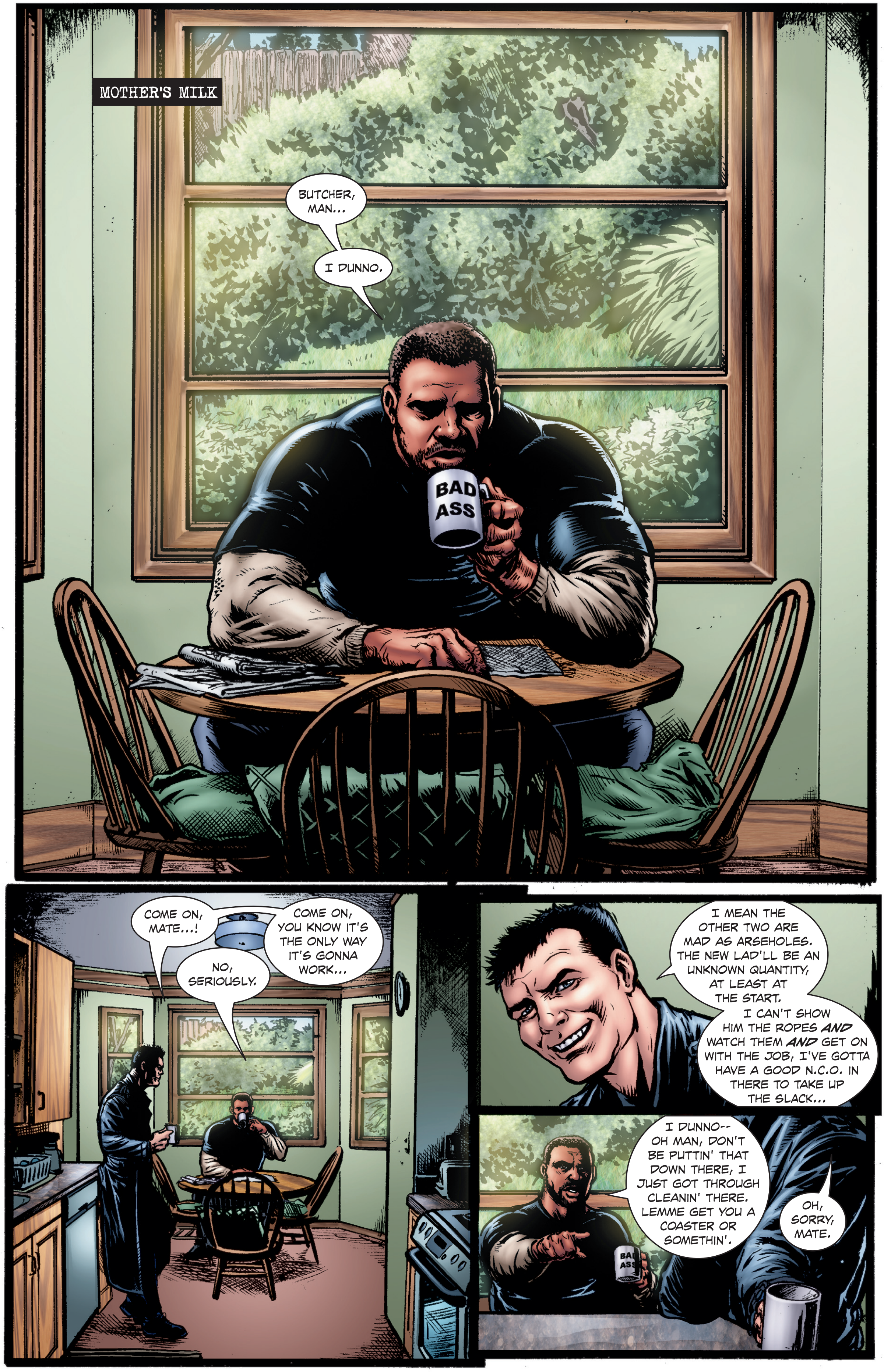

OH, BLOODY HELL.
HUGHIE, NOT EVEN IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS COULD THOSE TITS RUN THE WORLD. AN' IT'S NOT SECRET SOCIETIES, IT'S NOT THE ILLUMINATI OR DEPARTMENT X MEETIN' IN A ROOM NO ONE EVEN KNOWS EXISTS. IT'S NONE OF THAT.
IT'S JUST THE PLAIN OLD COMPANY.
FAT BLOKES AN' GEEKS SIT IN THEIR OFFICES TRYNNA THINK UP WAYS TO WATCH PEOPLE. TO DO NOTHIN' MORE THAN KEEP THE WORLD *EXACTLY THE WAY IT IS.*
WHICH MEANS POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE POWERFUL. WHICH MEANS THE STATUS QUO.
AN' NOTHIN'S A BIGGER THREAT TO THE STATUS QUO THAN SUPER-HEROES...
YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK, AREN'T YOU, MY SON?
AYE, BUT... I MEAN, WORKIN' FOR *THEM?*
I TOLD YOU, I WANNA STAMP ON THESE BASTARDS, STOP 'EM FUCKIN' THINGS UP FOR EVERYONE. IF YOU KNOW SOMEWHERE I'LL GET A BETTER OFFER THAN LANGLEY, I'M ALL EARS.
ALL RIGHT, LOOK: YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL, BUT YOU DO A BIT OF GOOD. YOU MAYBE SAVE A FEW LIVES.
AT THE VERY LEAST YOU KEEP THE FUCKIN' SUPES GUESSIN', KNOW WHAT I MEAN...?
ARE YOU--
DO YOU WANT *ME* FOR THIS?

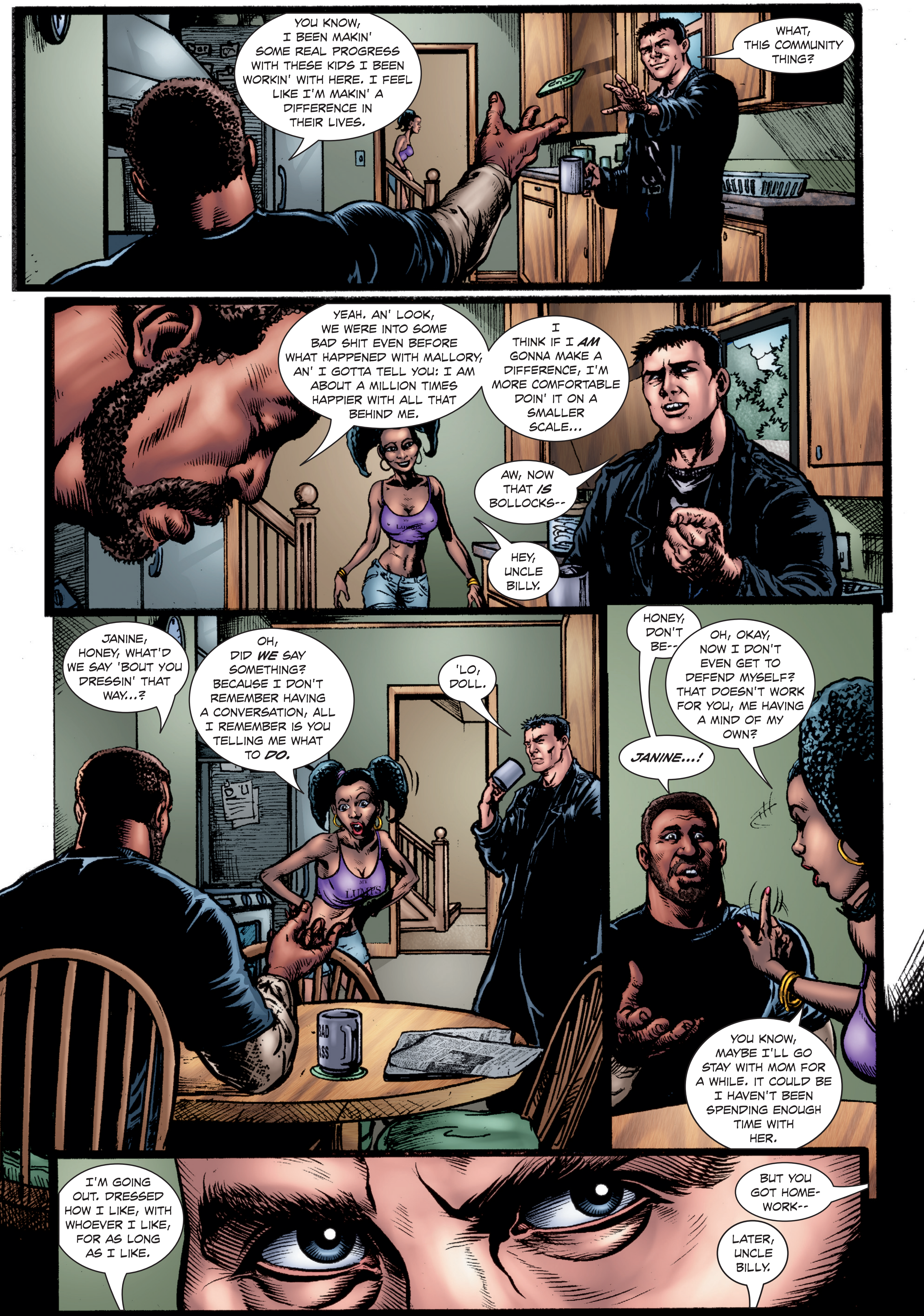

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT.
SOMEONE WHO'S FELT IT.

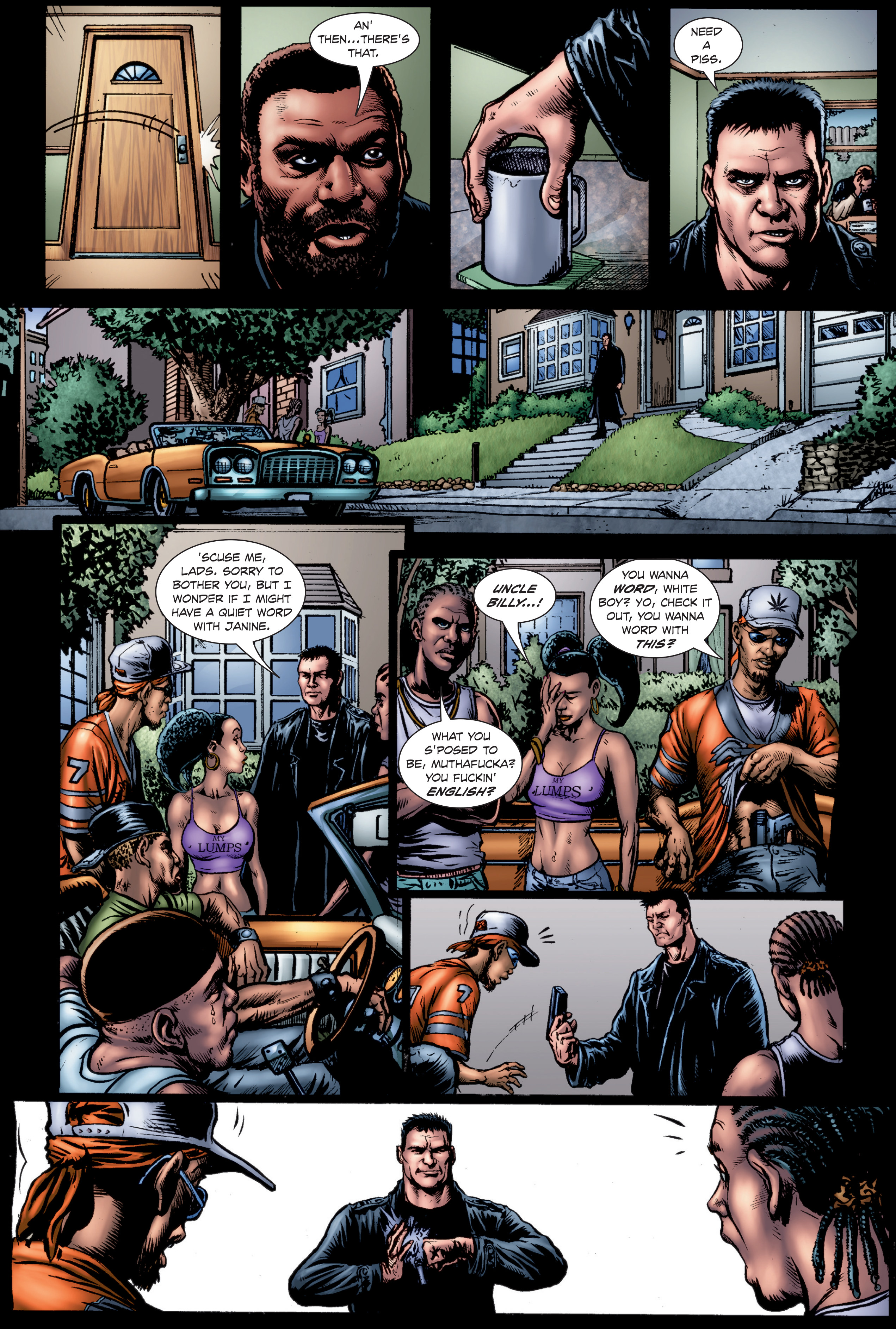

THAT ARROGANCE. THAT FUCKIN' *DISDAIN* THEY HAVE FOR US, WHERE OUR LIVES MEAN NOTHIN' MORE THAN A RAT'S.
OUR DEATHS ARE BARELY AN EMBARRASSMENT.
AN' ALL THEY DO IS WALK AWAY.

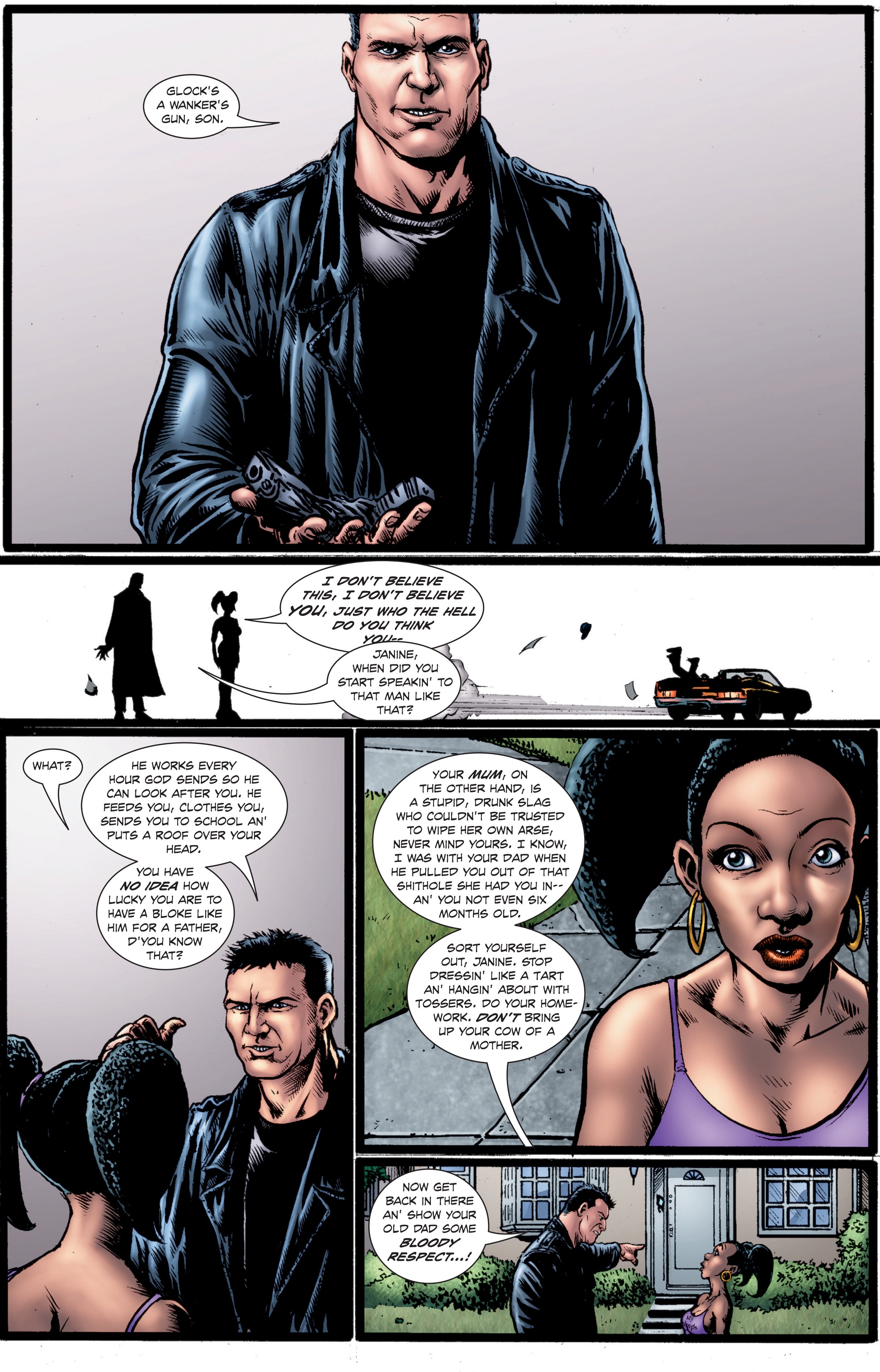

AYE. BUT...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--I MEAN THE STUFF YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, YOU MUST NEED TO BE ABLE TO FIGHT, AN' SPY ON PEOPLE AN' ALL THAT...
THAT'S ALL JUST DETAILS, HUGHIE. YOU CAN LEARN THAT.
SEE, I READ THE REPORT THOSE THREE WANKERS FILED. I KNOW YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR MONEY.

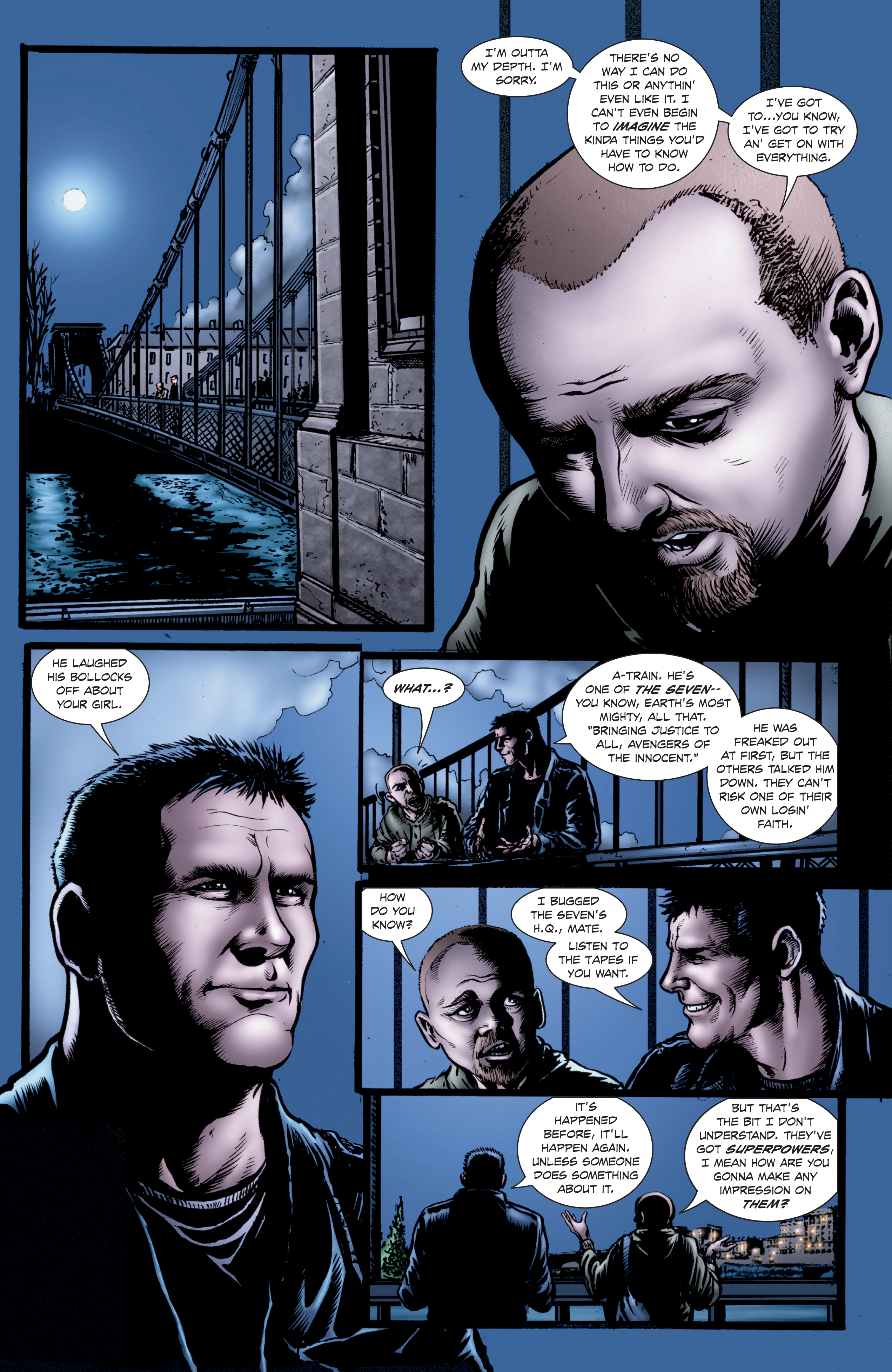

YOU DIDN'T WANT A *PAY-OFF*, SO YOU COULD LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN DENIAL. TRY AN' PRETEND SOME FUCKER DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH KILLING YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU WANTED AT ALL.

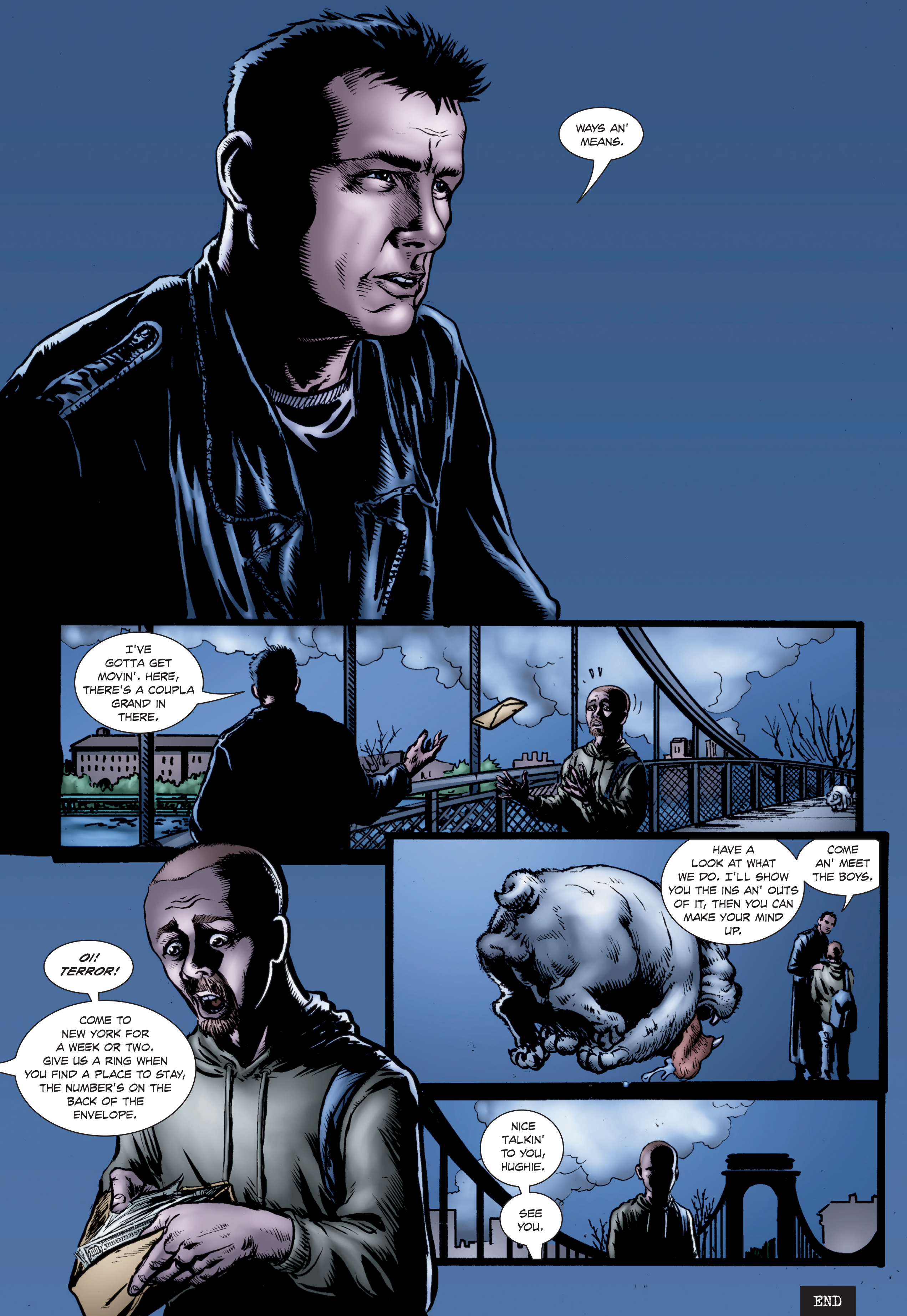

MOTHER'S MILK
BUTCHER, MAN...
I DUNNO.
BAD ASS
COME ON, MATE...!
COME ON, YOU KNOW IT'S THE ONLY WAY IT'S GONNA WORK...
NO, SERIOUSLY.
I MEAN THE OTHER TWO ARE MAD AS ARSEHOLES. THE NEW LAD'LL BE AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY, AT LEAST AT THE START.
I CAN'T SHOW HIM THE ROPES *AND* WATCH THEM *AND* GET ON WITH THE JOB, I'VE GOTTA HAVE A GOOD N.C.O. IN THERE TO TAKE UP THE SLACK...
I DUNNO-- OH MAN, DON'T BE PUTTIN' THAT DOWN THERE, I JUST GOT THROUGH CLEANIN' THERE. LEMME GET YOU A COASTER OR SOMETHIN'.
OH, SORRY, MATE.


YOU KNOW, I BEEN MAKIN' SOME REAL PROGRESS WITH THESE KIDS I BEEN WORKIN' WITH HERE. I FEEL LIKE I'M MAKIN' A DIFFERENCE IN THEIR LIVES.
WHAT, THIS COMMUNITY THING?
YEAH. AN' LOOK, WE WERE INTO SOME BAD SHIT EVEN BEFORE WHAT HAPPENED WITH MALLORY, AN' I GOTTA TELL YOU: I AM ABOUT A MILLION TIMES HAPPIER WITH ALL THAT BEHIND ME.
I THINK IF I *AM* GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE, I'M MORE COMFORTABLE DOIN' IT ON A SMALLER SCALE...
AW, NOW THAT *IS* BOLLOCKS--
HEY, UNCLE BILLY.
MY LUMPS
JANINE, HONEY, WHAT'D WE SAY 'BOUT YOU DRESSIN' THAT WAY...?
OH, DID *WE* SAY SOMETHING? BECAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING A CONVERSATION, ALL I REMEMBER IS YOU TELLING ME WHAT TO *DO.*
'LO, DOLL.
MY LUMPS
BAD ASS
HONEY, DON'T BE--
OH, OKAY, NOW I DON'T EVEN GET TO DEFEND MYSELF? THAT DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU, ME HAVING A MIND OF MY OWN?
JANINE...!
YOU KNOW, MAYBE I'LL GO STAY WITH MOM FOR A WHILE. IT COULD BE I HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING ENOUGH TIME WITH HER.
I'M GOING OUT. DRESSED HOW I LIKE, WITH WHOEVER I LIKE, FOR AS LONG AS I LIKE.
BUT YOU GOT HOMEWORK--
LATER, UNCLE BILLY.


AN' THEN...THERE'S THAT.
NEED A PISS.
'SCUSE ME, LADS. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A QUIET WORD WITH JANINE.
MY LUMPS
UNCLE BILLY...!
YOU WANNA **WORD**, WHITE BOY? YO, CHECK IT OUT, YOU WANNA WORD WITH ***THIS?***
WHAT YOU S'POSED TO BE, MUTHAFUCKA? YOU FUCKIN' ***ENGLISH?***
MY LUMPS

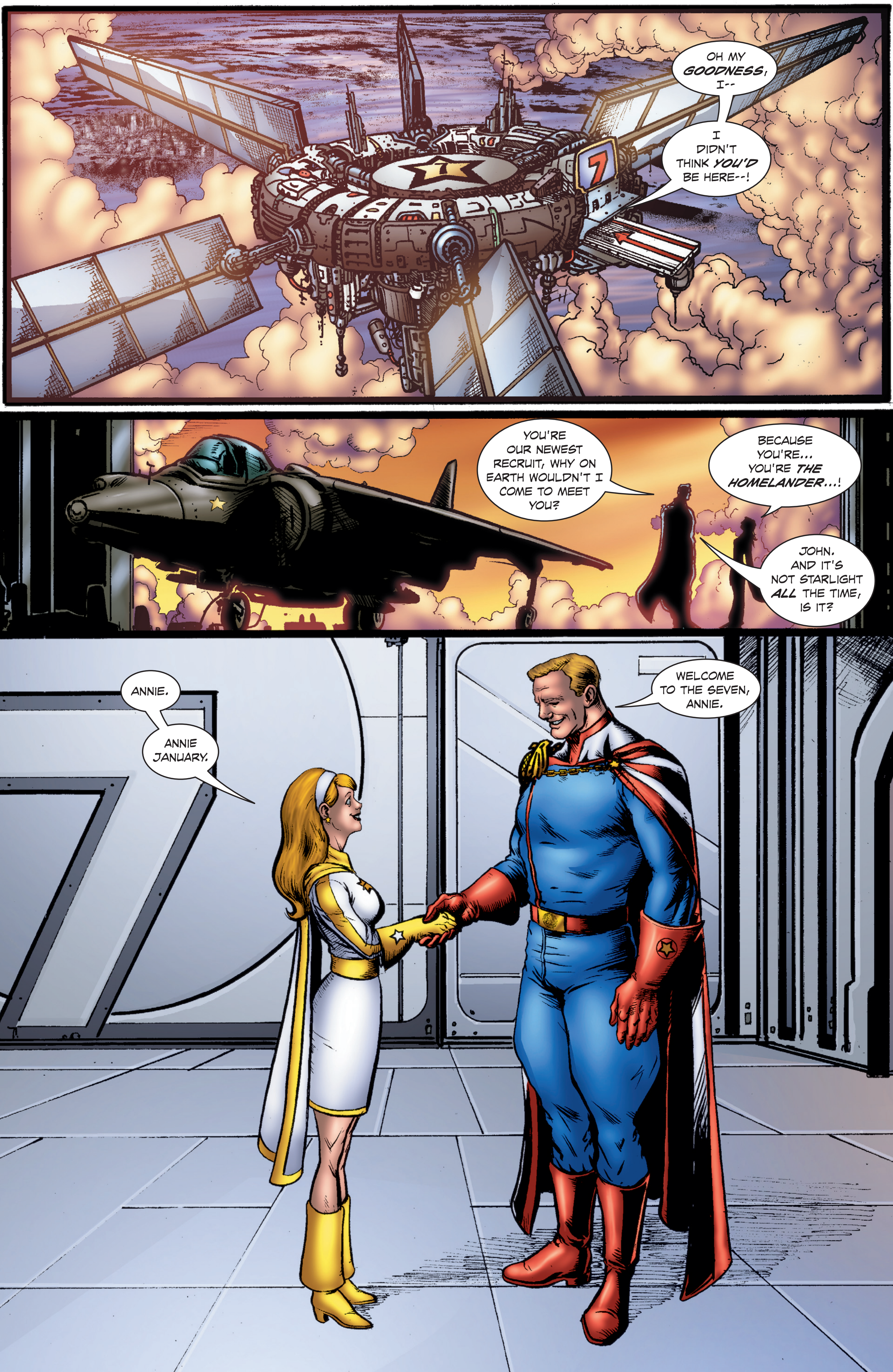

GLOCK'S A WANKER'S GUN, SON.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS, I DON'T BELIEVE *YOU*, JUST WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU--
JANINE, WHEN DID YOU START SPEAKIN' TO THAT MAN LIKE THAT?
WHAT?
HE WORKS EVERY HOUR GOD SENDS SO HE CAN LOOK AFTER YOU. HE FEEDS YOU, CLOTHES YOU, SENDS YOU TO SCHOOL AN' PUTS A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD.
YOU HAVE ***NO IDEA*** HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO HAVE A BLOKE LIKE HIM FOR A FATHER, D'YOU KNOW THAT?
YOUR ***MUM***, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS A STUPID, DRUNK SLAG WHO COULDN'T BE TRUSTED TO WIPE HER OWN ARSE, NEVER MIND YOURS. I KNOW, I WAS WITH YOUR DAD WHEN HE PULLED YOU OUT OF THAT SHITHOLE SHE HAD YOU IN-- AN' YOU NOT EVEN SIX MONTHS OLD.
SORT YOURSELF OUT, JANINE. STOP DRESSIN' LIKE A TART AN' HANGIN' ABOUT WITH TOSSERS. DO YOUR HOMEWORK. ***DON'T*** BRING UP YOUR COW OF A MOTHER.
NOW GET BACK IN THERE AN' SHOW YOUR OLD DAD SOME ***BLOODY RESPECT...!***

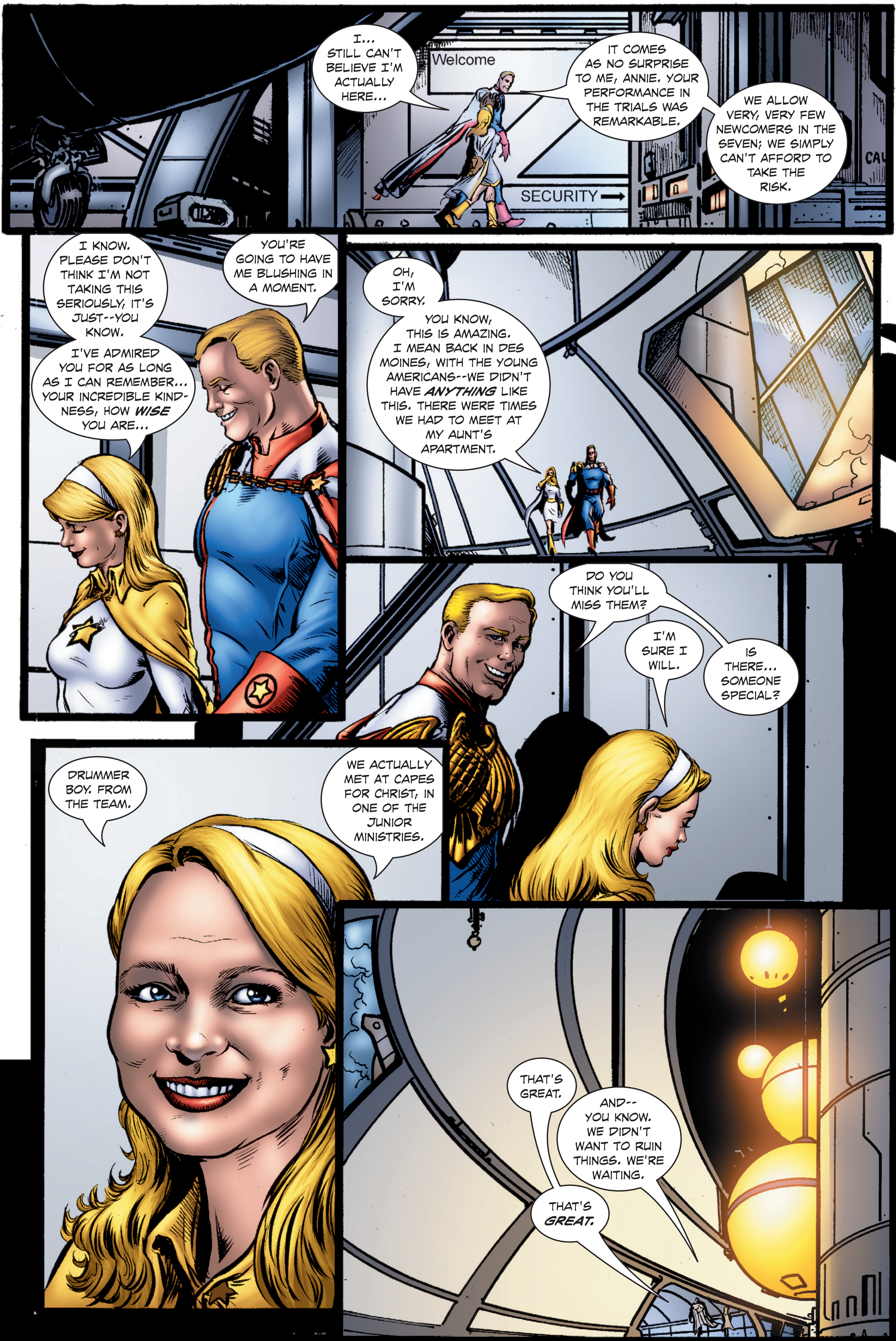

I'M OUTTA MY DEPTH. I'M SORRY.
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN DO THIS OR ANYTHIN' EVEN LIKE IT. I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO *IMAGINE* THE KINDA THINGS YOU'D HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO DO.
I'VE GOT TO...YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT TO TRY AN' GET ON WITH EVERYTHING.
HE LAUGHED HIS BOLLOCKS OFF ABOUT YOUR GIRL.
WHAT...?
A-TRAIN. HE'S ONE OF *THE SEVEN*-- YOU KNOW, EARTH'S MOST MIGHTY, ALL THAT. "BRINGING JUSTICE TO ALL, AVENGERS OF THE INNOCENT."
HE WAS FREAKED OUT AT FIRST, BUT THE OTHERS TALKED HIM DOWN. THEY CAN'T RISK ONE OF THEIR OWN LOSIN' FAITH.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I BUGGED THE SEVEN'S H.Q., MATE.
LISTEN TO THE TAPES IF YOU WANT.
IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE, IT'LL HAPPEN AGAIN. UNLESS SOMEONE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
BUT THAT'S THE BIT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY'VE GOT *SUPERPOWERS*, I MEAN HOW ARE YOU GONNA MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON *THEM?*

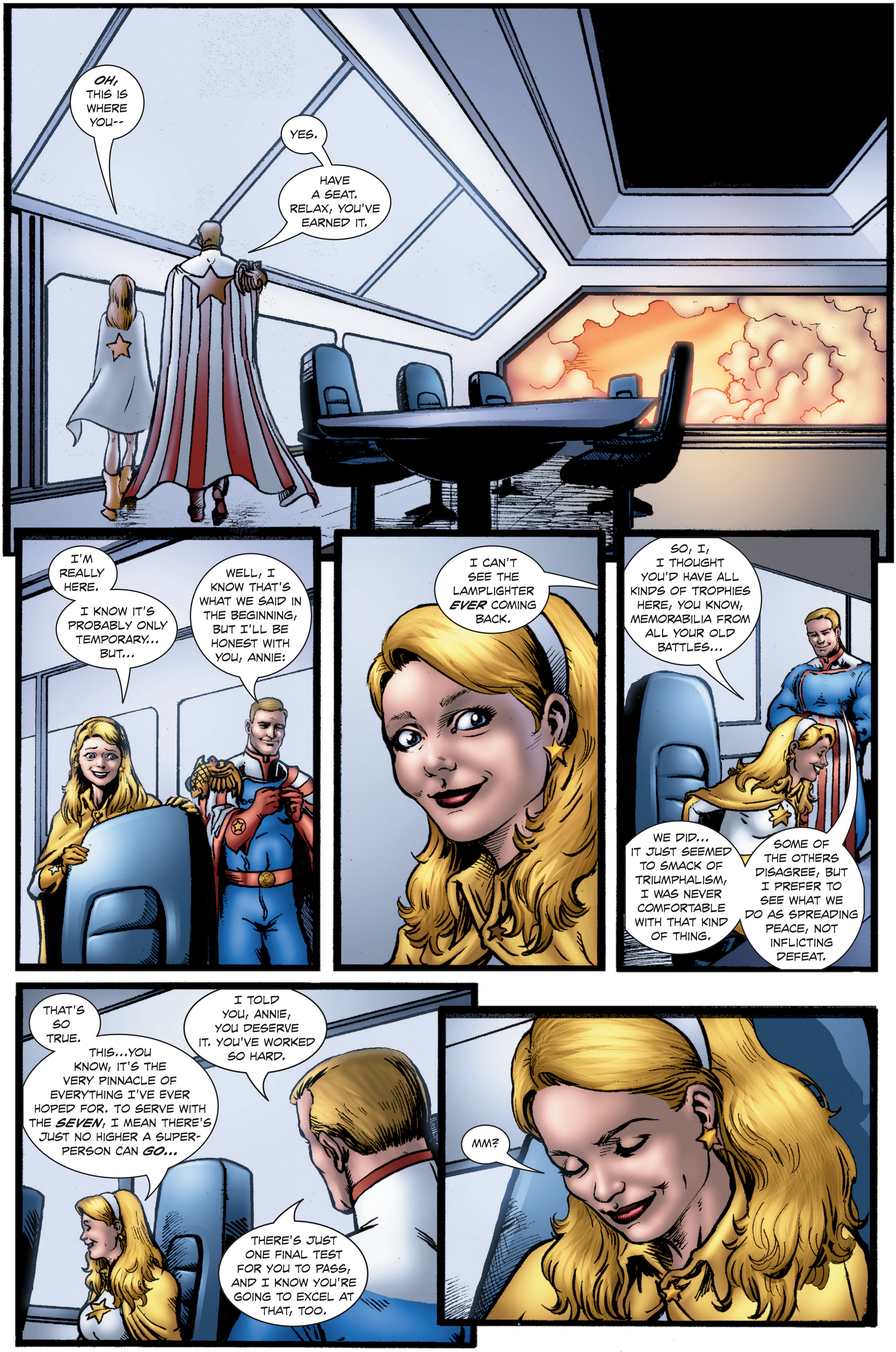

WAYS AN' MEANS.
I'VE GOTTA GET MOVIN'. HERE, THERE'S A COUPLA GRAND IN THERE.
OI! TERROR!
COME TO NEW YORK FOR A WEEK OR TWO. GIVE US A RING WHEN YOU FIND A PLACE TO STAY, THE NUMBER'S ON THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE.
HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT WE DO. I'LL SHOW YOU THE INS AN' OUTS OF IT, THEN YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MIND UP.
COME AN' MEET THE BOYS.
NICE TALKIN' TO YOU, HUGHIE.
SEE YOU.
END

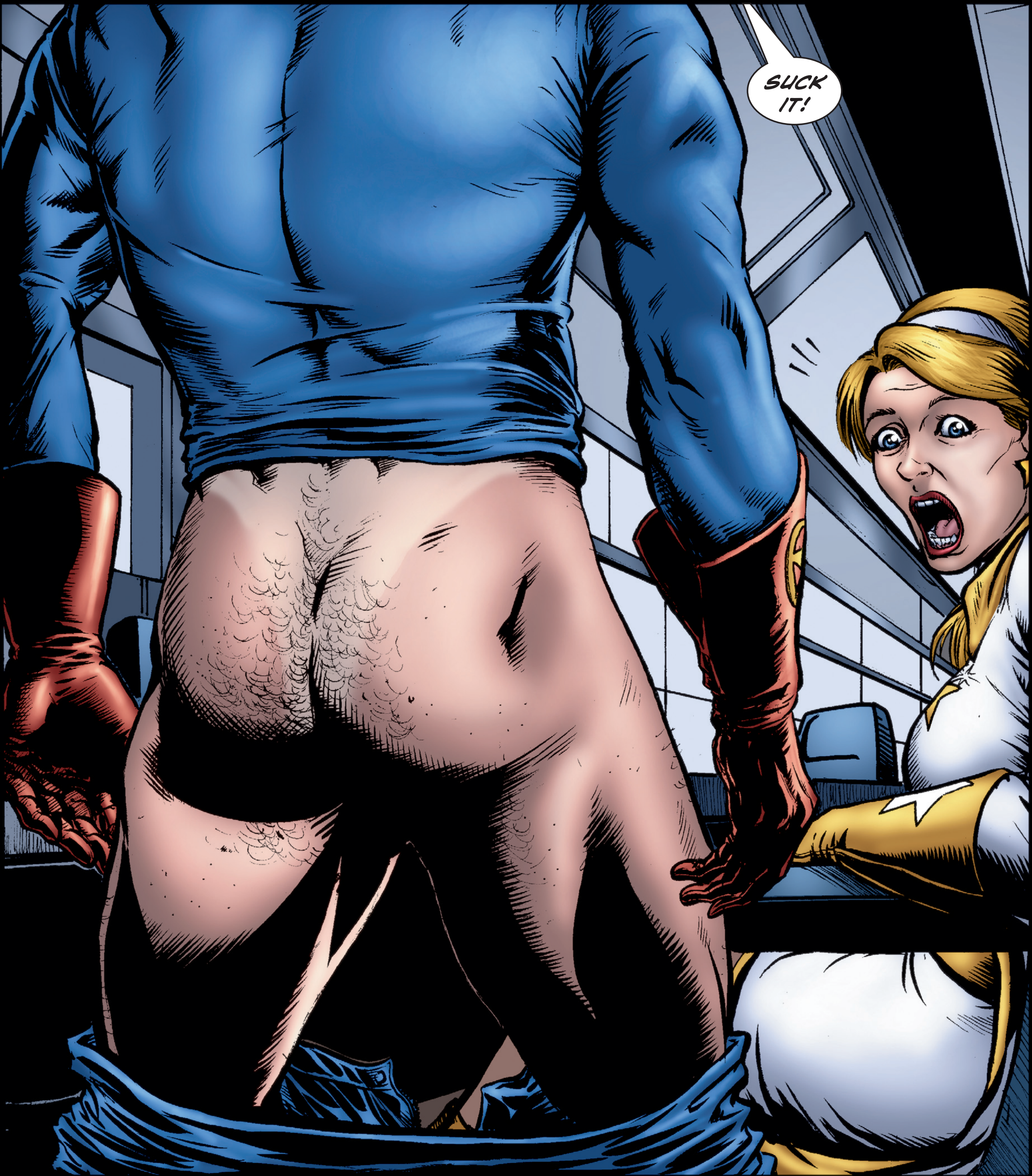
THREE

THE SEVEN
ER COMIC
OCTOBER ISSUE
$2.99
HERE COMES THE LAMPLIGHTER!
DARICK 2006


OH MY *GOODNESS*, I--
I DIDN'T THINK *YOU'D* BE HERE--!
YOU'RE OUR NEWEST RECRUIT, WHY ON EARTH WOULDN'T I COME TO MEET YOU?
BECAUSE YOU'RE... YOU'RE *THE HOMELANDER*...!
JOHN. AND IT'S NOT STARLIGHT *ALL* THE TIME, IS IT?
ANNIE.
ANNIE JANUARY.
WELCOME TO THE SEVEN, ANNIE.


Welcome
SECURITY →
I... STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY HERE...
IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE TO ME, ANNIE. YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE TRIALS WAS REMARKABLE.
WE ALLOW VERY, VERY FEW NEWCOMERS IN THE SEVEN; WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE RISK.
I KNOW. PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M NOT TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY, IT'S JUST--YOU KNOW.
I'VE ADMIRED YOU FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER... YOUR INCREDIBLE KINDNESS, HOW *WISE* YOU ARE...
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ME BLUSHING IN A MOMENT.
OH, I'M SORRY.
YOU KNOW, THIS IS AMAZING. I MEAN BACK IN DES MOINES, WITH THE YOUNG AMERICANS--WE DIDN'T HAVE *ANYTHING* LIKE THIS. THERE WERE TIMES WE HAD TO MEET AT MY AUNT'S APARTMENT.
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL MISS THEM?
I'M SURE I WILL.
IS THERE... SOMEONE SPECIAL?
DRUMMER BOY. FROM THE TEAM.
WE ACTUALLY MET AT CAPES FOR CHRIST, IN ONE OF THE JUNIOR MINISTRIES.
THAT'S GREAT.
AND--YOU KNOW. WE DIDN'T WANT TO RUIN THINGS. WE'RE WAITING.
THAT'S *GREAT.*


OH, THIS IS WHERE YOU--
YES.
HAVE A SEAT. RELAX, YOU'VE EARNED IT.
I'M REALLY HERE.
I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY ONLY TEMPORARY... BUT...
WELL, I KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE SAID IN THE BEGINNING, BUT I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, ANNIE:
I CAN'T SEE THE LAMPLIGHTER ***EVER*** COMING BACK.
SO, I, I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE ALL KINDS OF TROPHIES HERE, YOU KNOW, MEMORABILIA FROM ALL YOUR OLD BATTLES...
WE DID... IT JUST SEEMED TO SMACK OF TRIUMPHALISM, I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE WITH THAT KIND OF THING.
SOME OF THE OTHERS DISAGREE, BUT I PREFER TO SEE WHAT WE DO AS SPREADING PEACE, NOT INFLICTING DEFEAT.
THAT'S SO TRUE.
THIS...YOU KNOW, IT'S THE VERY PINNACLE OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER HOPED FOR. TO SERVE WITH THE ***SEVEN***, I MEAN THERE'S JUST NO HIGHER A SUPER-PERSON CAN ***GO...***
I TOLD YOU, ANNIE, YOU DESERVE IT. YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD.
THERE'S JUST ONE FINAL TEST FOR YOU TO PASS, AND I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO EXCEL AT THAT, TOO.
MM?



CHERRY part one

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
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LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON
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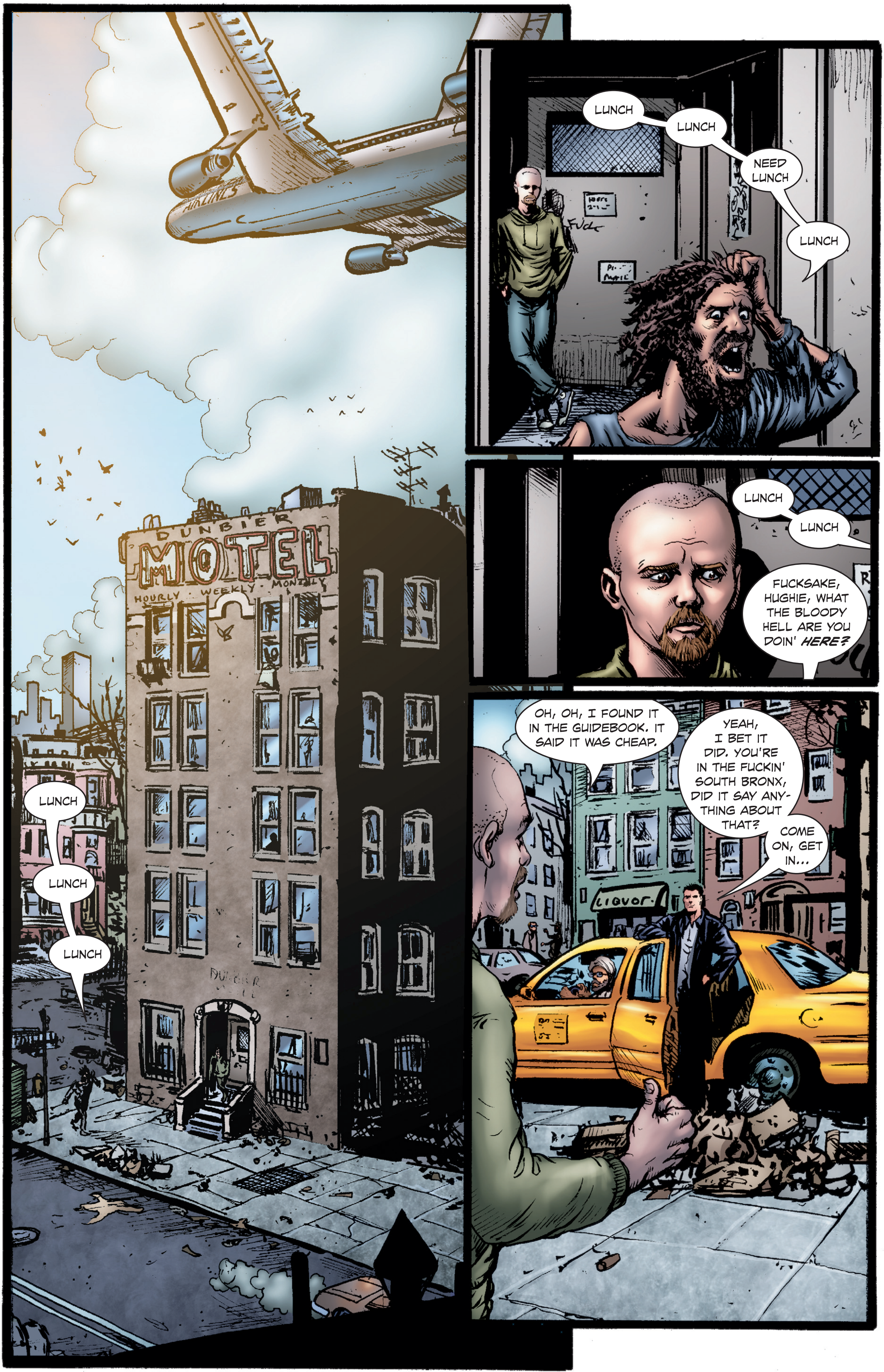
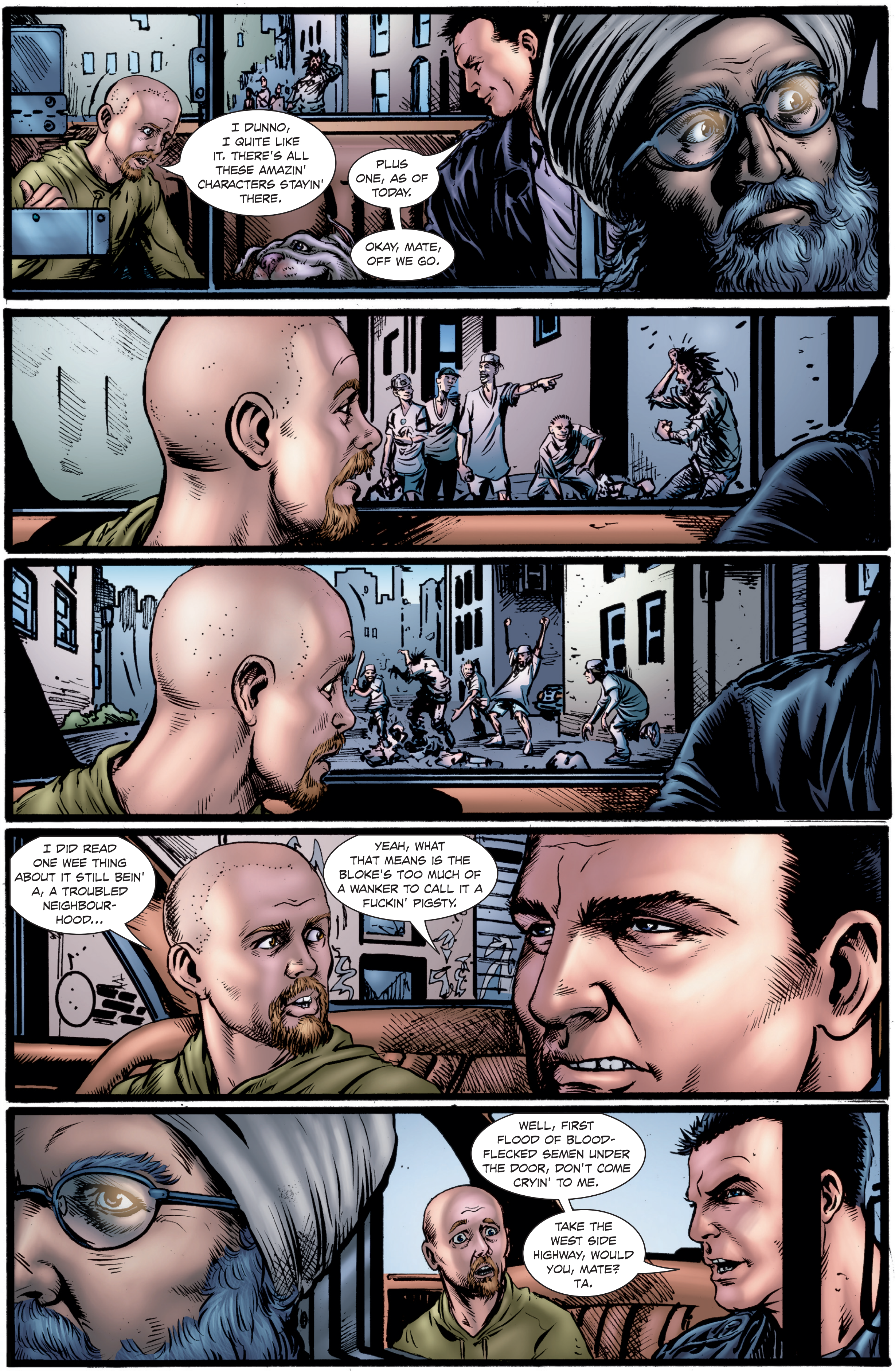
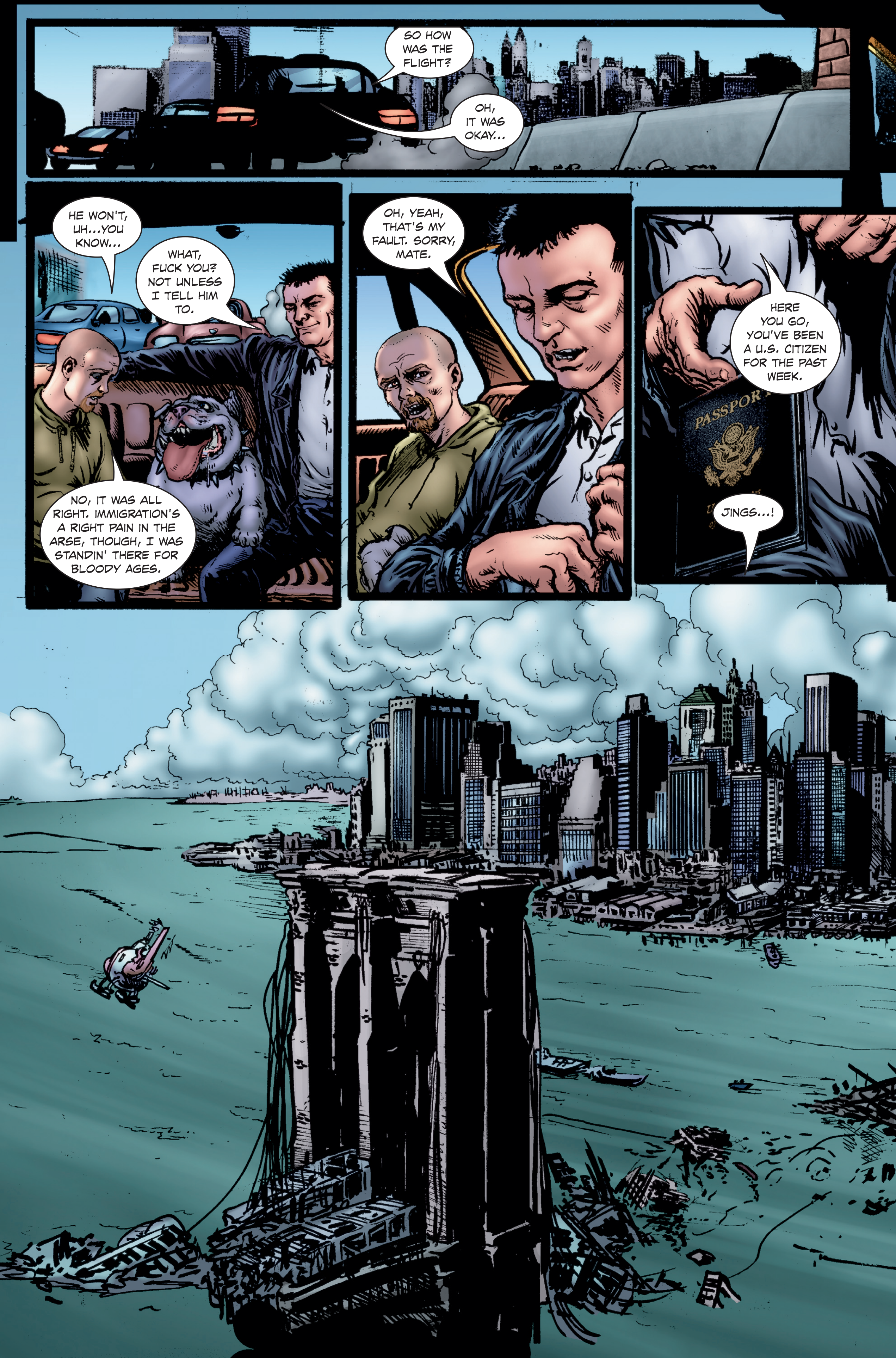
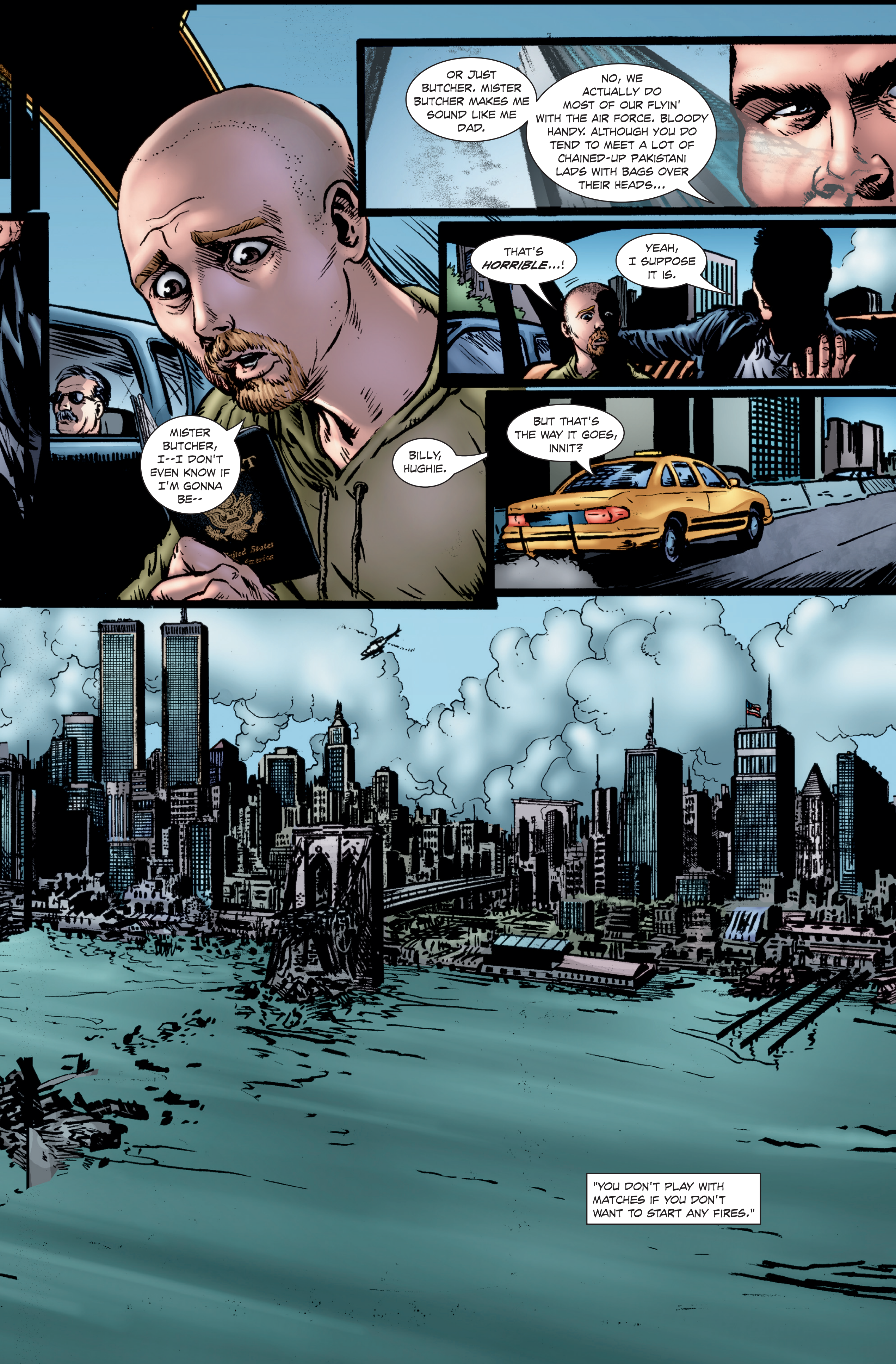
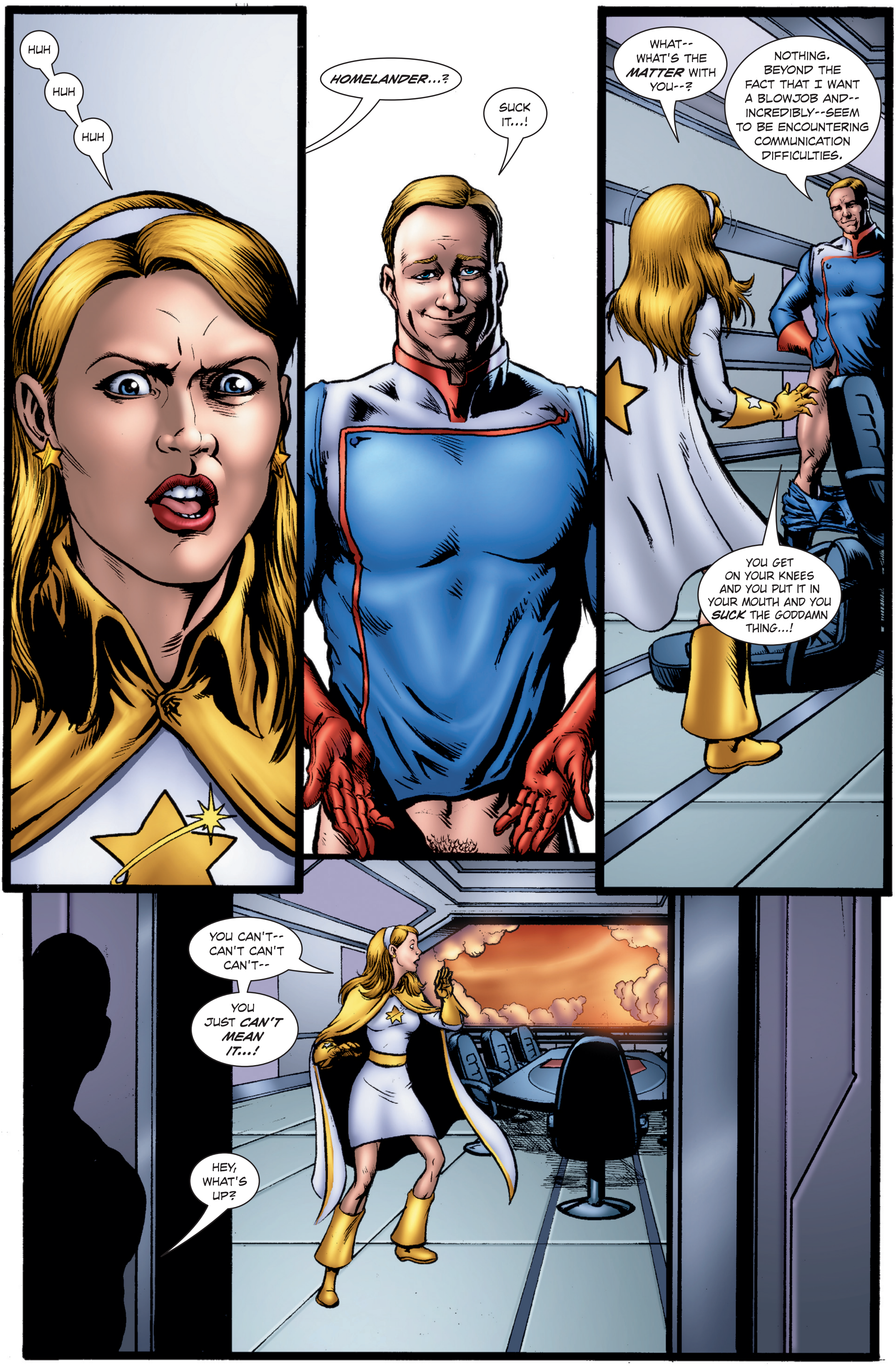
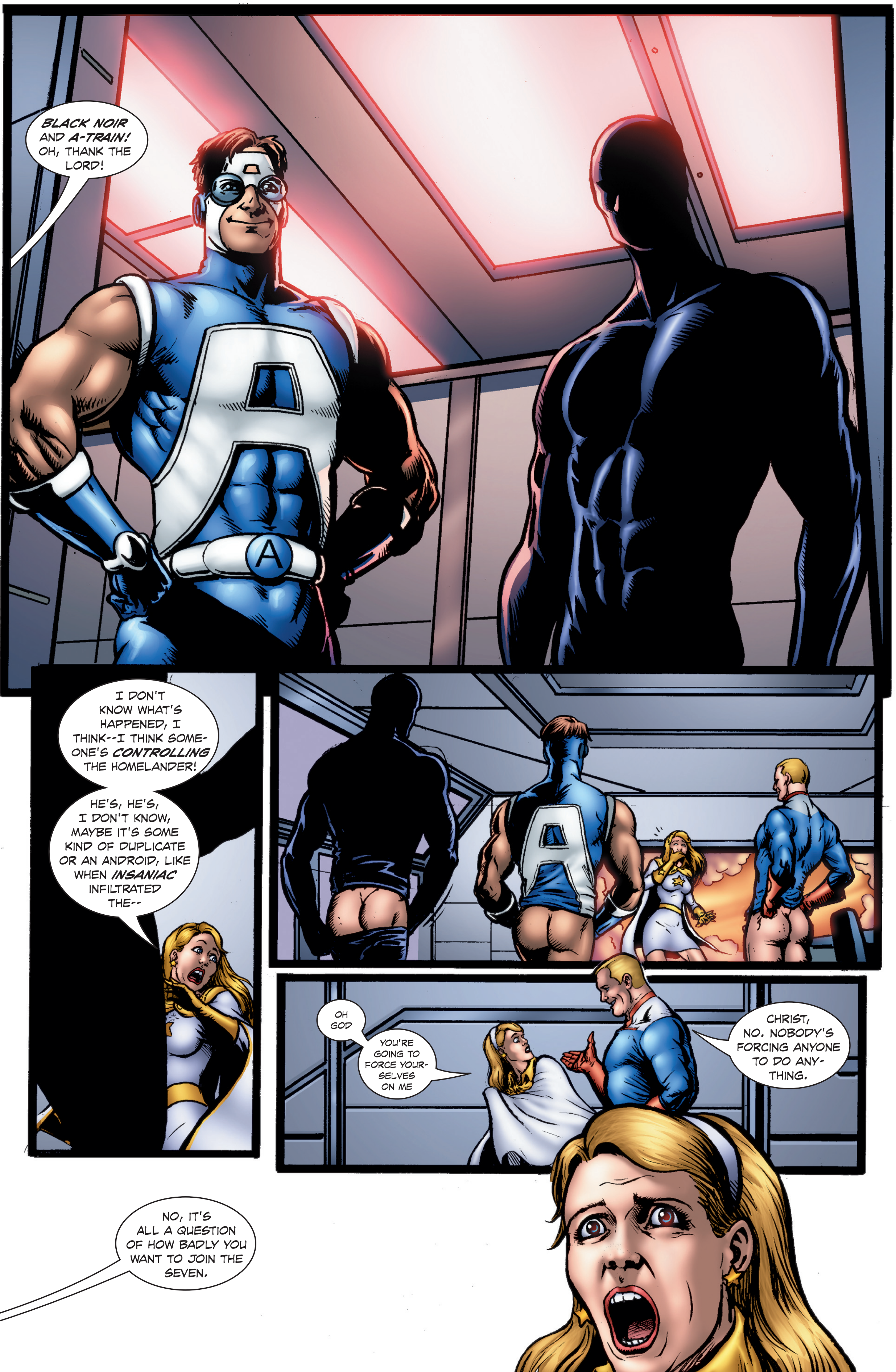

AIRLINES
DUNBIER
MOTEL
HOURLY · WEEKLY · MONTHLY
DUNBIER
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
NEED LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOIN' *HERE?*
OH, OH, I FOUND IT IN THE GUIDEBOOK. IT SAID IT WAS CHEAP.
YEAH, I BET IT DID. YOU'RE IN THE FUCKIN' SOUTH BRONX, DID IT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?
COME ON, GET IN...
LIQUOR

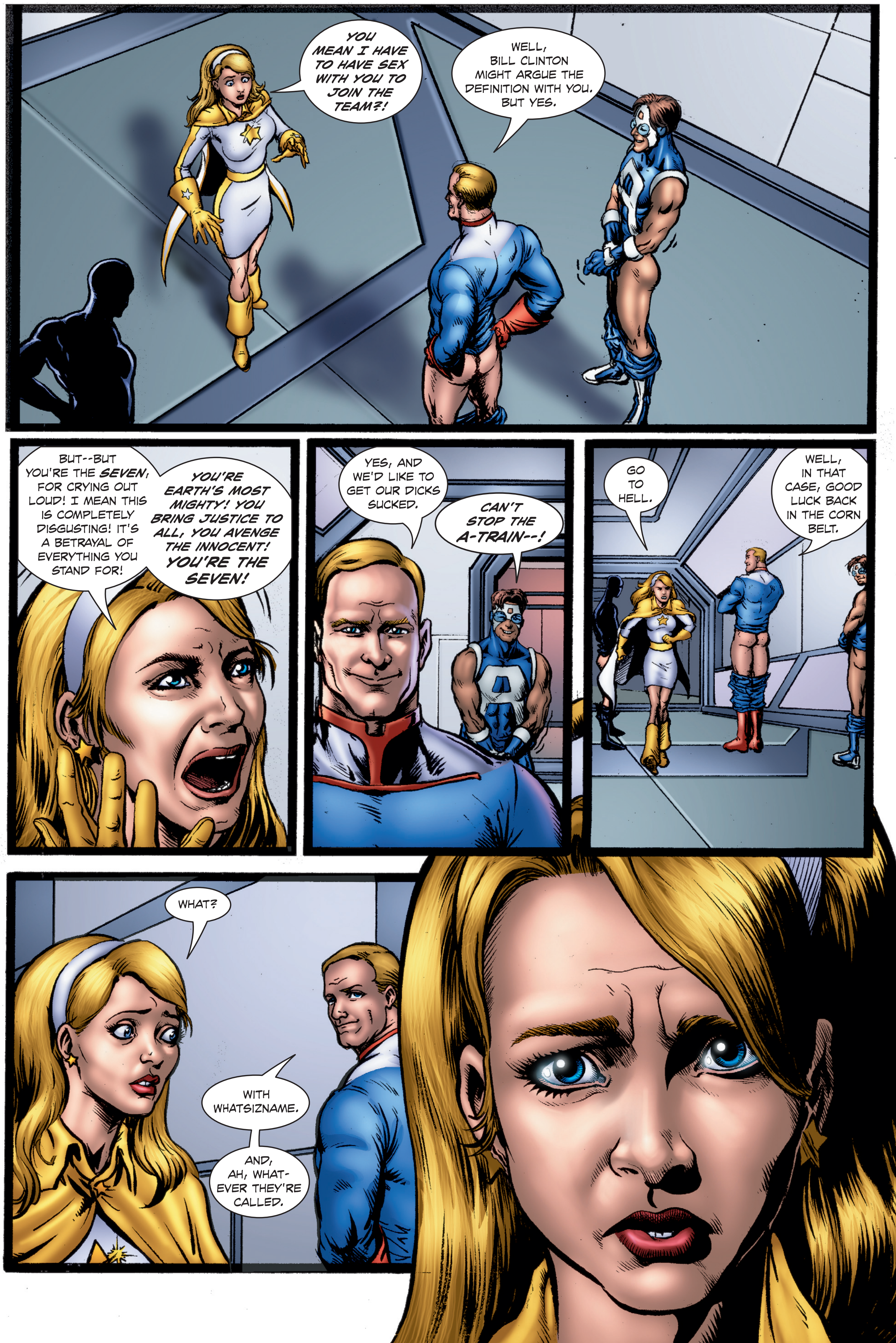

I DUNNO, I QUITE LIKE IT. THERE'S ALL THESE AMAZIN' CHARACTERS STAYIN' THERE.
PLUS ONE, AS OF TODAY.
OKAY, MATE, OFF WE GO.
I DID READ ONE WEE THING ABOUT IT STILL BEIN' A, A TROUBLED NEIGHBOURHOOD...
YEAH, WHAT THAT MEANS IS THE BLOKE'S TOO MUCH OF A WANKER TO CALL IT A FUCKIN' PIGSTY.
WELL, FIRST FLOOD OF BLOOD-FLECKED SEMEN UNDER THE DOOR, DON'T COME CRYIN' TO ME.
TAKE THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, WOULD YOU, MATE? TA.

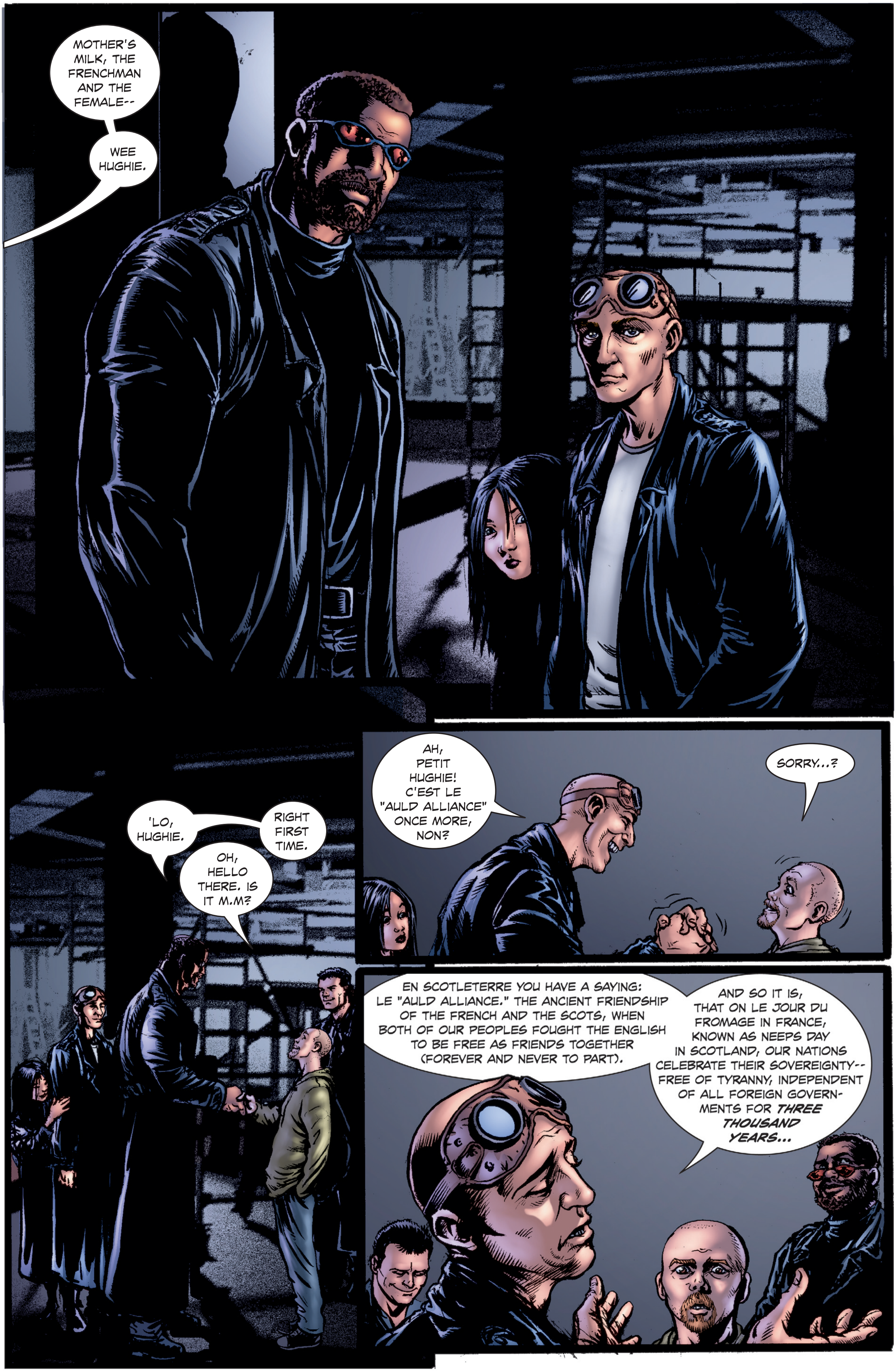

SO HOW WAS THE FLIGHT?
OH, IT WAS OKAY...
HE WON'T, UH...YOU KNOW...
WHAT, FUCK YOU? NOT UNLESS I TELL HIM TO.
NO, IT WAS ALL RIGHT. IMMIGRATION'S A RIGHT PAIN IN THE ARSE, THOUGH, I WAS STANDIN' THERE FOR BLOODY AGES.
OH, YEAH, THAT'S MY FAULT. SORRY, MATE.
HERE YOU GO, YOU'VE BEEN A U.S. CITIZEN FOR THE PAST WEEK.
PASSPORT
JINGS...!

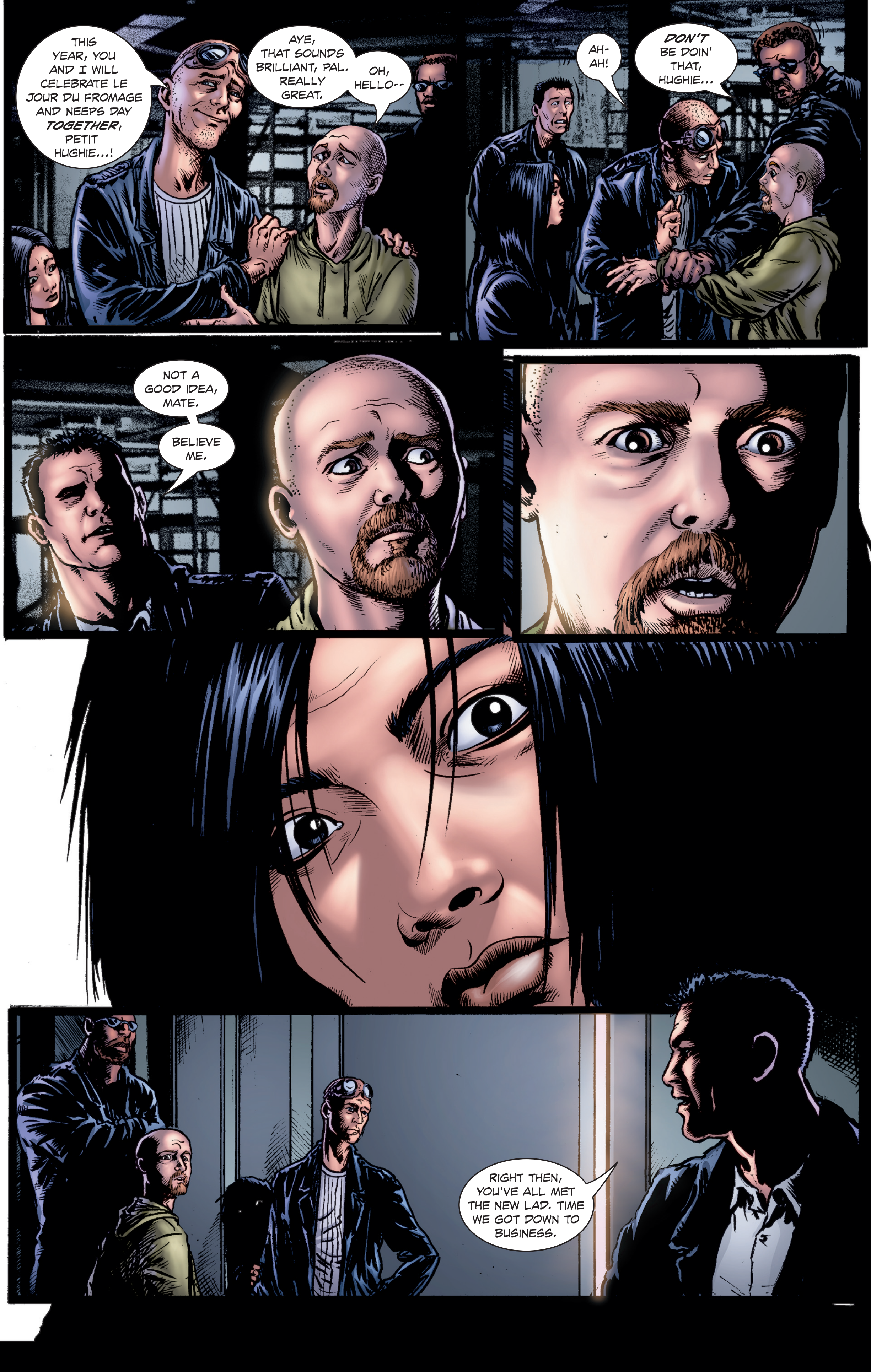

MISTER BUTCHER, I--I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'M GONNA BE--
OR JUST BUTCHER. MISTER BUTCHER MAKES ME SOUND LIKE ME DAD.
NO, WE ACTUALLY DO MOST OF OUR FLYIN' WITH THE AIR FORCE. BLOODY HANDY. ALTHOUGH YOU DO TEND TO MEET A LOT OF CHAINED-UP PAKISTANI LADS WITH BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS...
THAT'S *HORRIBLE*...!
YEAH, I SUPPOSE IT IS.
BILLY, HUGHIE.
BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, INNIT?
"YOU DON'T PLAY WITH MATCHES IF YOU DON'T WANT TO START ANY FIRES."

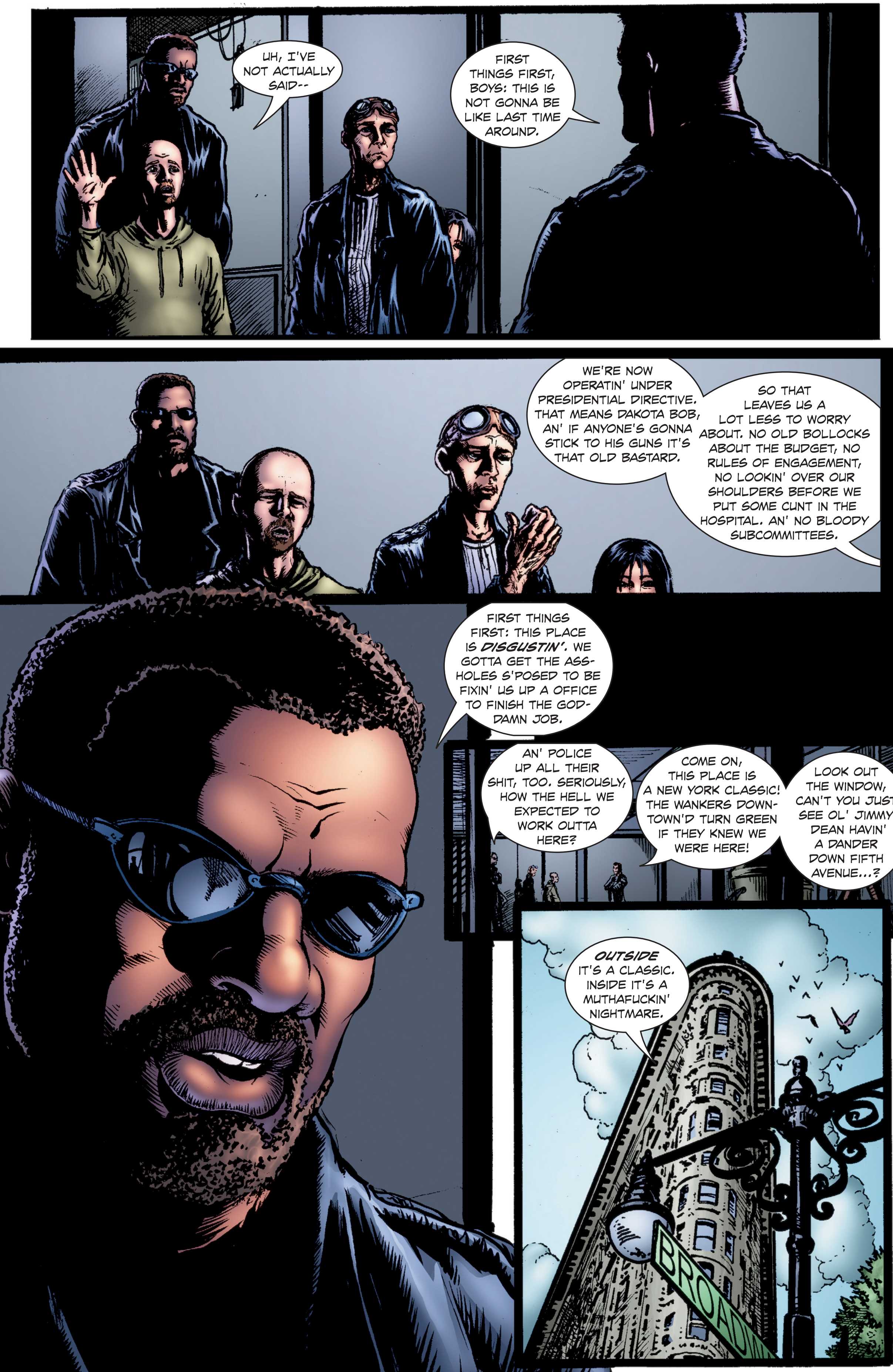

HUH
HUH
HUH
HOMELANDER...?
SUCK IT...!
WHAT--WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU--?
NOTHING. BEYOND THE FACT THAT I WANT A BLOWJOB AND--INCREDIBLY--SEEM TO BE ENCOUNTERING COMMUNICATION DIFFICULTIES.
YOU GET ON YOUR KNEES AND YOU PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU SUCK THE GODDAMN THING...!
YOU CAN'T--CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T--
YOU JUST CAN'T MEAN IT...!
HEY, WHAT'S UP?

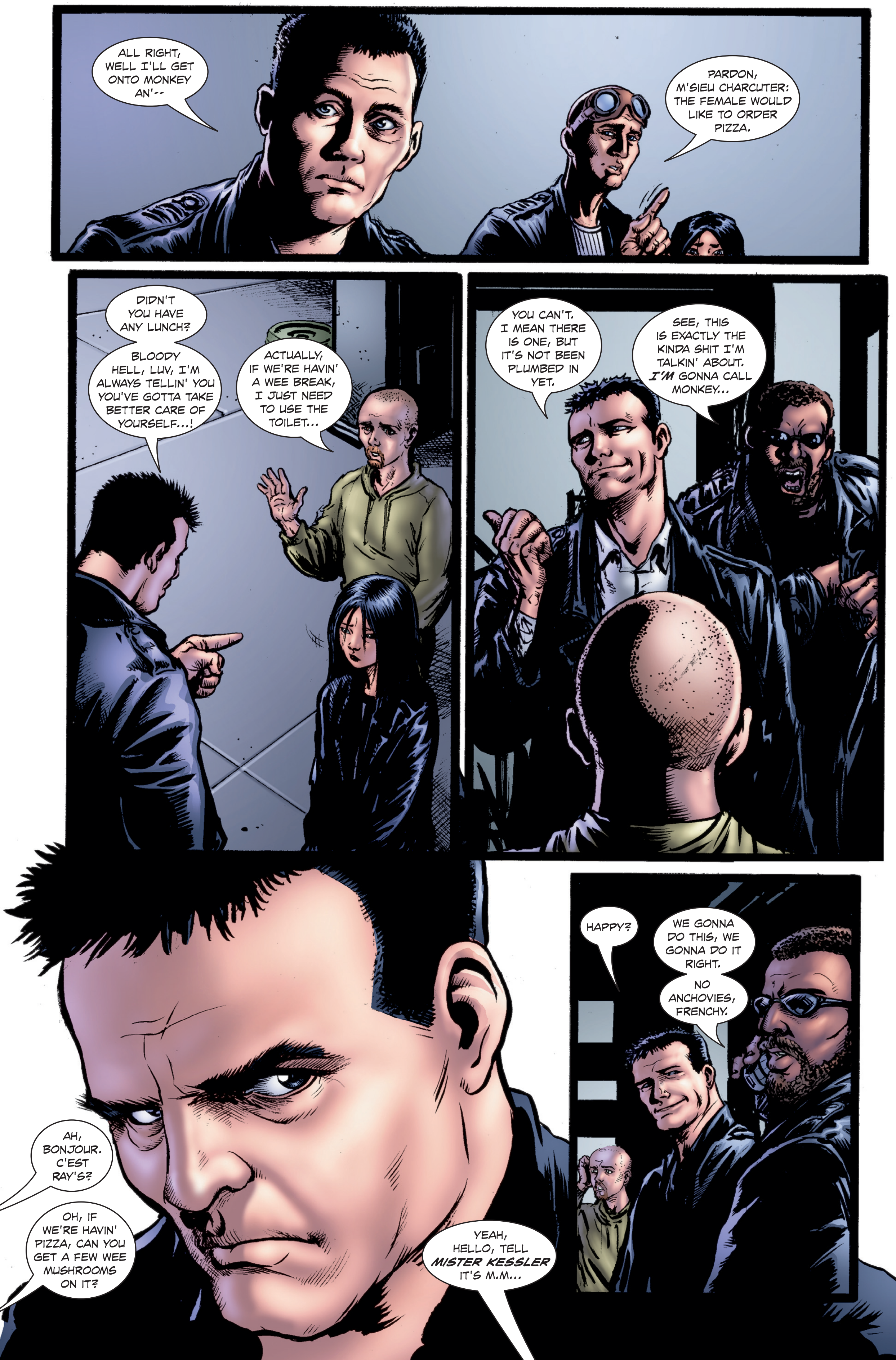

BLACK NOIR AND *A-TRAIN!* OH, THANK THE LORD!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED, I THINK--I THINK SOMEONE'S *CONTROLLING* THE HOMELANDER!
HE'S, HE'S, I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT'S SOME KIND OF DUPLICATE OR AN ANDROID, LIKE WHEN *INSANIAC* INFILTRATED THE--
OH GOD
YOU'RE GOING TO FORCE YOURSELVES ON ME
CHRIST, NO. NOBODY'S FORCING ANYONE TO DO ANYTHING.
NO, IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF HOW BADLY YOU WANT TO JOIN THE SEVEN.

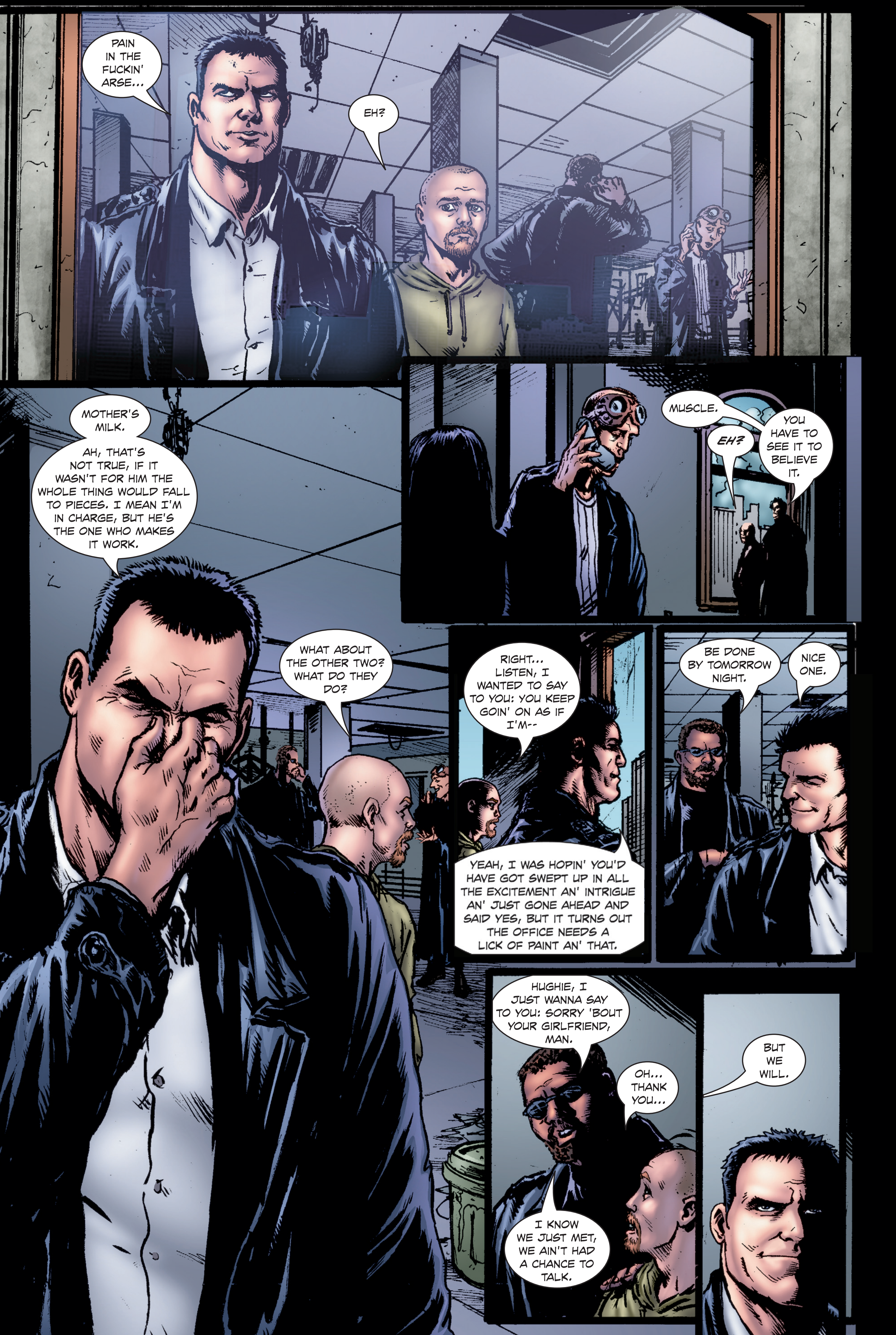

YOU MEAN I HAVE TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU TO JOIN THE TEAM?!
WELL, BILL CLINTON MIGHT ARGUE THE DEFINITION WITH YOU. BUT YES.
BUT--BUT YOU'RE THE **SEVEN**, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! I MEAN THIS IS COMPLETELY DISGUSTING! IT'S A BETRAYAL OF EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR!
*YOU'RE EARTH'S MOST MIGHTY! YOU BRING JUSTICE TO ALL, YOU AVENGE THE INNOCENT! **YOU'RE THE SEVEN!***
YES, AND WE'D LIKE TO GET OUR DICKS SUCKED.
*CAN'T STOP THE **A-TRAIN--!***
GO TO HELL.
WELL, IN THAT CASE, GOOD LUCK BACK IN THE CORN BELT.
WHAT?
WITH WHATSIZNAME.
AND, AH, WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.

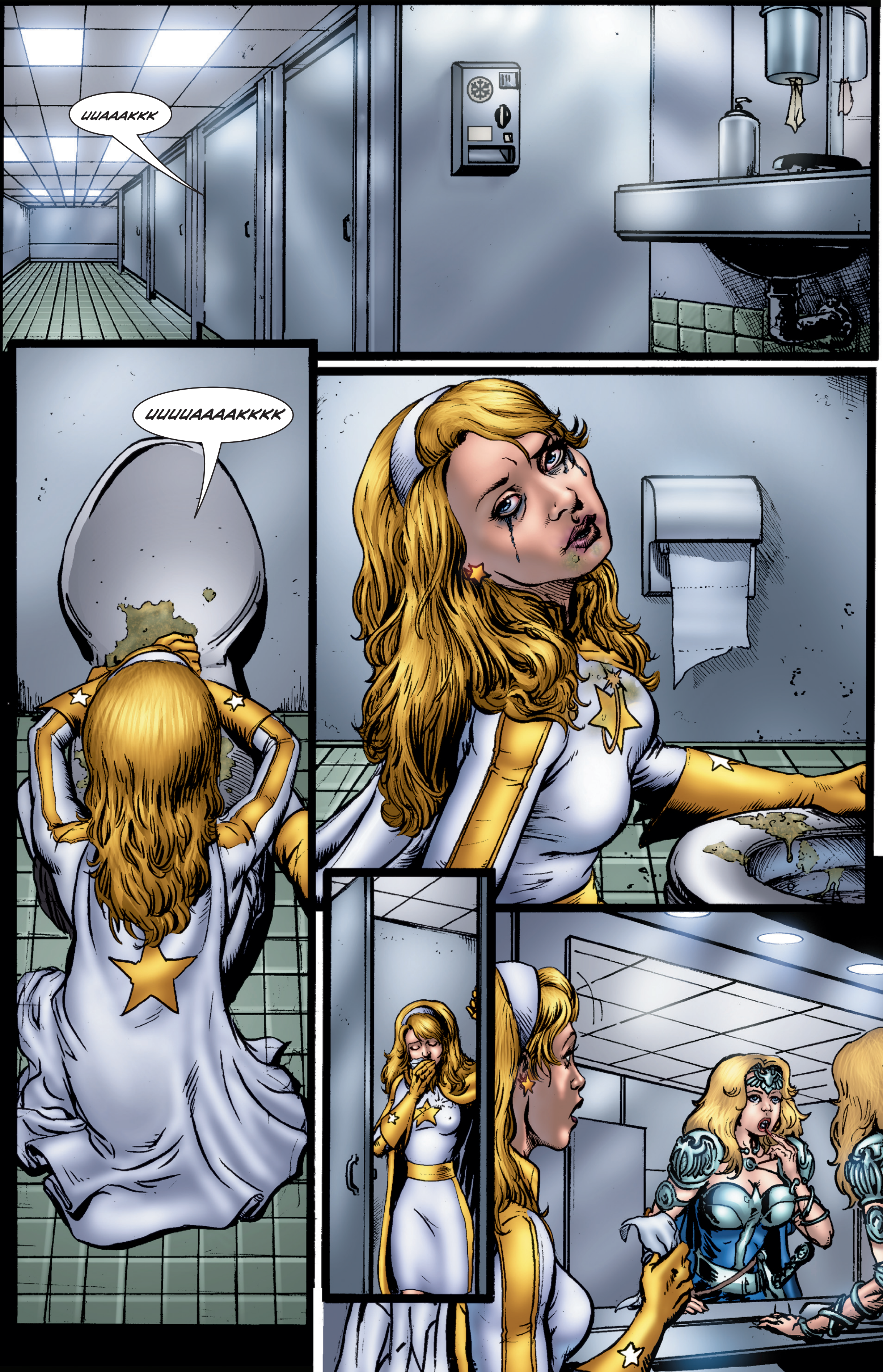

MOTHER'S MILK, THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FEMALE--
WEE HUGHIE.
'LO, HUGHIE.
OH, HELLO THERE. IS IT M.M?
RIGHT FIRST TIME.
AH, PETIT HUGHIE! C'EST LE "AULD ALLIANCE" ONCE MORE, NON?
SORRY...?
EN SCOTLETERRE YOU HAVE A SAYING: LE "AULD ALLIANCE." THE ANCIENT FRIENDSHIP OF THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS, WHEN BOTH OF OUR PEOPLES FOUGHT THE ENGLISH TO BE FREE AS FRIENDS TOGETHER (FOREVER AND NEVER TO PART).
AND SO IT IS, THAT ON LE JOUR DU FROMAGE IN FRANCE, KNOWN AS NEEPS DAY IN SCOTLAND, OUR NATIONS CELEBRATE THEIR SOVEREIGNTY--FREE OF TYRANNY, INDEPENDENT OF ALL FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS FOR *THREE THOUSAND YEARS...*

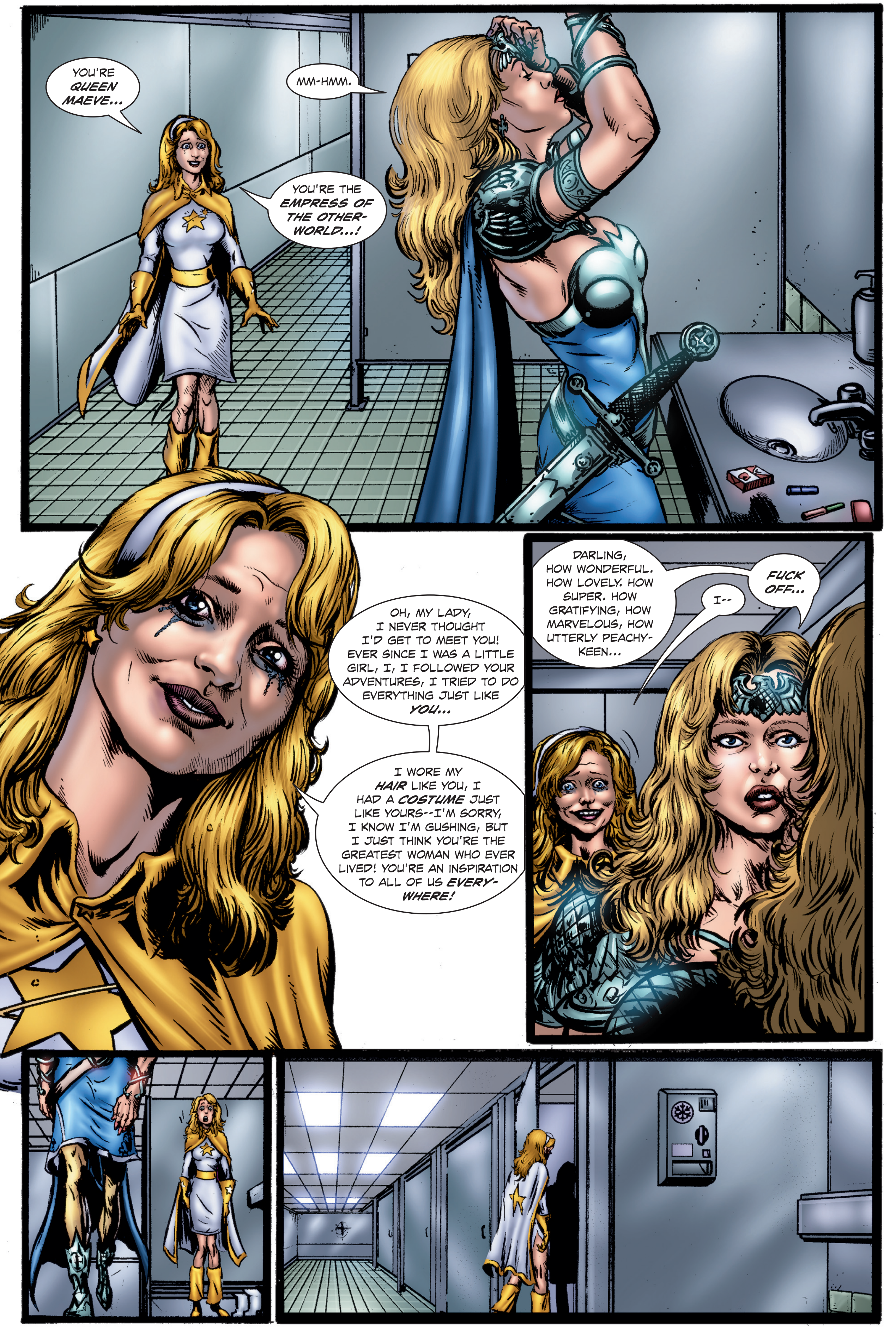

THIS YEAR, YOU AND I WILL CELEBRATE LE JOUR DU FROMAGE AND NEEPS DAY *TOGETHER*, PETIT HUGHIE...!
AYE, THAT SOUNDS BRILLIANT, PAL. REALLY GREAT.
OH, HELLO--
AH-AH!
DON'T BE DOIN' THAT, HUGHIE...
NOT A GOOD IDEA, MATE.
BELIEVE ME.
RIGHT THEN, YOU'VE ALL MET THE NEW LAD. TIME WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

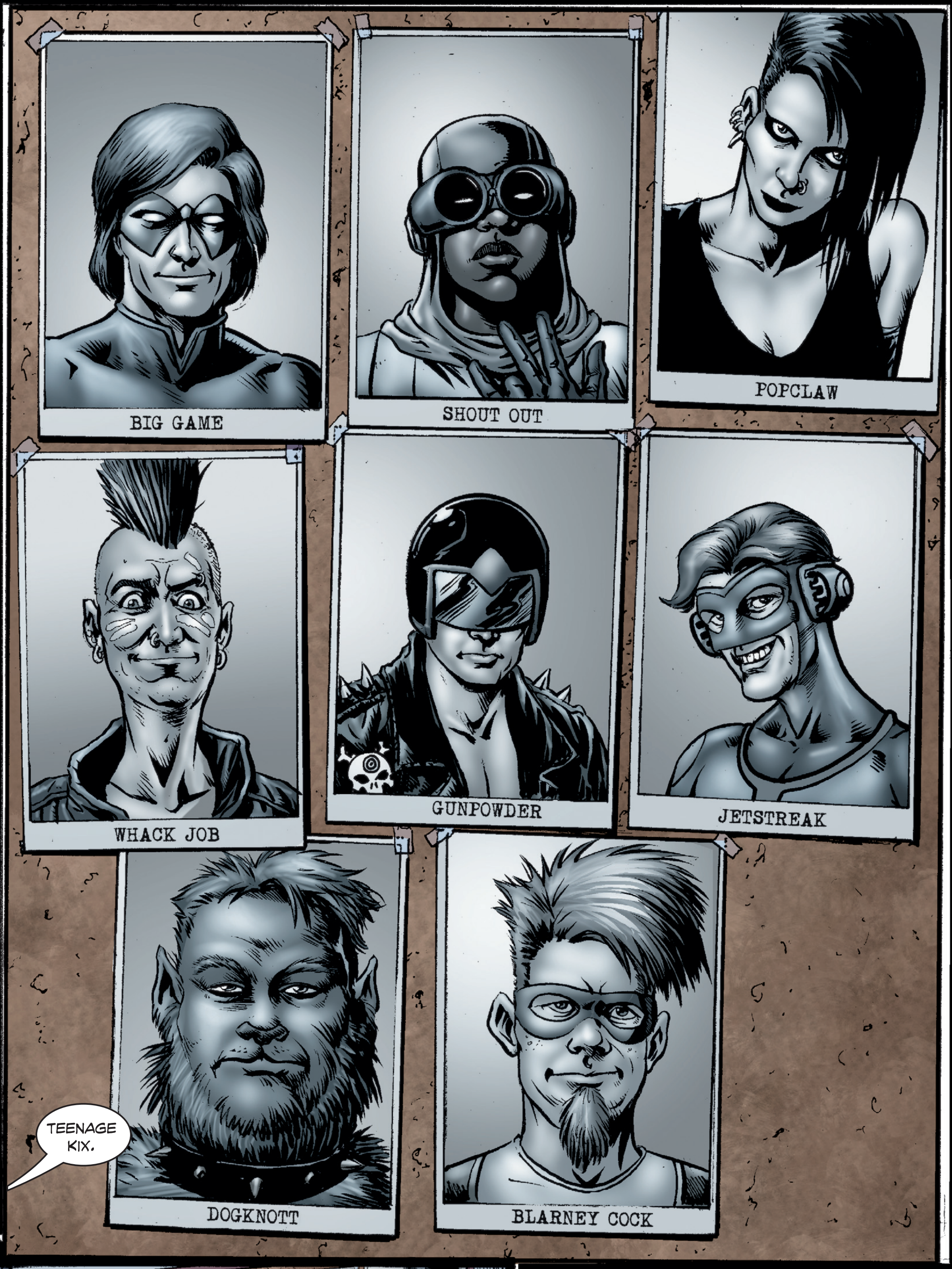

UH, I'VE NOT ACTUALLY SAID--
FIRST THINGS FIRST, BOYS: THIS IS NOT GONNA BE LIKE LAST TIME AROUND.
WE'RE NOW OPERATIN' UNDER PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE. THAT MEANS DAKOTA BOB, AN' IF ANYONE'S GONNA STICK TO HIS GUNS IT'S THAT OLD BASTARD.
SO THAT LEAVES US A LOT LESS TO WORRY ABOUT. NO OLD BOLLOCKS ABOUT THE BUDGET, NO RULES OF ENGAGEMENT, NO LOOKIN' OVER OUR SHOULDERS BEFORE WE PUT SOME CUNT IN THE HOSPITAL. AN' NO BLOODY SUBCOMMITTEES.
FIRST THINGS FIRST: THIS PLACE IS *DISGUSTIN'*. WE GOTTA GET THE ASSHOLES S'POSED TO BE FIXIN' US UP A OFFICE TO FINISH THE GODDAMN JOB.
AN' POLICE UP ALL THEIR SHIT, TOO. SERIOUSLY, HOW THE HELL WE EXPECTED TO WORK OUTTA HERE?
COME ON, THIS PLACE IS A NEW YORK CLASSIC! THE WANKERS DOWNTOWN'D TURN GREEN IF THEY KNEW WE WERE HERE!
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, CAN'T YOU JUST SEE OL' JIMMY DEAN HAVIN' A DANDER DOWN FIFTH AVENUE...?
OUTSIDE IT'S A CLASSIC. INSIDE IT'S A MUTHAFUCKIN' NIGHTMARE.
BROADWAY

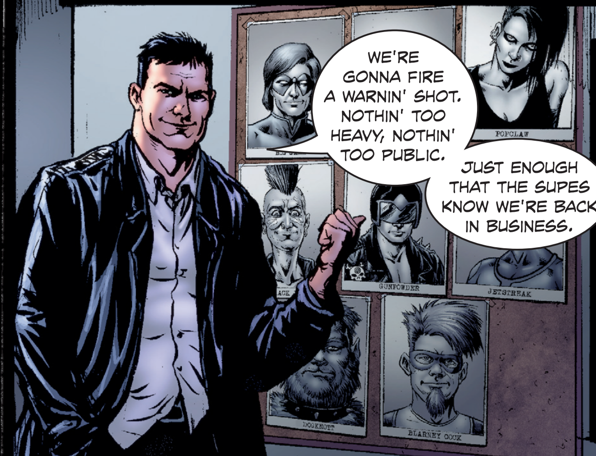

ALL RIGHT, WELL I'LL GET ONTO MONKEY AN'--
PARDON, M'SIEU CHARCUTER: THE FEMALE WOULD LIKE TO ORDER PIZZA.
DIDN'T YOU HAVE ANY LUNCH?
BLOODY HELL, LUV, I'M ALWAYS TELLIN' YOU YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOURSELF...!
ACTUALLY, IF WE'RE HAVIN' A WEE BREAK, I JUST NEED TO USE THE TOILET...
YOU CAN'T. I MEAN THERE IS ONE, BUT IT'S NOT BEEN PLUMBED IN YET.
SEE, THIS IS EXACTLY THE KINDA SHIT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT. ***I'M*** GONNA CALL MONKEY...
HAPPY?
WE GONNA DO THIS, WE GONNA DO IT RIGHT.
NO ANCHOVIES, FRENCHY.
AH, BONJOUR. C'EST RAY'S?
OH, IF WE'RE HAVIN' PIZZA, CAN YOU GET A FEW WEE MUSHROOMS ON IT?
YEAH, HELLO, TELL ***MISTER KESSLER*** IT'S M.M...

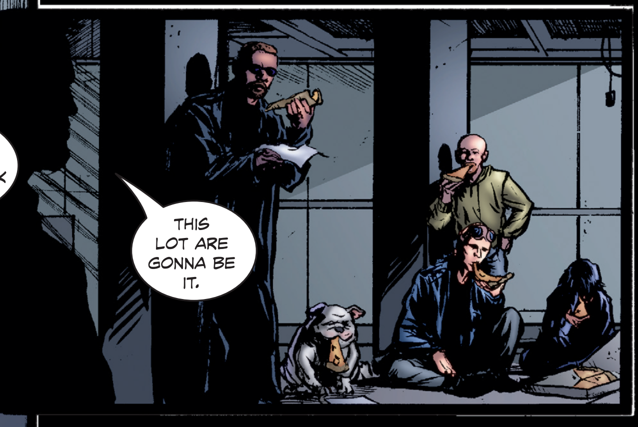

PAIN IN THE FUCKIN' ARSE...
EH?
MOTHER'S MILK.
AH, THAT'S NOT TRUE, IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM THE WHOLE THING WOULD FALL TO PIECES. I MEAN I'M IN CHARGE, BUT HE'S THE ONE WHO MAKES IT WORK.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO? WHAT DO THEY DO?
MUSCLE.
EH?
YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.
RIGHT... LISTEN, I WANTED TO SAY TO YOU: YOU KEEP GOIN' ON AS IF I'M--
YEAH, I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D HAVE GOT SWEPT UP IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT AN' INTRIGUE AN' JUST GONE AHEAD AND SAID YES, BUT IT TURNS OUT THE OFFICE NEEDS A LICK OF PAINT AN' THAT.
BE DONE BY TOMORROW NIGHT.
NICE ONE.
HUGHIE, I JUST WANNA SAY TO YOU: SORRY 'BOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND, MAN.
OH... THANK YOU...
I KNOW WE JUST MET, WE AIN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK.
BUT WE WILL.

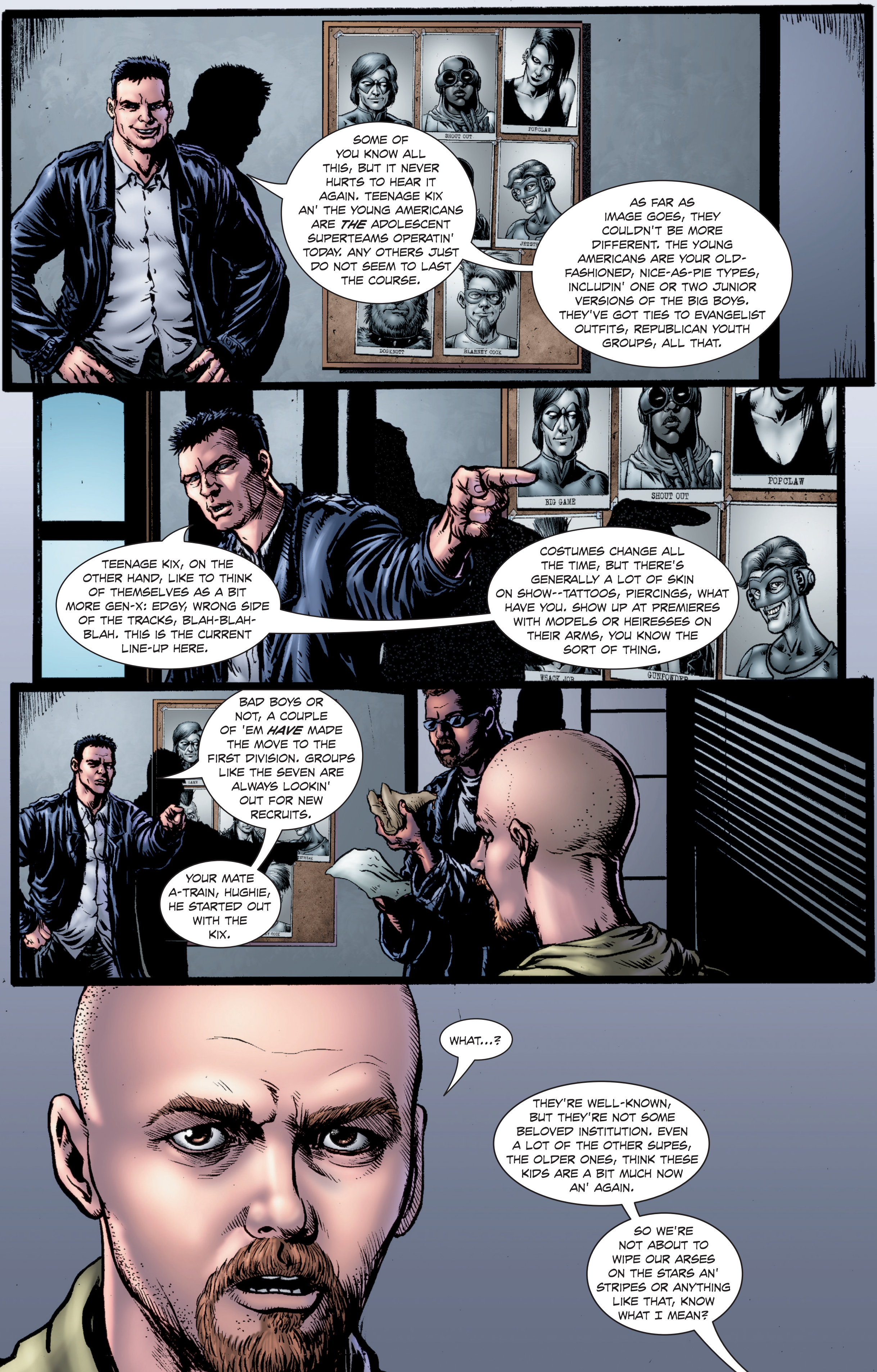

UUAAAKKK
UUUUAAAAKKKK

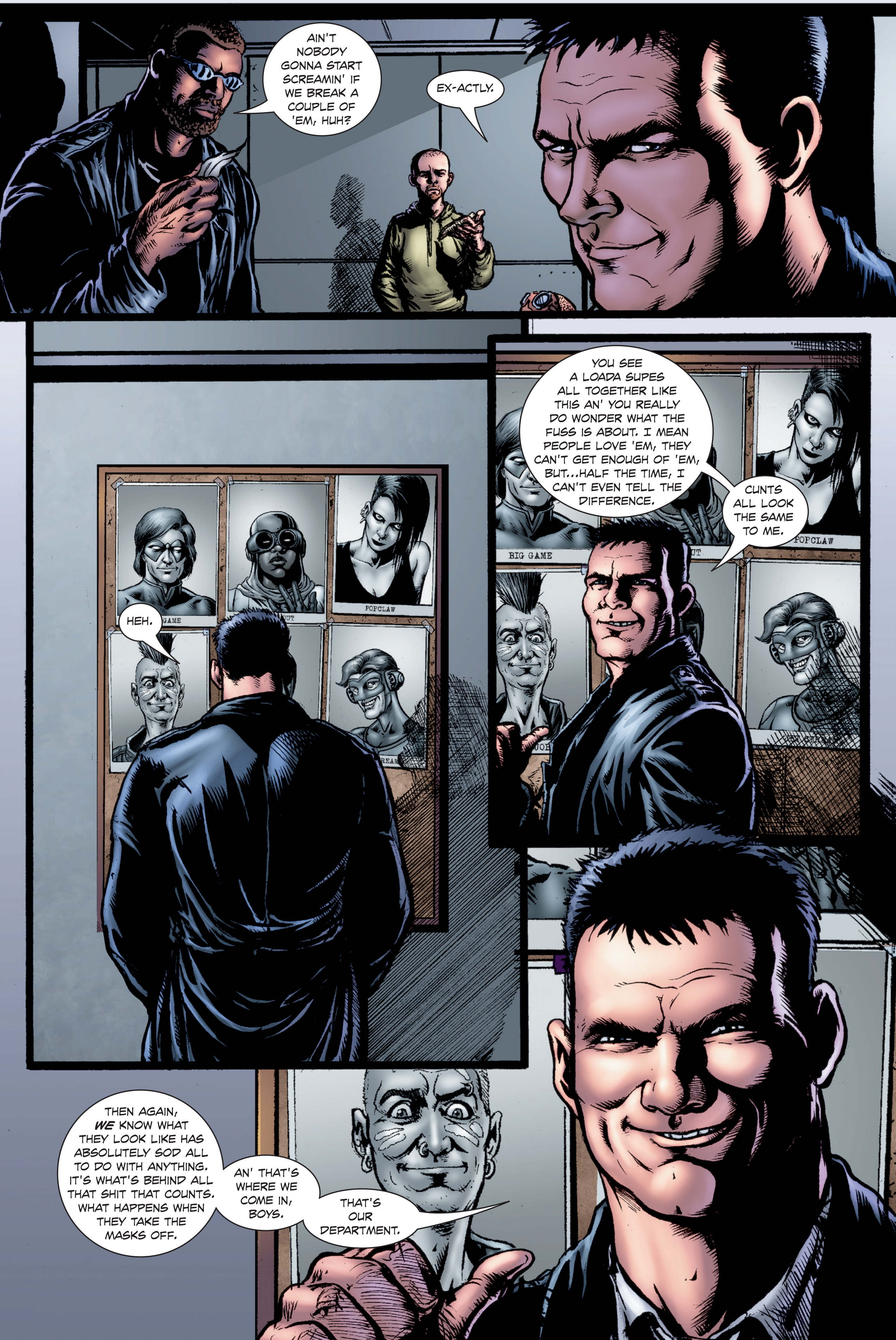

YOU'RE *QUEEN MAEVE...*
MM-HMM.
YOU'RE THE *EMPRESS OF THE OTHER-WORLD...!*
OH, MY LADY, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET TO MEET YOU! EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I, I FOLLOWED YOUR ADVENTURES, I TRIED TO DO EVERYTHING JUST LIKE *YOU...*
I WORE MY *HAIR* LIKE YOU, I HAD A *COSTUME* JUST LIKE YOURS--I'M SORRY, I KNOW I'M GUSHING, BUT I JUST THINK YOU'RE THE GREATEST WOMAN WHO EVER LIVED! YOU'RE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US *EVERYWHERE!*
DARLING, HOW WONDERFUL. HOW LOVELY. HOW SUPER. HOW GRATIFYING, HOW MARVELOUS, HOW UTTERLY PEACHY-KEEN...
I--
FUCK OFF...

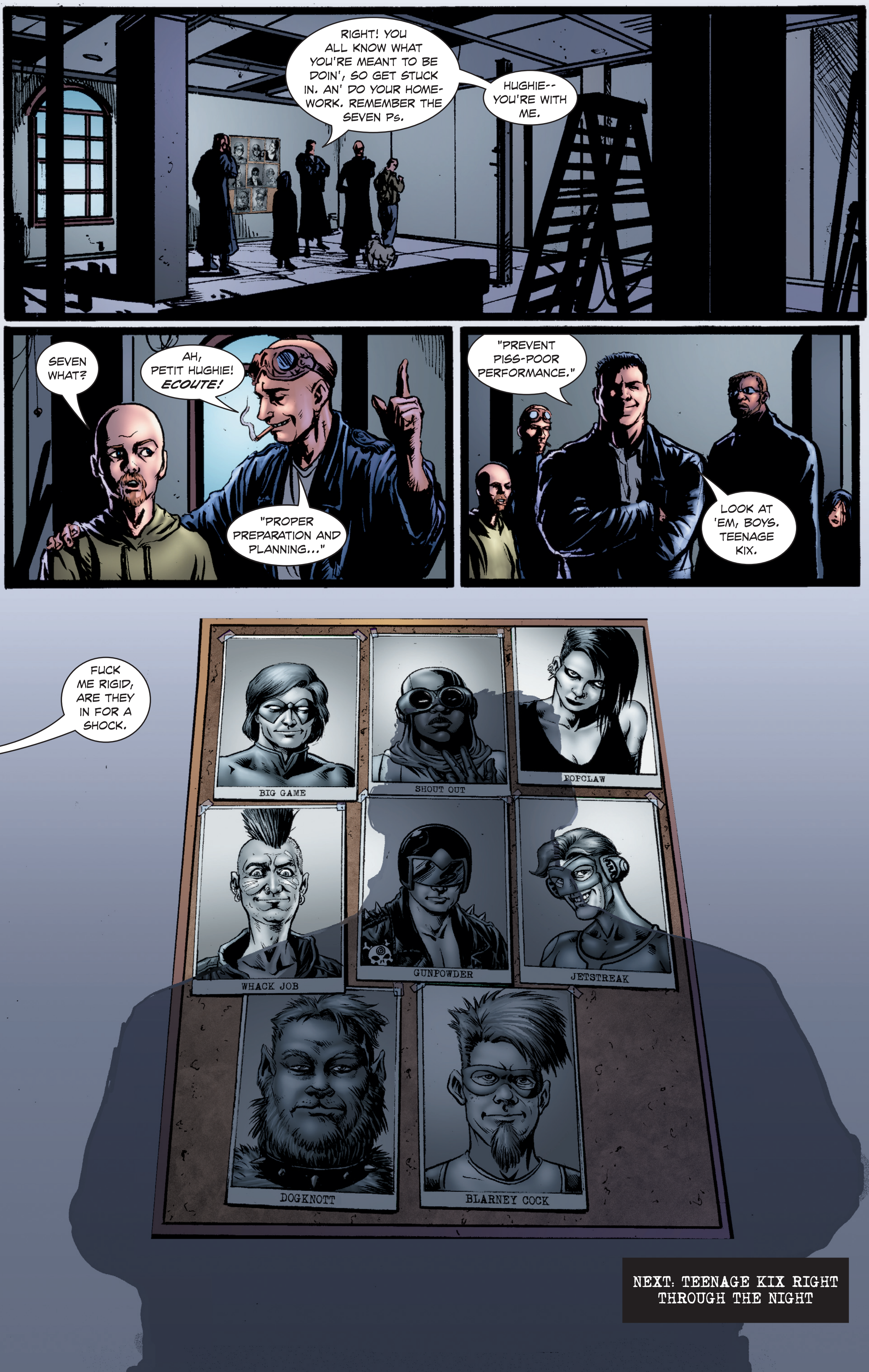

BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
TEENAGE KIX.

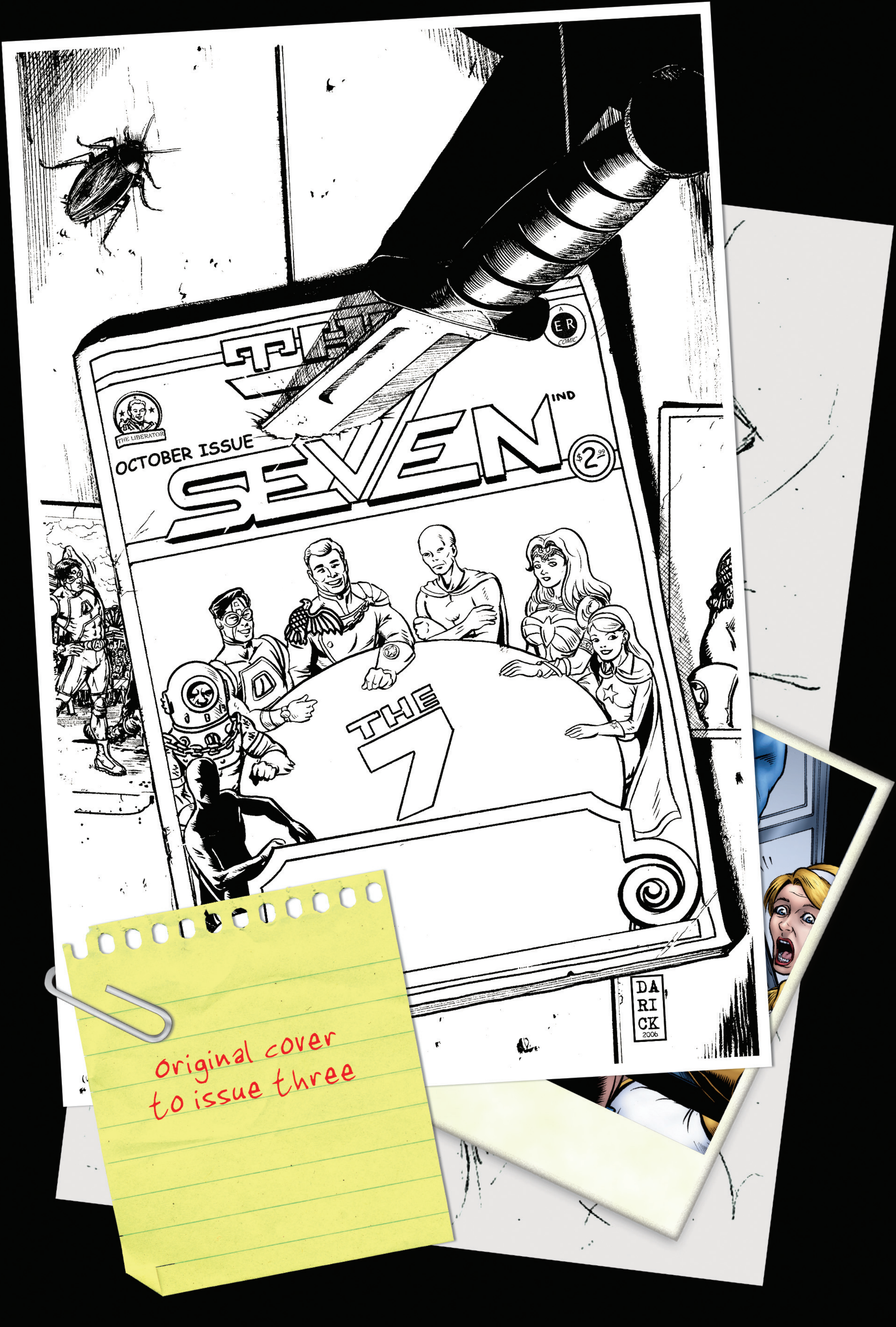

WE'RE GONNA FIRE A WARNIN' SHOT. NOTHIN' TOO HEAVY, NOTHIN' TOO PUBLIC.
JUST ENOUGH THAT THE SUPES KNOW WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS.
POPCLAW
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK


THIS LOT ARE GONNA BE IT.


SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
SOME OF YOU KNOW ALL THIS, BUT IT NEVER HURTS TO HEAR IT AGAIN. TEENAGE KIX AN' THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE ***THE*** ADOLESCENT SUPERTEAMS OPERATIN' TODAY. ANY OTHERS JUST DO NOT SEEM TO LAST THE COURSE.
AS FAR AS IMAGE GOES, THEY COULDN'T BE MORE DIFFERENT. THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED, NICE-AS-PIE TYPES, INCLUDIN' ONE OR TWO JUNIOR VERSIONS OF THE BIG BOYS. THEY'VE GOT TIES TO EVANGELIST OUTFITS, REPUBLICAN YOUTH GROUPS, ALL THAT.
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
TEENAGE KIX, ON THE OTHER HAND, LIKE TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS A BIT MORE GEN-X: EDGY, WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS, BLAH-BLAH-BLAH. THIS IS THE CURRENT LINE-UP HERE.
COSTUMES CHANGE ALL THE TIME, BUT THERE'S GENERALLY A LOT OF SKIN ON SHOW--TATTOOS, PIERCINGS, WHAT HAVE YOU. SHOW UP AT PREMIERES WITH MODELS OR HEIRESSES ON THEIR ARMS, YOU KNOW THE SORT OF THING.
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
BAD BOYS OR NOT, A COUPLE OF 'EM ***HAVE*** MADE THE MOVE TO THE FIRST DIVISION. GROUPS LIKE THE SEVEN ARE ALWAYS LOOKIN' OUT FOR NEW RECRUITS.
YOUR MATE A-TRAIN, HUGHIE, HE STARTED OUT WITH THE KIX.
WHAT...?
THEY'RE WELL-KNOWN, BUT THEY'RE NOT SOME BELOVED INSTITUTION. EVEN A LOT OF THE OTHER SUPES, THE OLDER ONES, THINK THESE KIDS ARE A BIT MUCH NOW AN' AGAIN.
SO WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO WIPE OUR ARSES ON THE STARS AN' STRIPES OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?


AIN'T NOBODY GONNA START SCREAMIN' IF WE BREAK A COUPLE OF 'EM, HUH?
EX-ACTLY.
GAME
UT
POPCLAW
REAM
HEH.
YOU SEE A LOADA SUPES ALL TOGETHER LIKE THIS AN' YOU REALLY DO WONDER WHAT THE FUSS IS ABOUT. I MEAN PEOPLE LOVE 'EM, THEY CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF 'EM, BUT...HALF THE TIME, I CAN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
CUNTS ALL LOOK THE SAME TO ME.
BIG GAME
UT
POPCLAW
JOB
THEN AGAIN, *WE* KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE HAS ABSOLUTELY SOD ALL TO DO WITH ANYTHING. IT'S WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THAT SHIT THAT COUNTS. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY TAKE THE MASKS OFF.
AN' THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN, BOYS.
THAT'S OUR DEPARTMENT.


RIGHT! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE DOIN', SO GET STUCK IN. AN' DO YOUR HOMEWORK. REMEMBER THE SEVEN Ps.
HUGHIE-- YOU'RE WITH ME.
SEVEN WHAT?
AH, PETIT HUGHIE! *ECOUTE!*
"PROPER PREPARATION AND PLANNING..."
"PREVENT PISS-POOR PERFORMANCE."
LOOK AT 'EM, BOYS. TEENAGE KIX.
FUCK ME RIGID, ARE THEY IN FOR A SHOCK.
BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
NEXT: TEENAGE KIX RIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT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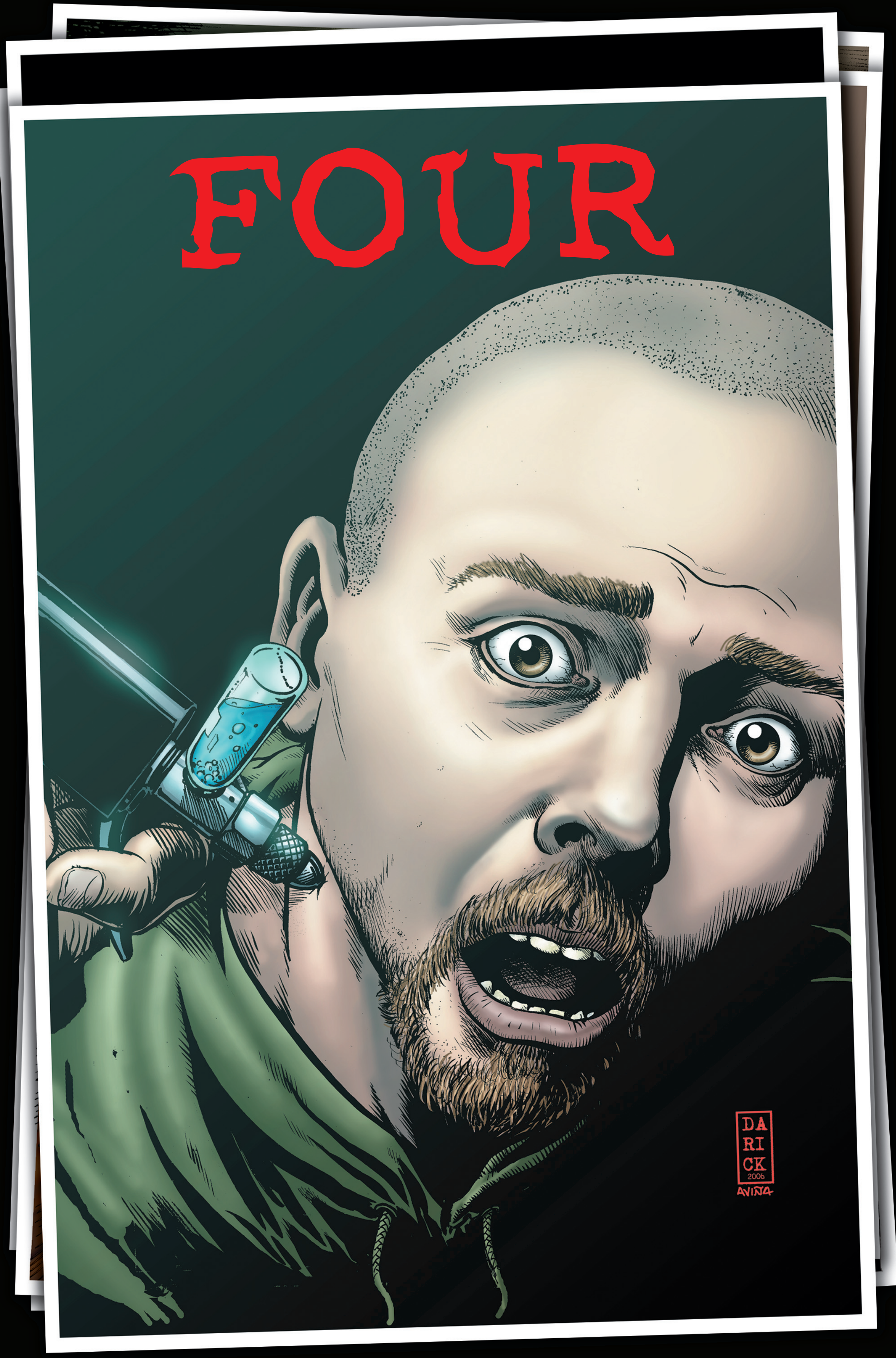
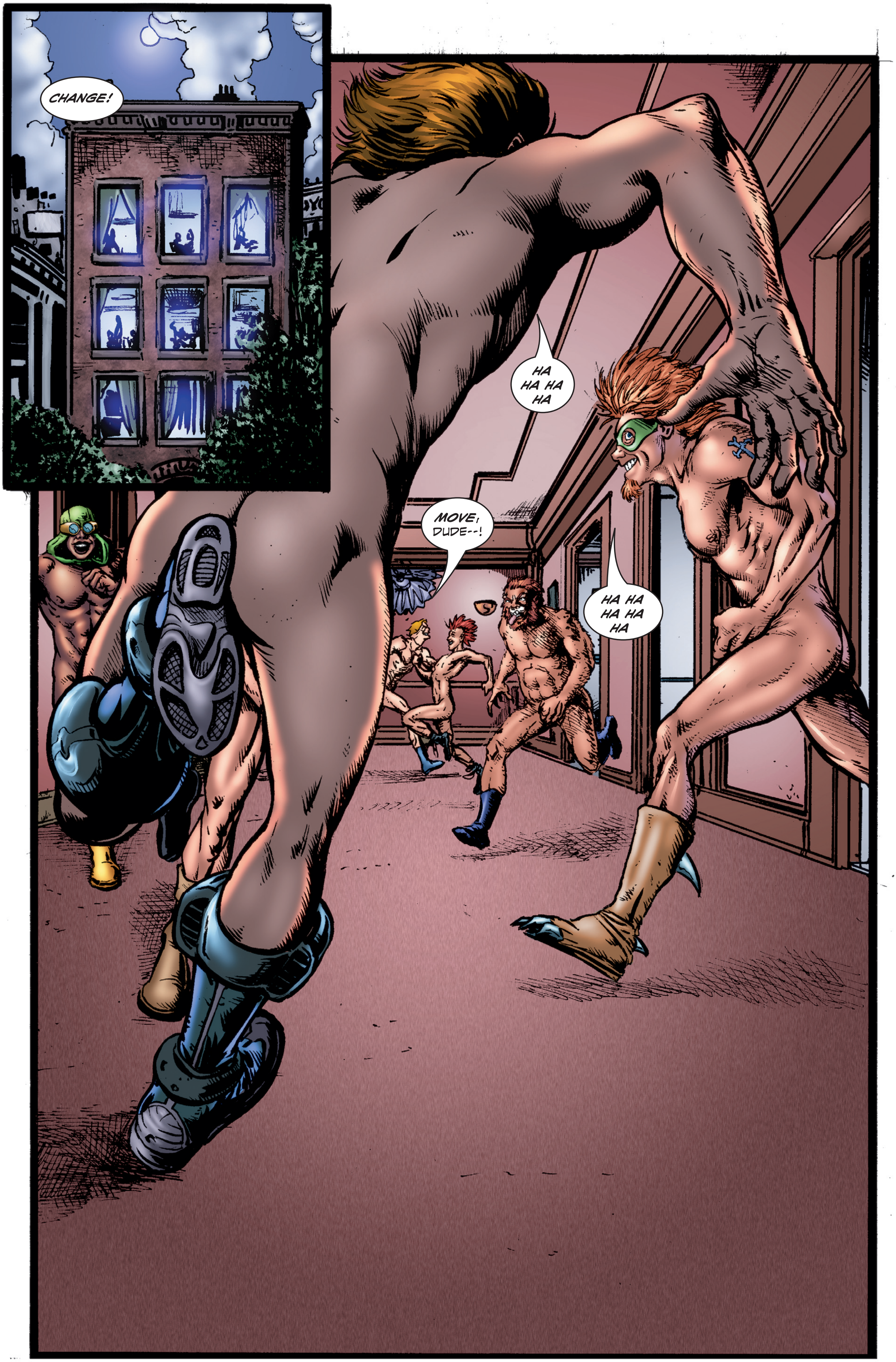
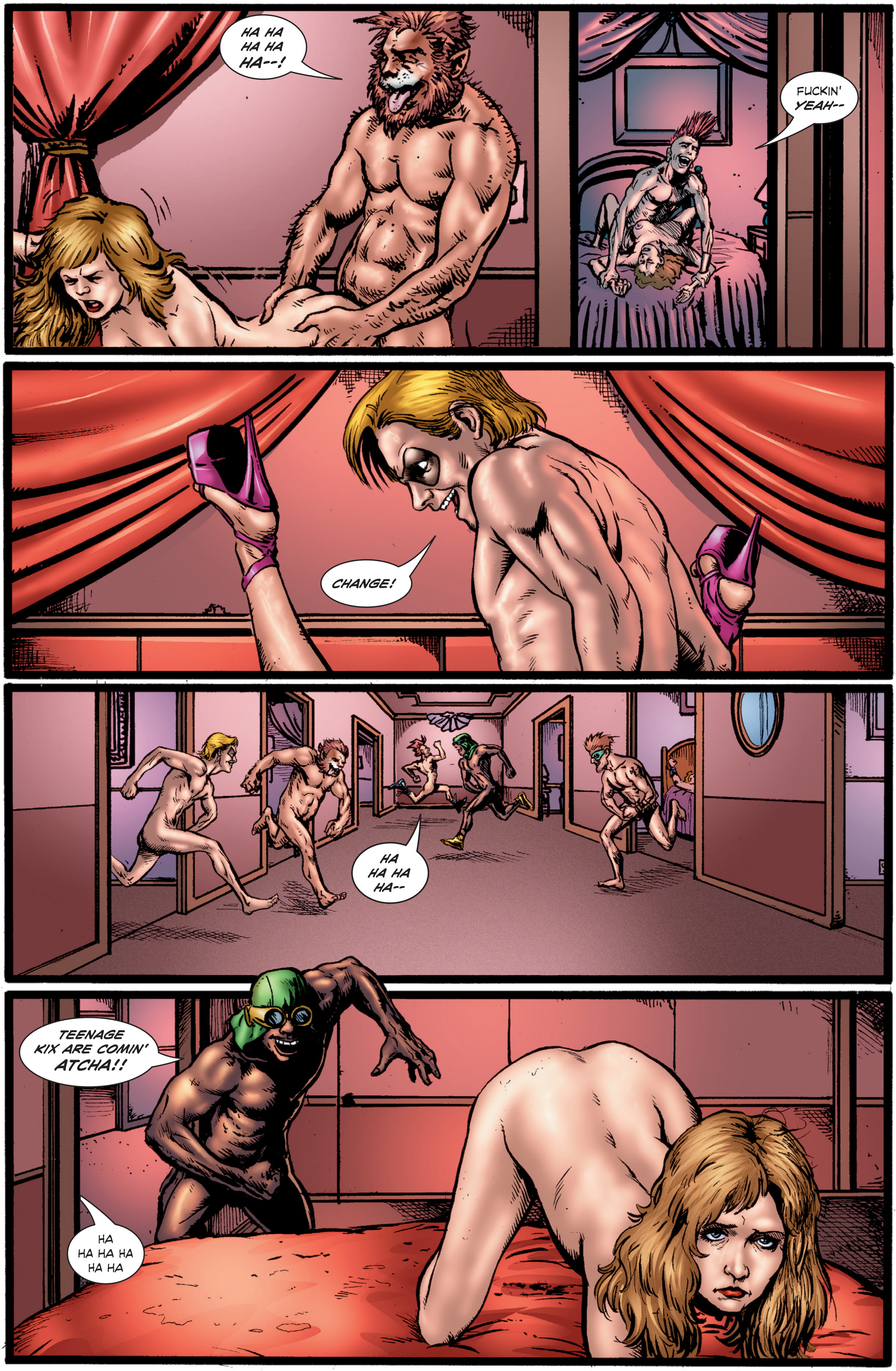
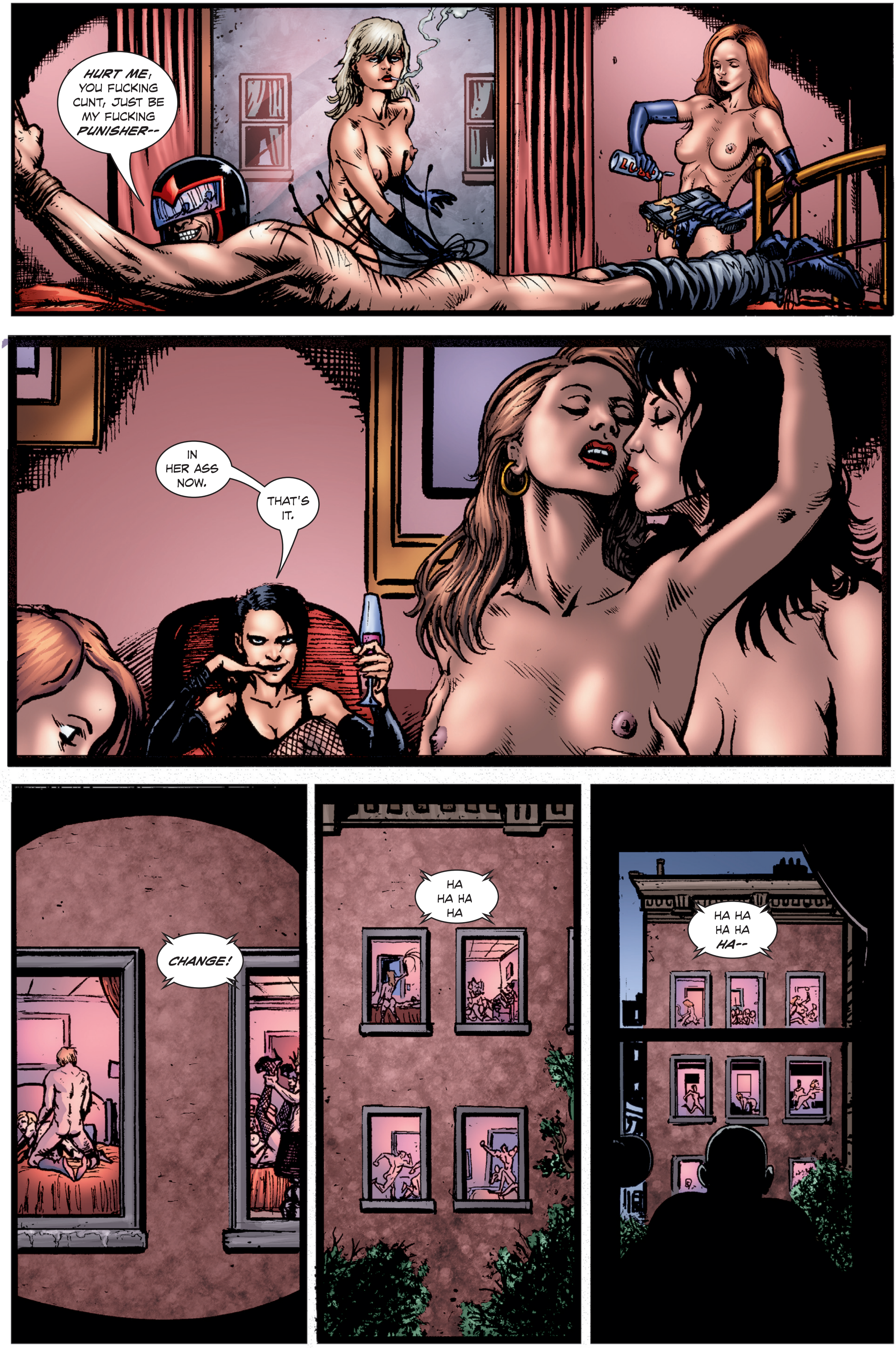
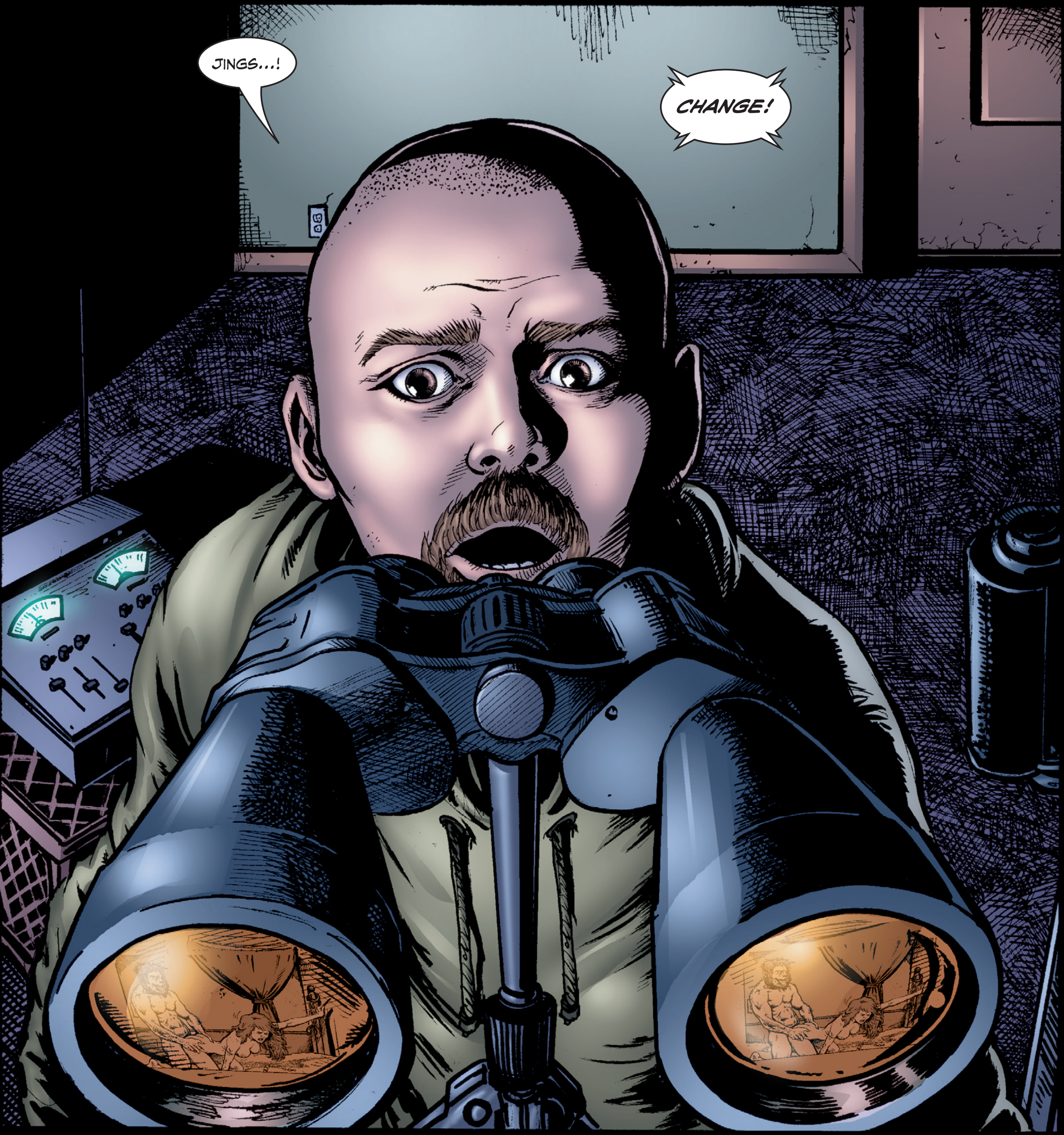

FOUR
DARICK 2006
AVIÑA


CHANGE!
HA HA HA HA
MOVE, DUDE--!
HA HA HA HA HA


HA HA HA HA HA--!
FUCKIN' YEAH--
CHANGE!
HA HA HA HA--
TEENAGE KIX ARE COMIN' ATCHA!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA


HURT ME, YOU FUCKING CUNT, JUST BE MY FUCKING *PUNISHER--*
LUBE
IN HER ASS NOW.
THAT'S IT.
CHANGE!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA *HA--*


JINGS...!
CHANGE!

CHERRY part two

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR - KRISTY QUINN
EDITOR - BEN ABERNATHY
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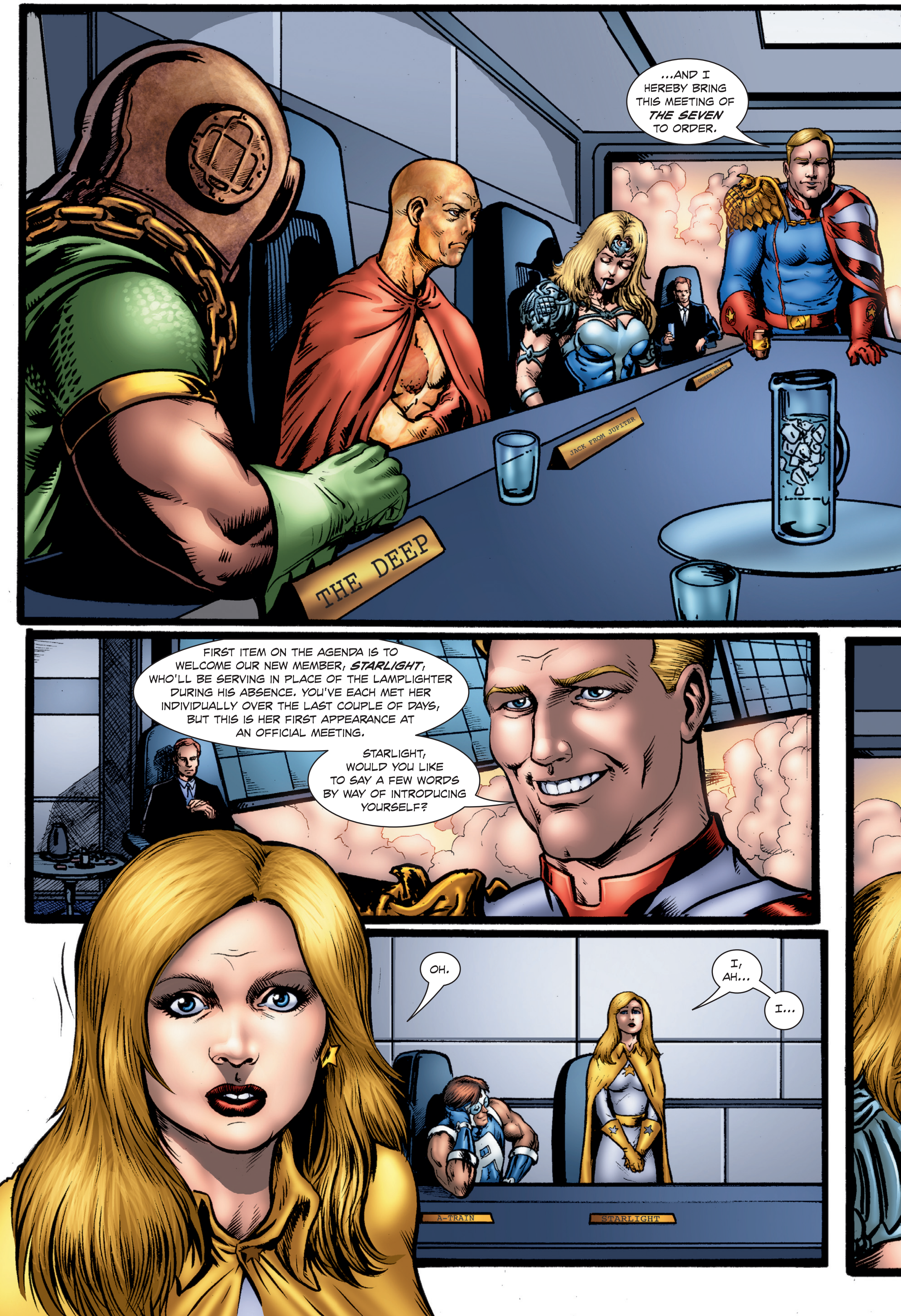
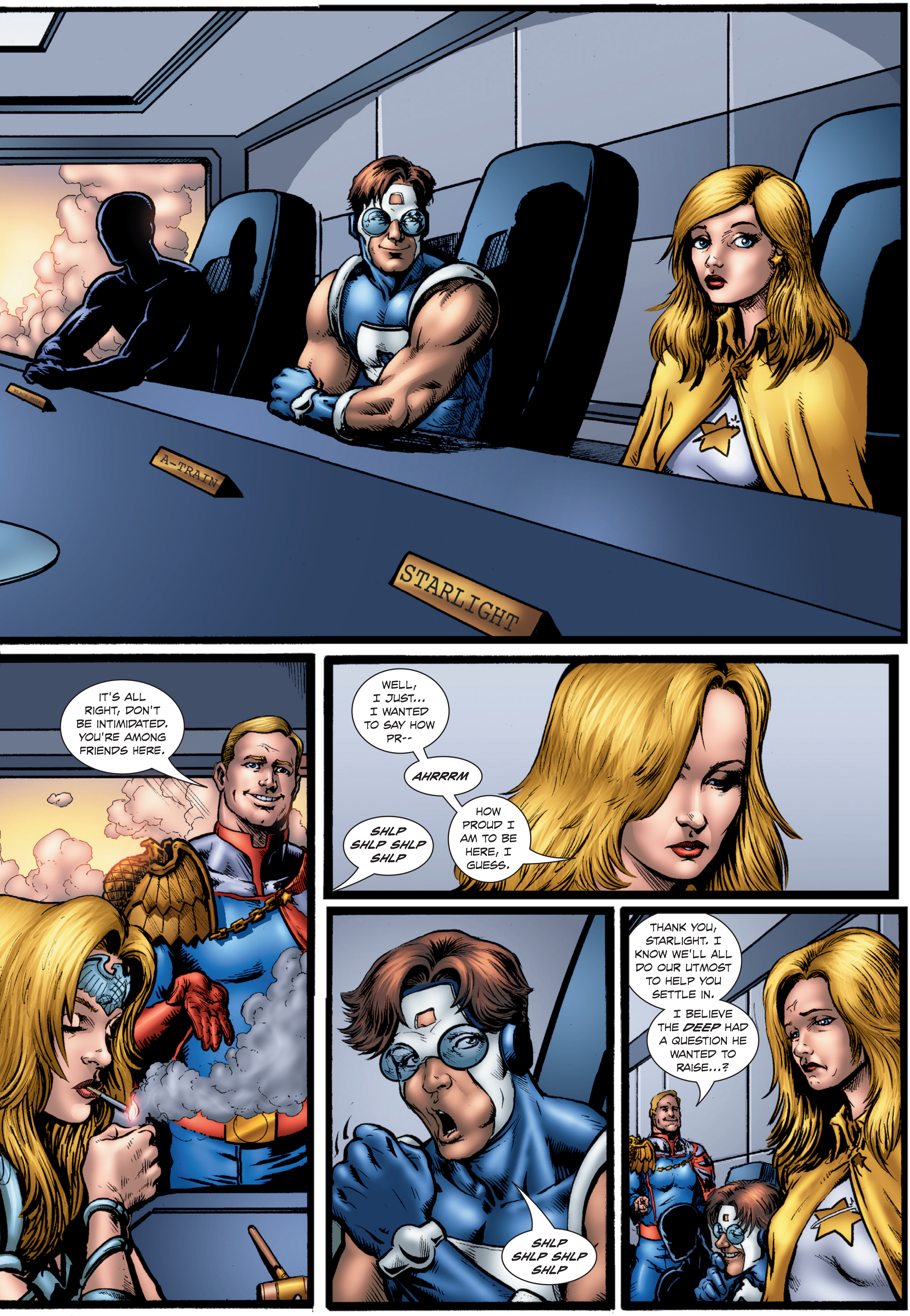
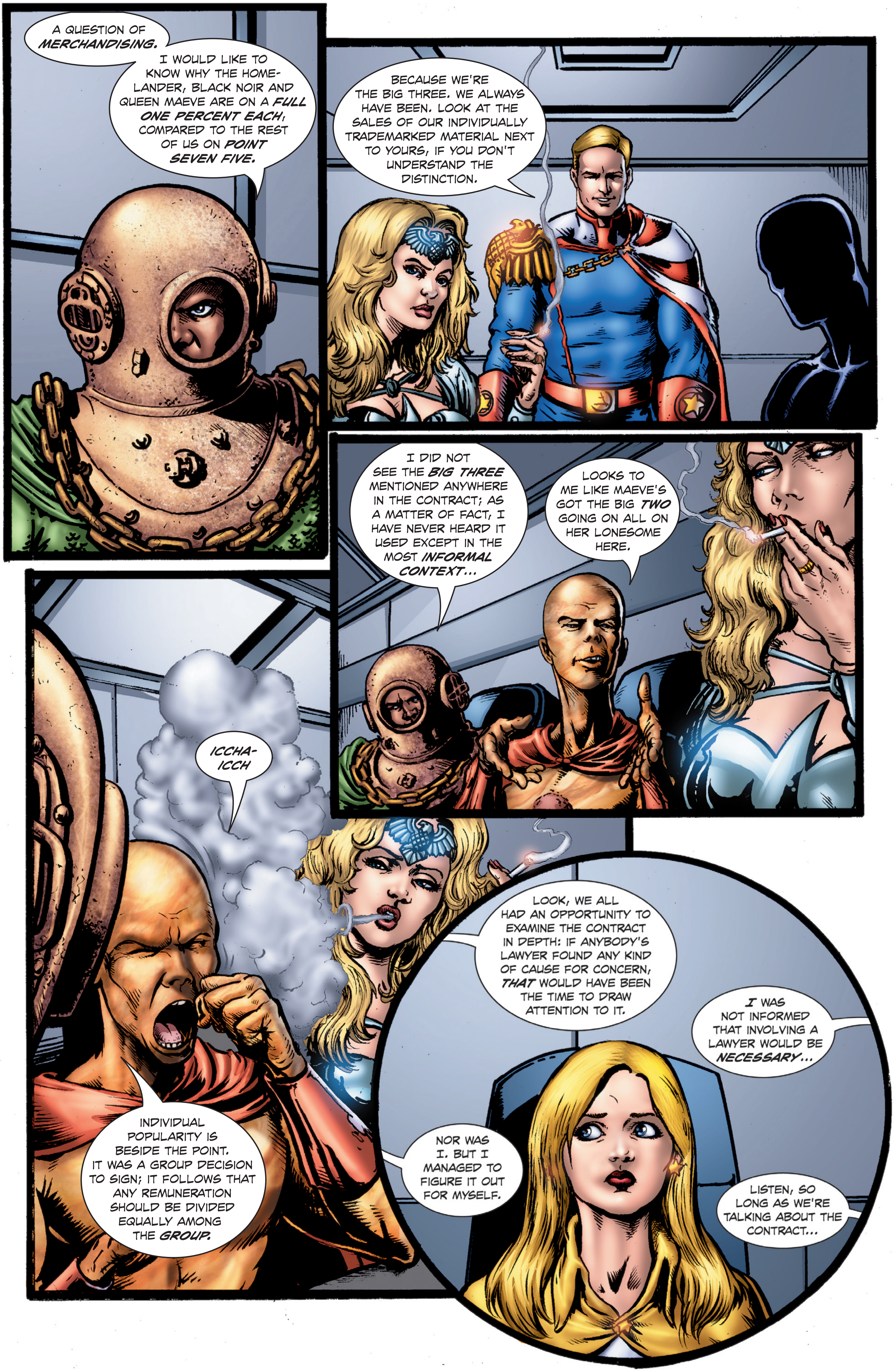
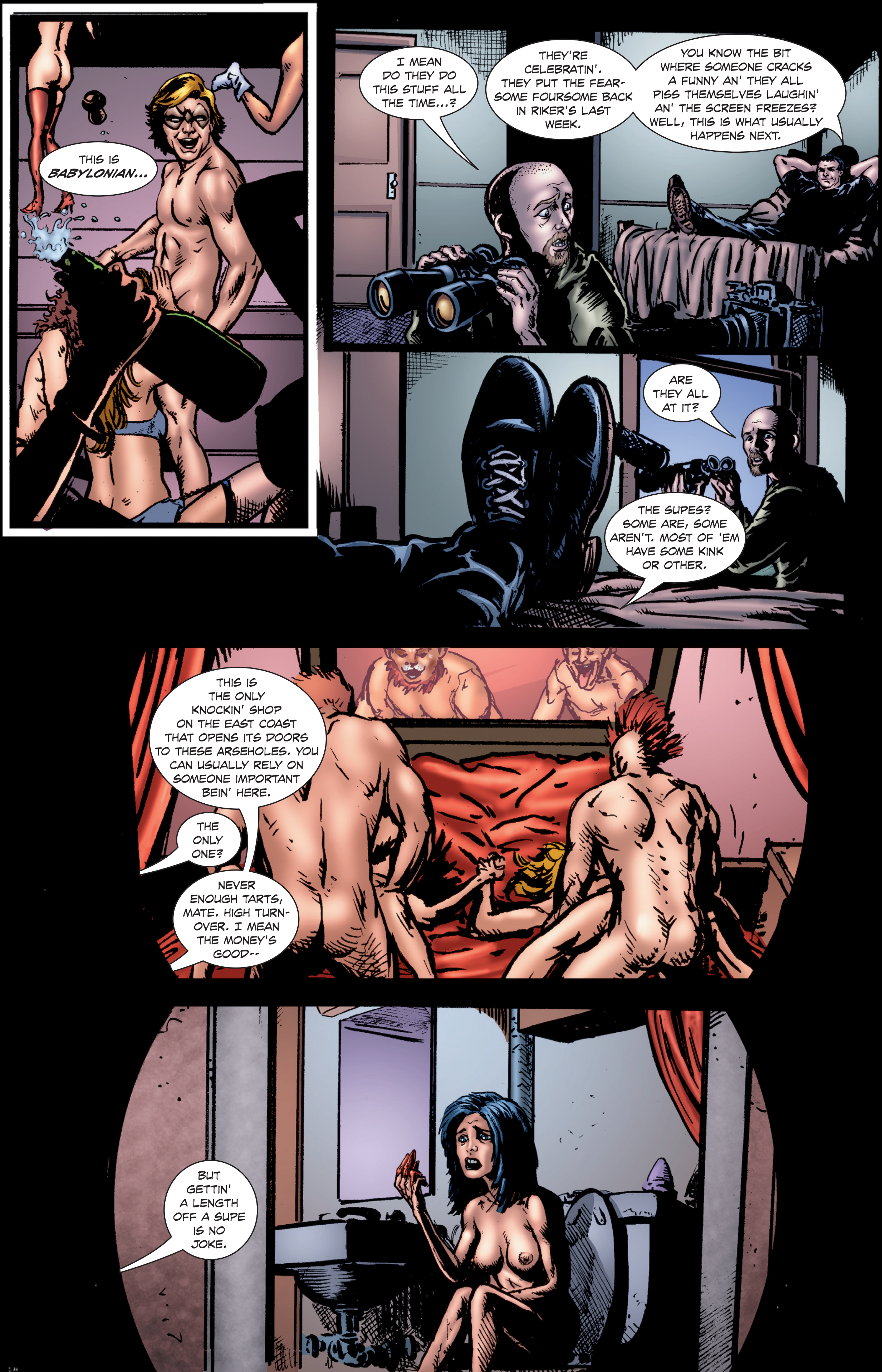
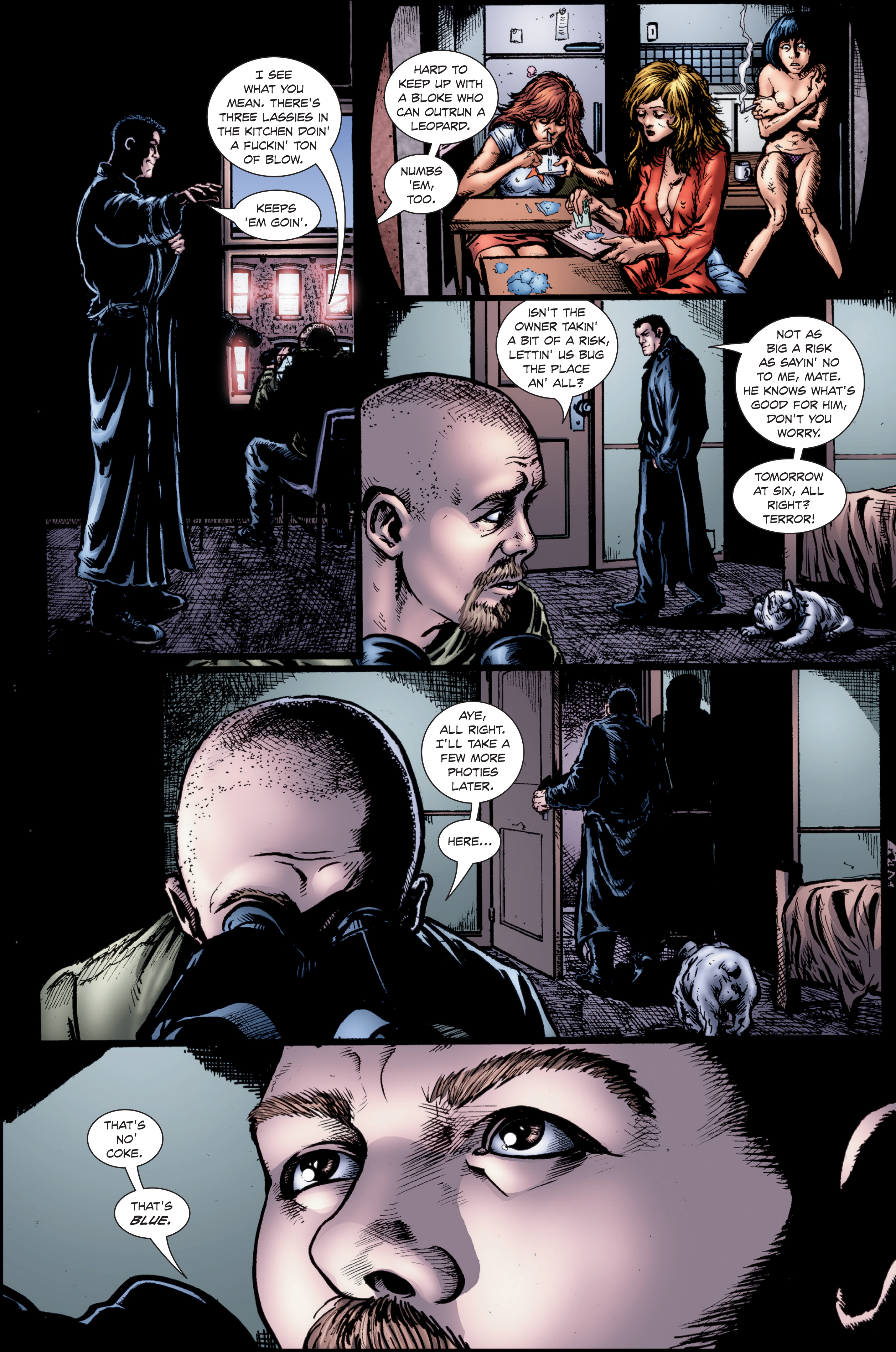
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON

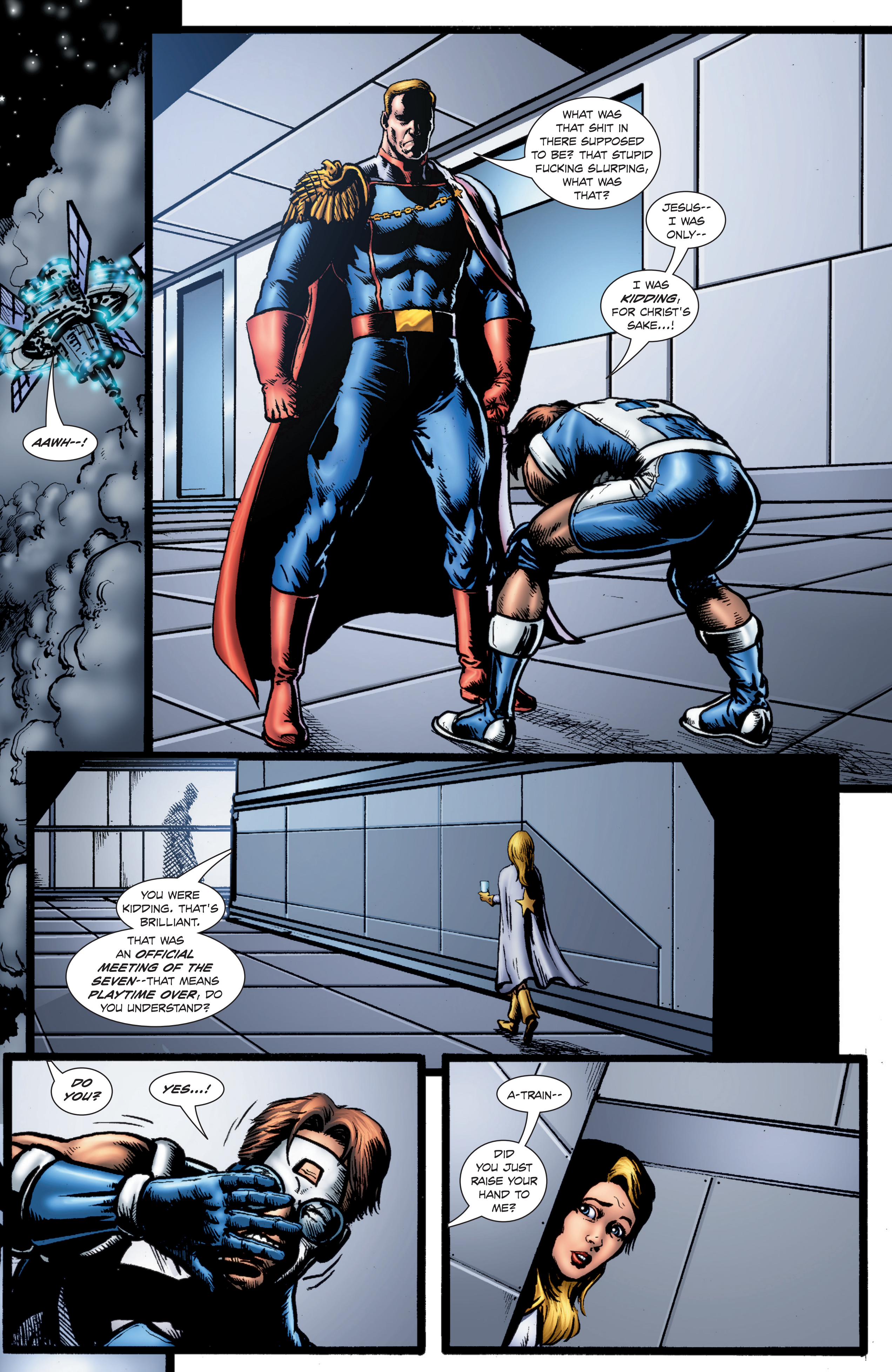

...AND I HEREBY BRING THIS MEETING OF ***THE SEVEN*** TO ORDER.
THE DEEP
JACK FROM JUPITER
QUEEN MAEVE
FIRST ITEM ON THE AGENDA IS TO WELCOME OUR NEW MEMBER, ***STARLIGHT***, WHO'LL BE SERVING IN PLACE OF THE LAMPLIGHTER DURING HIS ABSENCE. YOU'VE EACH MET HER INDIVIDUALLY OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, BUT THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT AN OFFICIAL MEETING.
STARLIGHT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF INTRODUCING YOURSELF?
OH.
I, AH...
I...
A-TRAIN
STARLIGHT

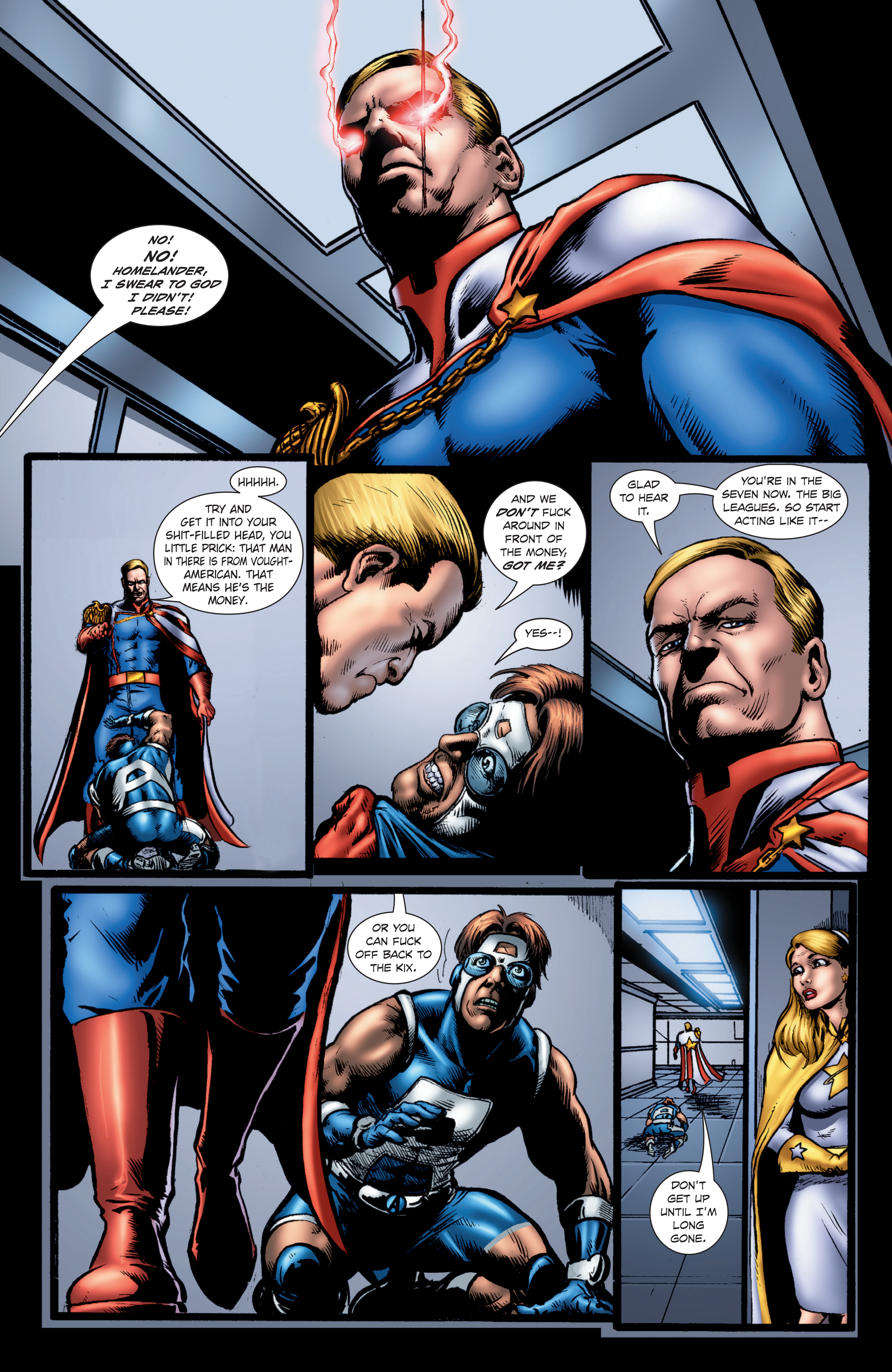

BLACK NOIR
A-TRAIN
STARLIGHT
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DON'T BE INTIMIDATED. YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS HERE.
WELL, I JUST... I WANTED TO SAY HOW PR--
AHRRRM
HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE, I GUESS.
SHLP SHLP SHLP SHLP
SHLP SHLP SHLP SHLP
THANK YOU, STARLIGHT. I KNOW WE'LL ALL DO OUR UTMOST TO HELP YOU SETTLE IN.
I BELIEVE THE *DEEP* HAD A QUESTION HE WANTED TO RAISE...?

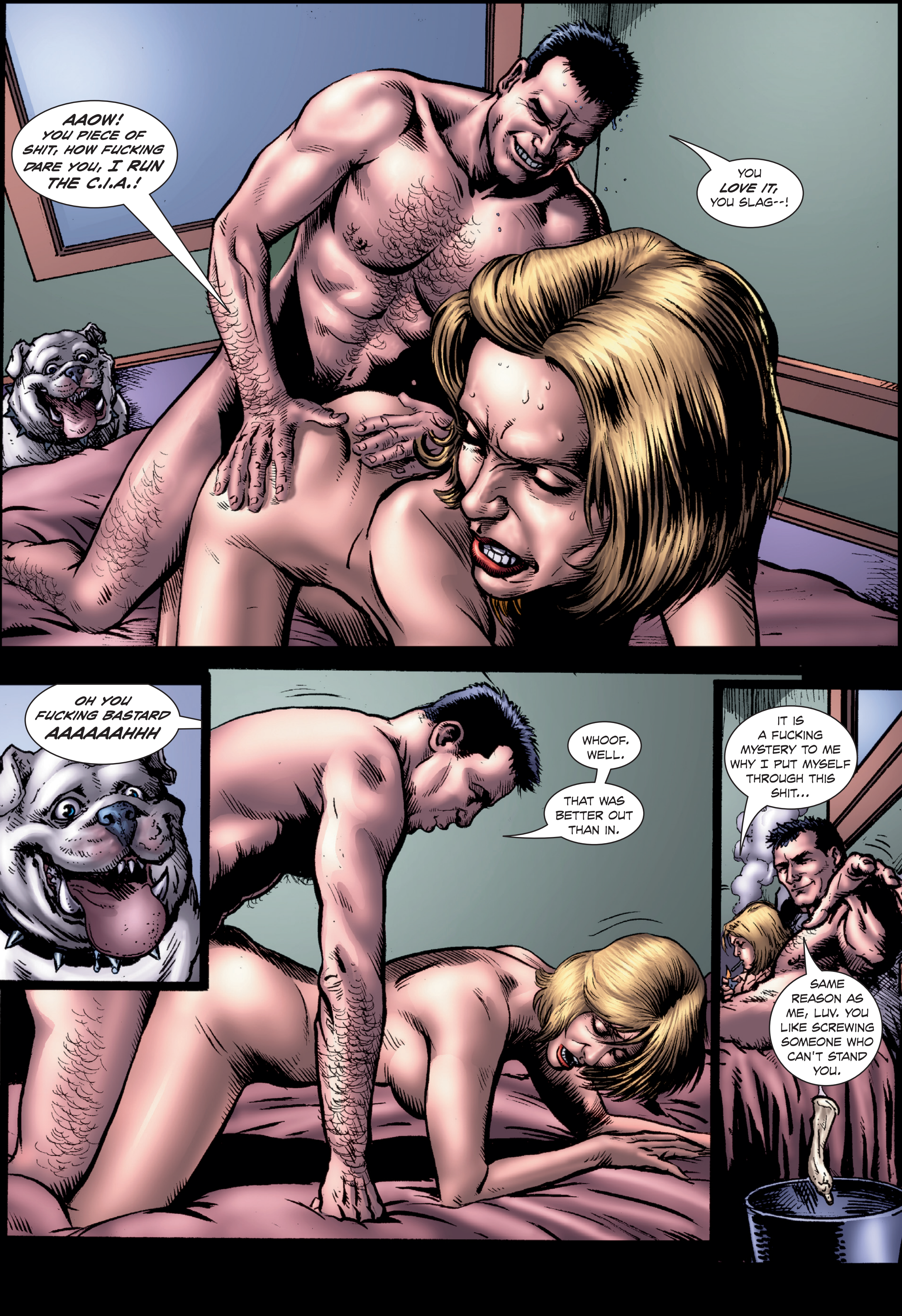

A QUESTION OF *MERCHANDISING.*
I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE HOMELANDER, BLACK NOIR AND QUEEN MAEVE ARE ON A *FULL ONE PERCENT EACH*, COMPARED TO THE REST OF US ON *POINT SEVEN FIVE.*
BECAUSE WE'RE THE BIG THREE. WE ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. LOOK AT THE SALES OF OUR INDIVIDUALLY TRADEMARKED MATERIAL NEXT TO YOURS, IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DISTINCTION.
I DID NOT SEE THE *BIG THREE* MENTIONED ANYWHERE IN THE CONTRACT; AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT USED EXCEPT IN THE MOST *INFORMAL CONTEXT...*
LOOKS TO ME LIKE MAEVE'S GOT THE BIG *TWO* GOING ON ALL ON HER LONESOME HERE.
ICCHA-ICCH
INDIVIDUAL POPULARITY IS BESIDE THE POINT. IT WAS A GROUP DECISION TO SIGN; IT FOLLOWS THAT ANY REMUNERATION SHOULD BE DIVIDED EQUALLY AMONG THE *GROUP.*
LOOK, WE ALL HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXAMINE THE CONTRACT IN DEPTH: IF ANYBODY'S LAWYER FOUND ANY KIND OF CAUSE FOR CONCERN, *THAT* WOULD HAVE BEEN THE TIME TO DRAW ATTENTION TO IT.
I WAS NOT INFORMED THAT INVOLVING A LAWYER WOULD BE *NECESSARY...*
NOR WAS I. BUT I MANAGED TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR MYSELF.
LISTEN, SO LONG AS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CONTRACT...

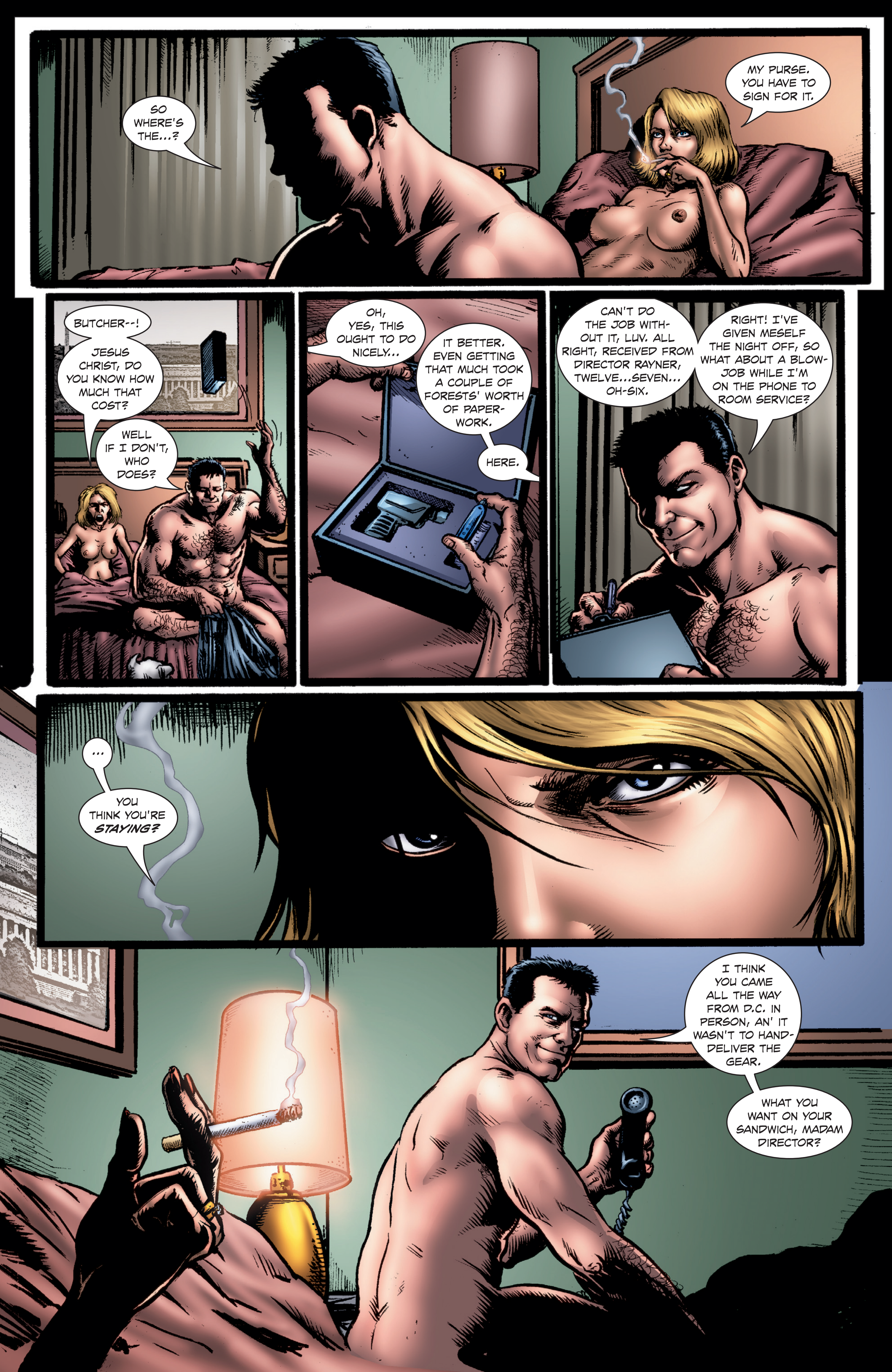

THIS IS *BABYLONIAN...*
I MEAN DO THEY DO THIS STUFF ALL THE TIME...?
THEY'RE CELEBRATIN'. THEY PUT THE FEARSOME FOURSOME BACK IN RIKER'S LAST WEEK.
YOU KNOW THE BIT WHERE SOMEONE CRACKS A FUNNY AN' THEY ALL PISS THEMSELVES LAUGHIN' AN' THE SCREEN FREEZES? WELL, THIS IS WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS NEXT.
ARE THEY ALL AT IT?
THE SUPES? SOME ARE, SOME AREN'T. MOST OF 'EM HAVE SOME KINK OR OTHER.
THIS IS THE ONLY KNOCKIN' SHOP ON THE EAST COAST THAT OPENS ITS DOORS TO THESE ARSEHOLES. YOU CAN USUALLY RELY ON SOMEONE IMPORTANT BEIN' HERE.
THE ONLY ONE?
NEVER ENOUGH TARTS, MATE. HIGH TURNOVER. I MEAN THE MONEY'S GOOD--
BUT GETTIN' A LENGTH OFF A SUPE IS NO JOKE.

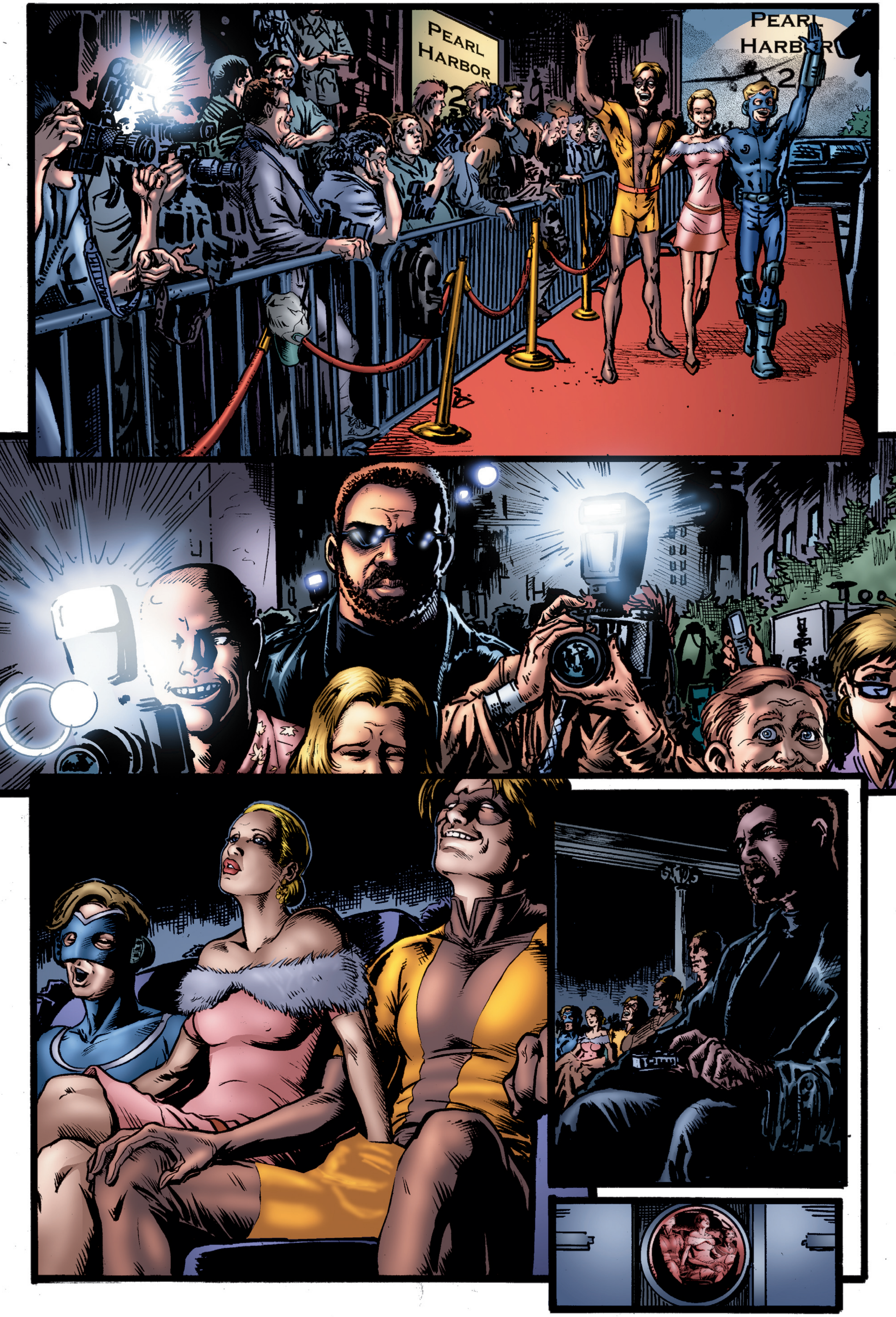

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. THERE'S THREE LASSIES IN THE KITCHEN DOIN' A FUCKIN' TON OF BLOW.
KEEPS 'EM GOIN'.
HARD TO KEEP UP WITH A BLOKE WHO CAN OUTRUN A LEOPARD.
NUMBS 'EM, TOO.
ISN'T THE OWNER TAKIN' A BIT OF A RISK, LETTIN' US BUG THE PLACE AN' ALL?
NOT AS BIG A RISK AS SAYIN' NO TO ME, MATE. HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM, DON'T YOU WORRY.
TOMORROW AT SIX, ALL RIGHT? TERROR!
AYE, ALL RIGHT. I'LL TAKE A FEW MORE PHOTIES LATER.
HERE...
THAT'S NO' COKE.
THAT'S *BLUE.*

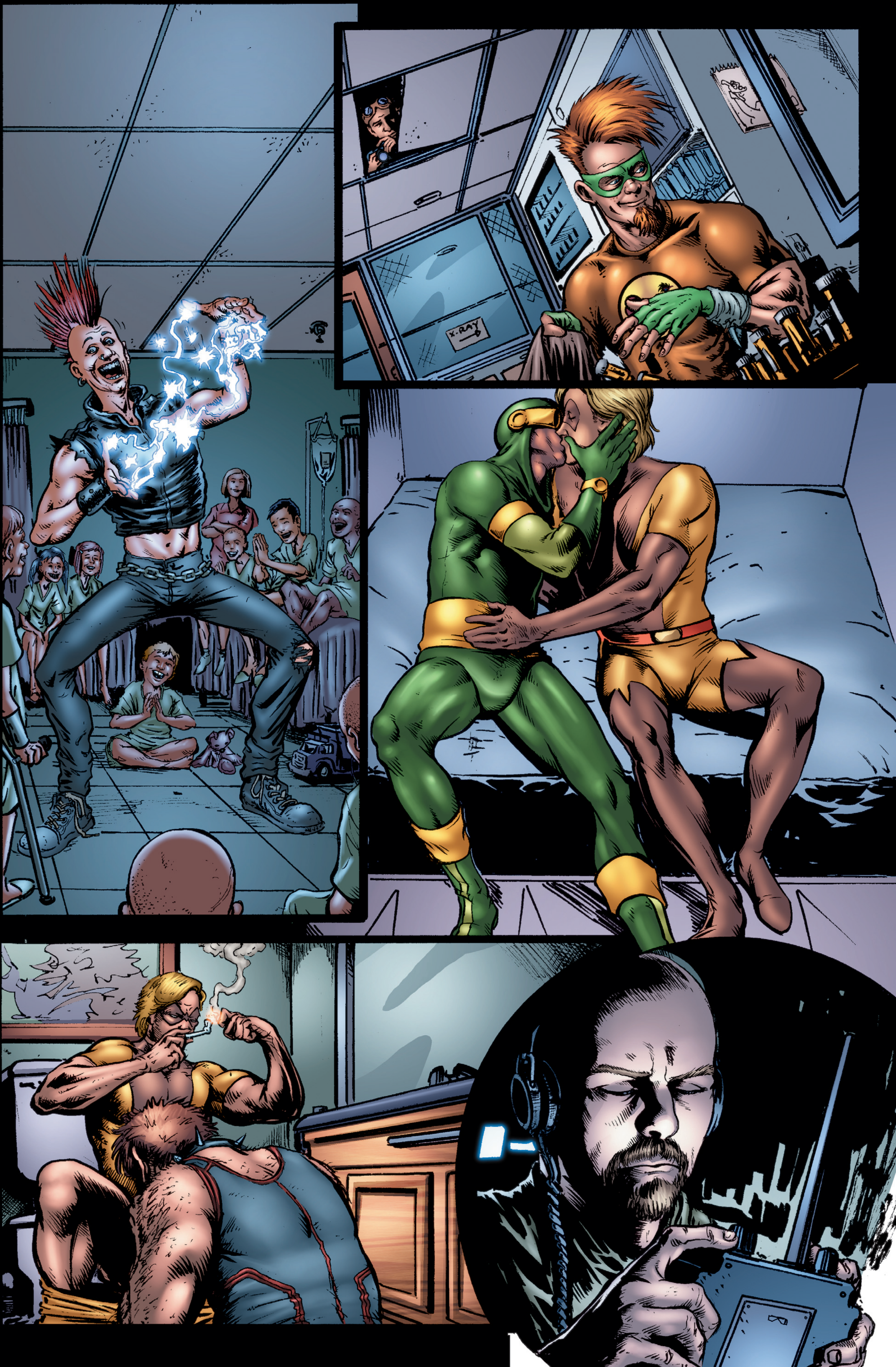

AAWH--!
WHAT WAS THAT SHIT IN THERE SUPPOSED TO BE? THAT STUPID FUCKING SLURPING, WHAT WAS THAT?
JESUS-- I WAS ONLY--
I WAS *KIDDING*, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...!
YOU WERE KIDDING. THAT'S BRILLIANT.
THAT WAS AN ***OFFICIAL MEETING OF THE SEVEN***--THAT MEANS ***PLAYTIME OVER***, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
DO YOU?
YES...!
A-TRAIN--
DID YOU JUST RAISE YOUR HAND TO ME?

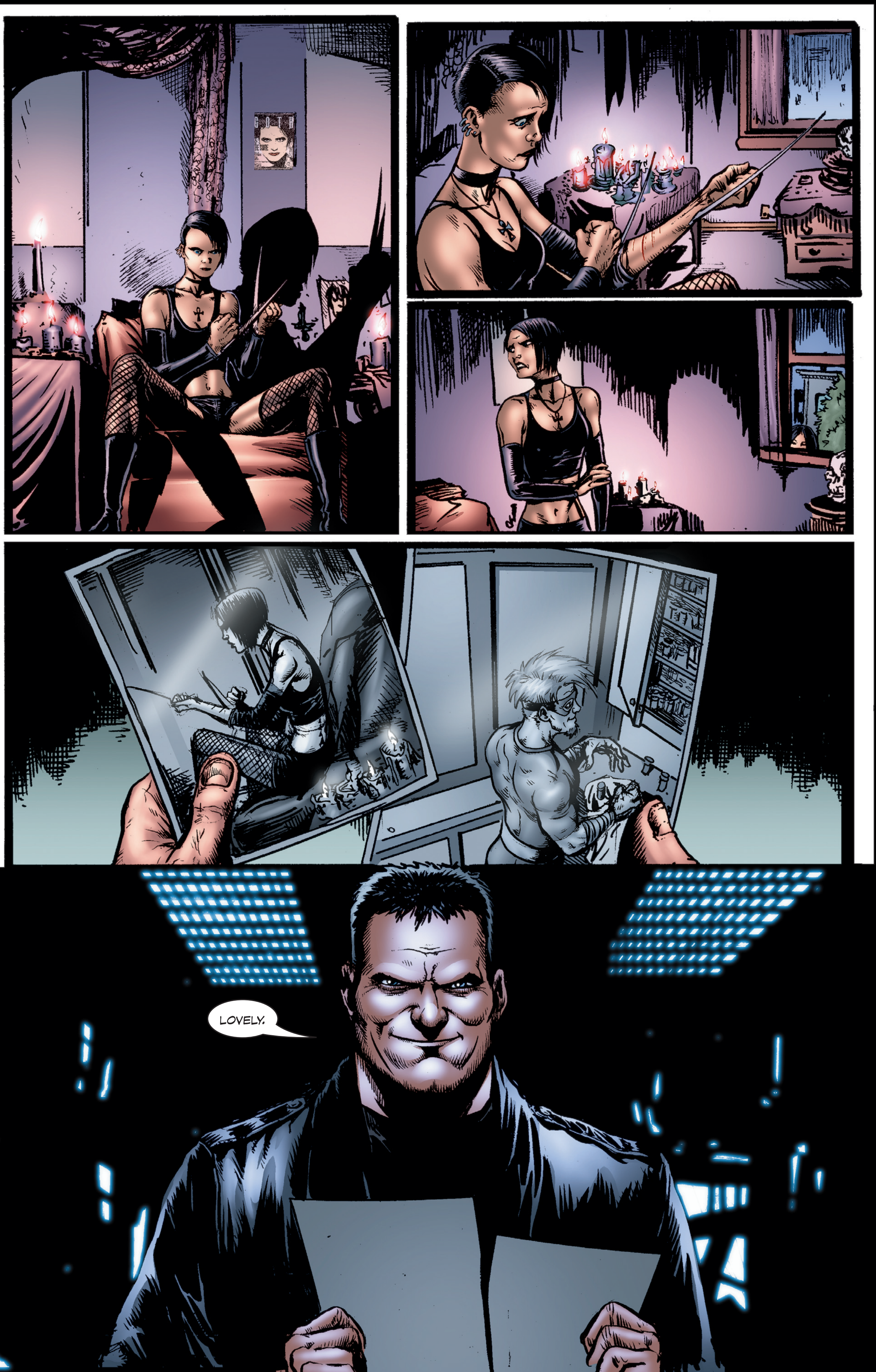

NO! NO! HOMELANDER, I SWEAR TO GOD I DIDN'T! PLEASE!
HHHHH.
TRY AND GET IT INTO YOUR SHIT-FILLED HEAD, YOU LITTLE PRICK: THAT MAN IN THERE IS FROM VOUGHT-AMERICAN. THAT MEANS HE'S THE MONEY.
AND WE *DON'T* FUCK AROUND IN FRONT OF THE MONEY, *GOT ME?*
YES--!
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
YOU'RE IN THE SEVEN NOW. THE BIG LEAGUES. SO START ACTING LIKE IT--
OR YOU CAN FUCK OFF BACK TO THE KIX.
DON'T GET UP UNTIL I'M LONG GONE.

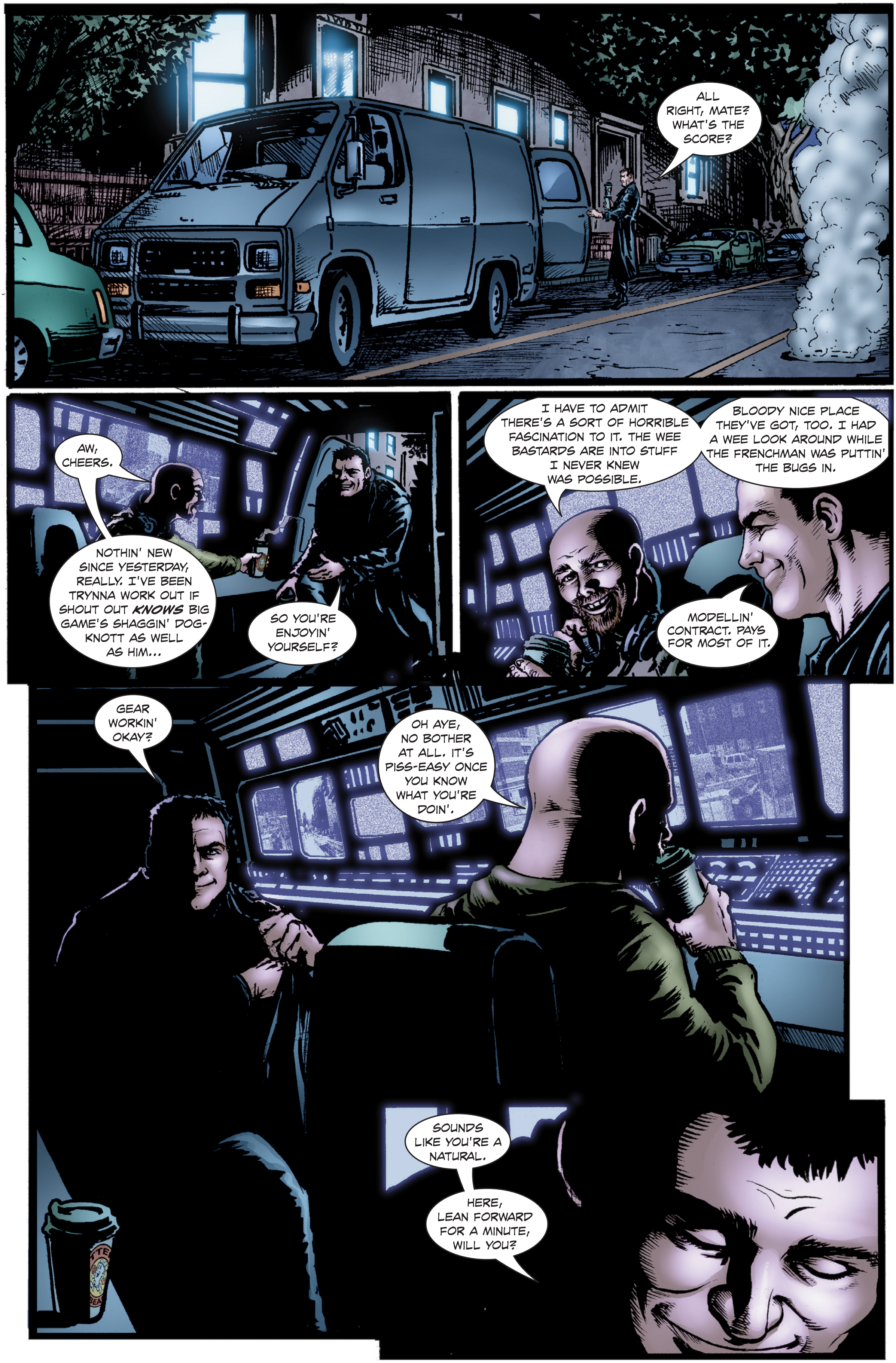

AAOW! YOU PIECE OF SHIT, HOW FUCKING DARE YOU, I RUN THE C.I.A.!
YOU *LOVE IT,* YOU SLAG--!
OH YOU FUCKING BASTARD AAAAAAHHH
WHOOF. WELL.
THAT WAS BETTER OUT THAN IN.
IT IS A FUCKING MYSTERY TO ME WHY I PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS SHIT...
SAME REASON AS ME, LUV. YOU LIKE SCREWING SOMEONE WHO CAN'T STAND YOU.

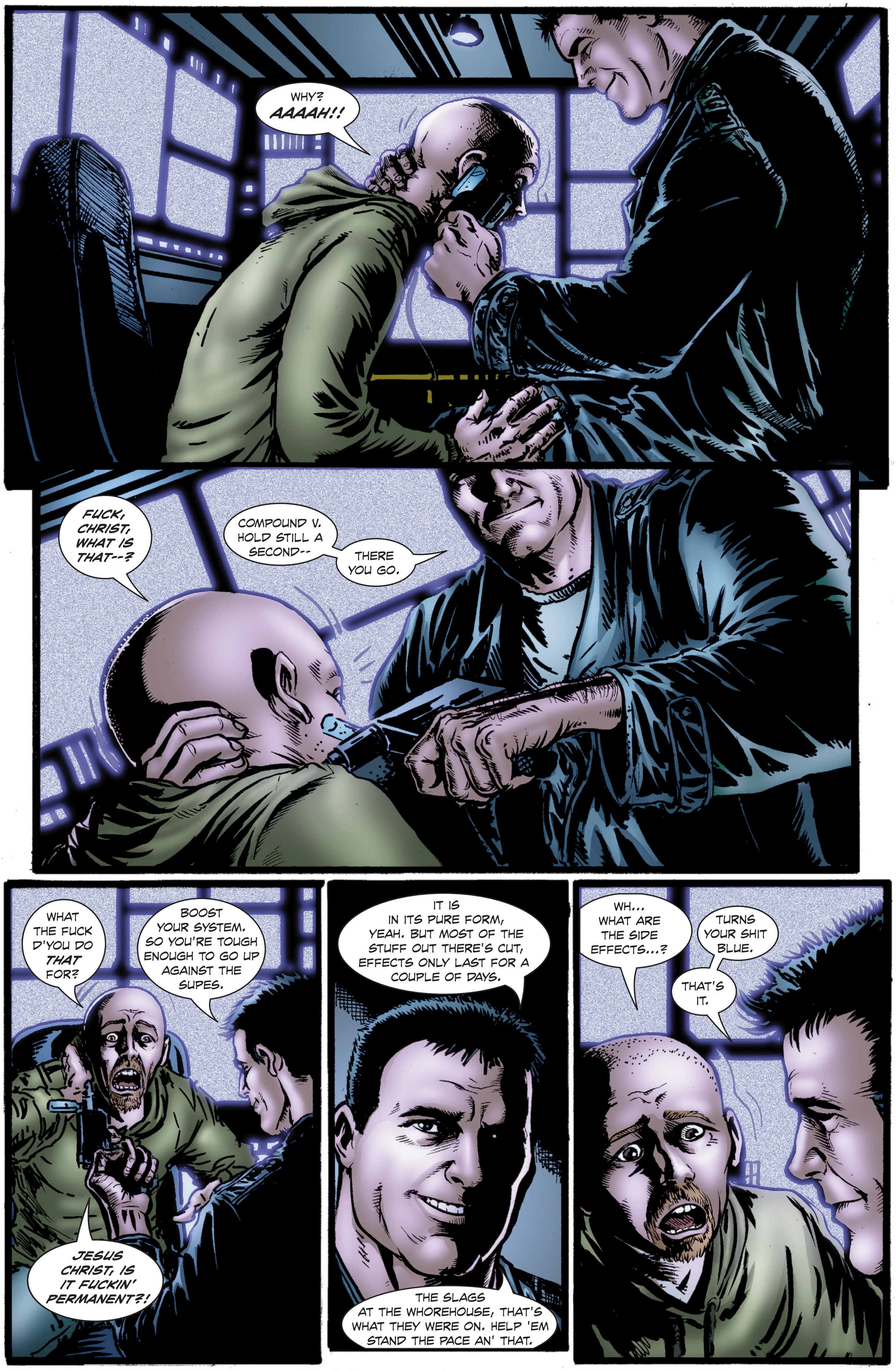

SO WHERE'S THE...?
MY PURSE. YOU HAVE TO SIGN FOR IT.
BUTCHER--!
JESUS CHRIST, DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THAT COST?
WELL IF I DON'T, WHO DOES?
OH, YES, THIS OUGHT TO DO NICELY...
IT BETTER. EVEN GETTING THAT MUCH TOOK A COUPLE OF FORESTS' WORTH OF PAPERWORK.
HERE.
CAN'T DO THE JOB WITHOUT IT, LUV. ALL RIGHT, RECEIVED FROM DIRECTOR RAYNER, TWELVE...SEVEN... OH-SIX.
RIGHT! I'VE GIVEN MESELF THE NIGHT OFF, SO WHAT ABOUT A BLOW-JOB WHILE I'M ON THE PHONE TO ROOM SERVICE?
...
YOU THINK YOU'RE *STAYING?*
I THINK YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM D.C. IN PERSON, AN' IT WASN'T TO HAND-DELIVER THE GEAR.
WHAT YOU WANT ON YOUR SANDWICH, MADAM DIRECTOR?

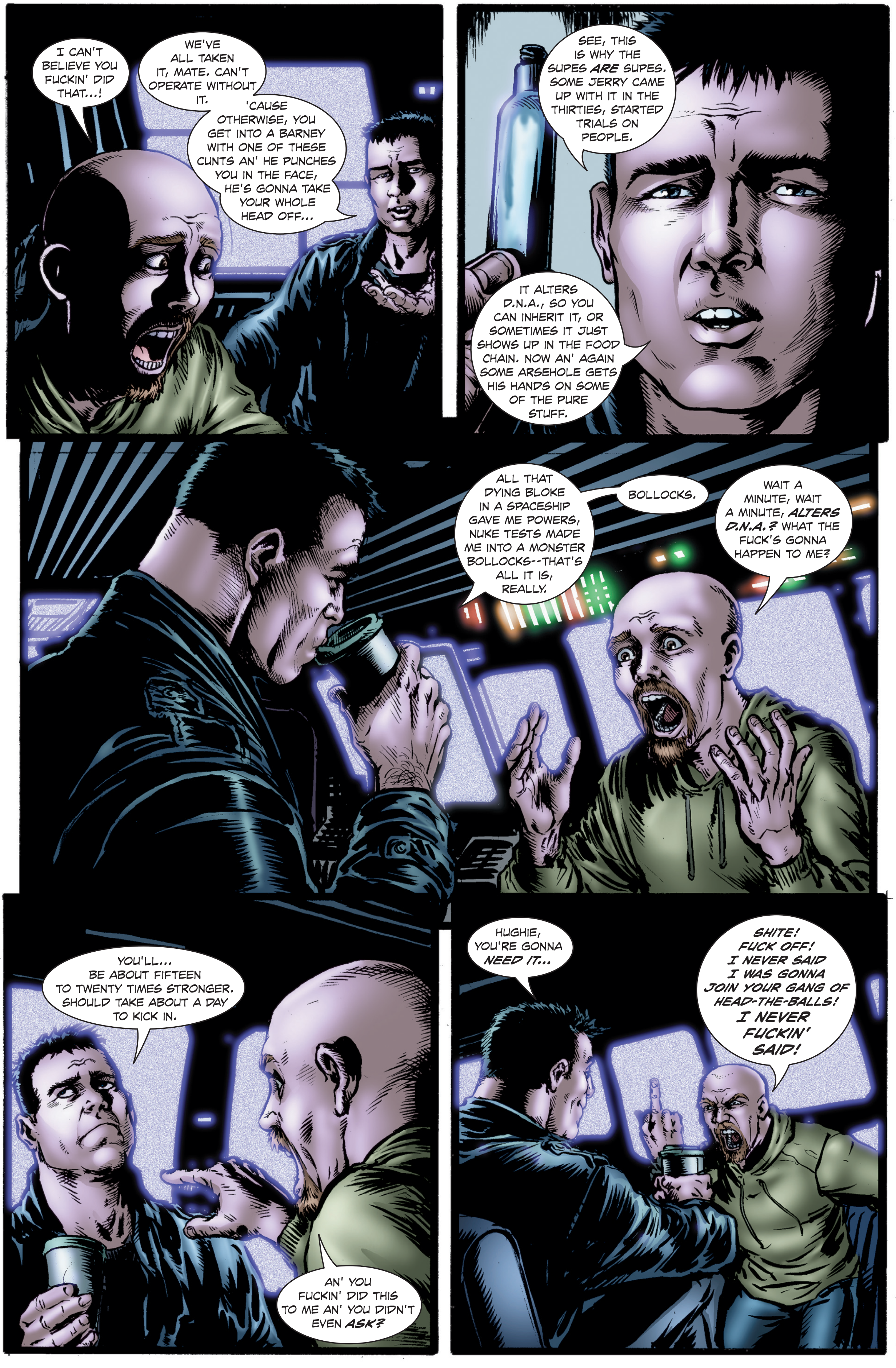

PEARL HARBOR 2
PEARL HARBOR 2

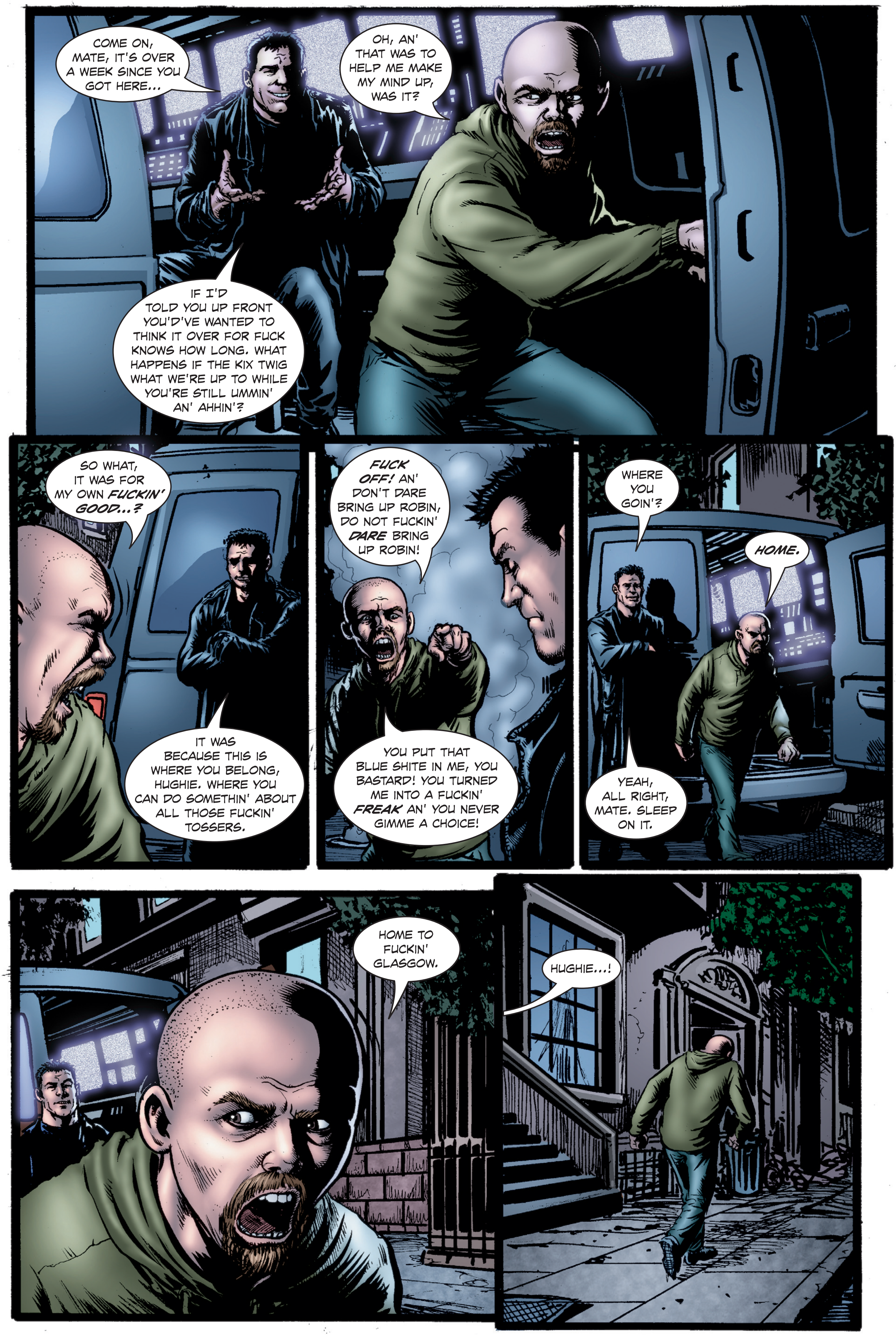

X-RAY

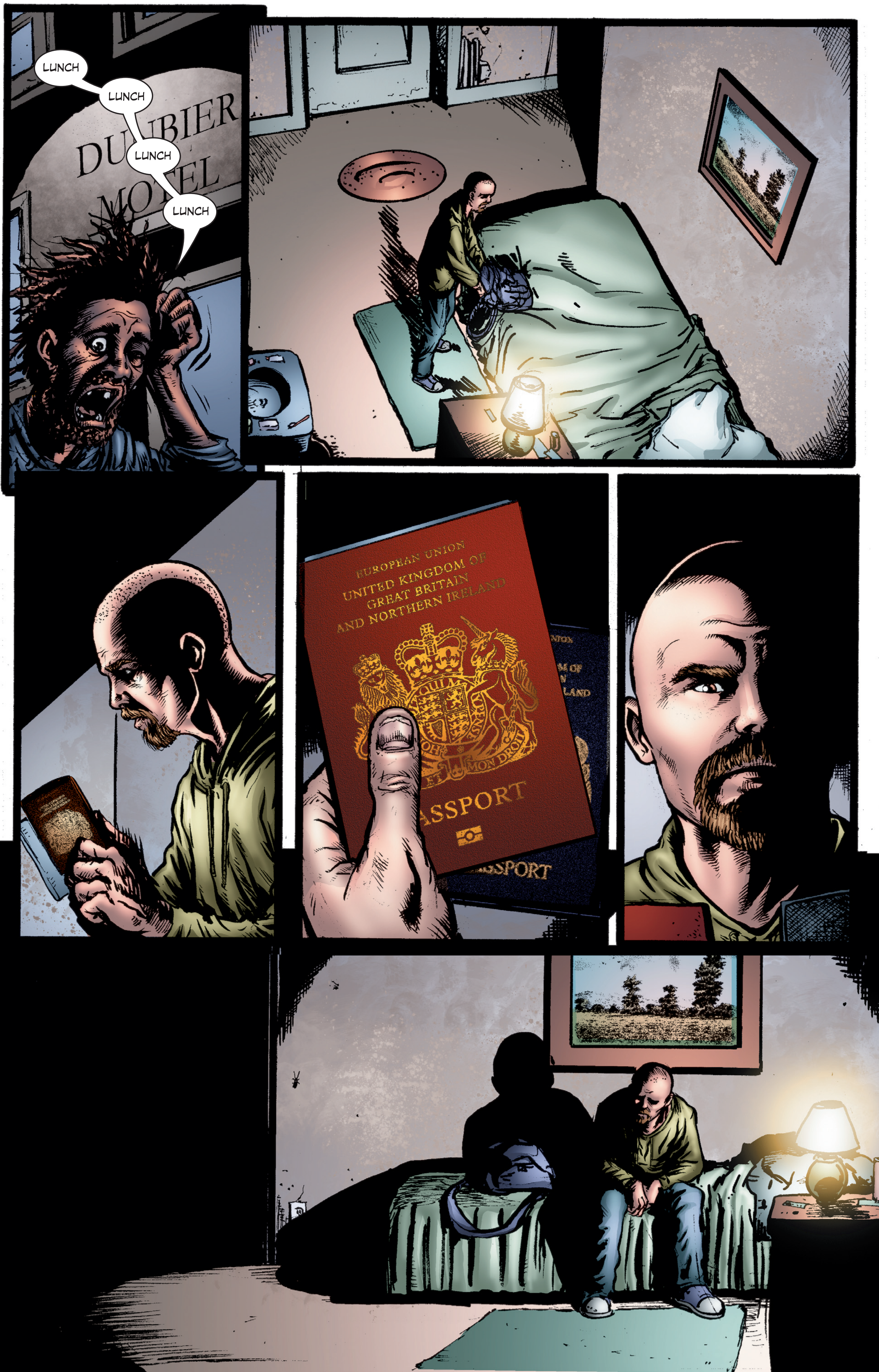

GOTH
LOVELY.

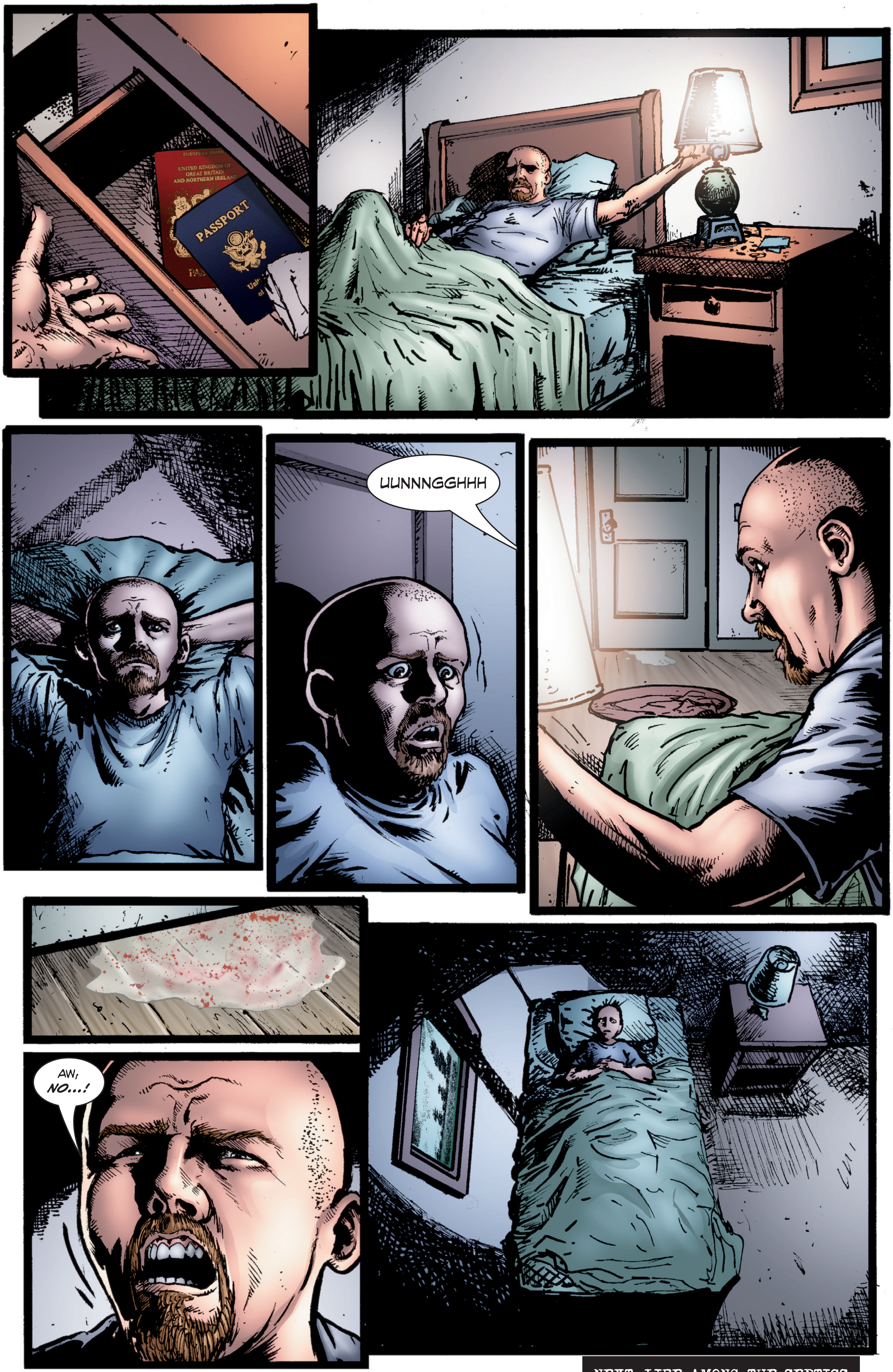

ALL RIGHT, MATE? WHAT'S THE SCORE?
AW, CHEERS.
NOTHIN' NEW SINCE YESTERDAY, REALLY. I'VE BEEN TRYNNA WORK OUT IF SHOUT OUT ***KNOWS*** BIG GAME'S SHAGGIN' DOG-KNOTT AS WELL AS HIM...
SO YOU'RE ENJOYIN' YOURSELF?
I HAVE TO ADMIT THERE'S A SORT OF HORRIBLE FASCINATION TO IT. THE WEE BASTARDS ARE INTO STUFF I NEVER KNEW WAS POSSIBLE.
BLOODY NICE PLACE THEY'VE GOT, TOO. I HAD A WEE LOOK AROUND WHILE THE FRENCHMAN WAS PUTTIN' THE BUGS IN.
MODELLIN' CONTRACT. PAYS FOR MOST OF IT.
GEAR WORKIN' OKAY?
OH AYE, NO BOTHER AT ALL. IT'S PISS-EASY ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE A NATURAL.
HERE, LEAN FORWARD FOR A MINUTE, WILL YOU?


WHY? *AAAAH!!*
FUCK, CHRIST, WHAT IS THAT--?
COMPOUND V. HOLD STILL A SECOND--
THERE YOU GO.
WHAT THE FUCK D'YOU DO *THAT* FOR?
BOOST YOUR SYSTEM. SO YOU'RE TOUGH ENOUGH TO GO UP AGAINST THE SUPES.
JESUS CHRIST, IS IT FUCKIN' PERMANENT?!
IT IS IN ITS PURE FORM, YEAH. BUT MOST OF THE STUFF OUT THERE'S CUT, EFFECTS ONLY LAST FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
THE SLAGS AT THE WHOREHOUSE, THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE ON. HELP 'EM STAND THE PACE AN' THAT.
WH... WHAT ARE THE SIDE EFFECTS...?
TURNS YOUR SHIT BLUE.
THAT'S IT.


I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FUCKIN' DID THAT...!
WE'VE ALL TAKEN IT, MATE. CAN'T OPERATE WITHOUT IT.
'CAUSE OTHERWISE, YOU GET INTO A BARNEY WITH ONE OF THESE CUNTS AN' HE PUNCHES YOU IN THE FACE, HE'S GONNA TAKE YOUR WHOLE HEAD OFF...
SEE, THIS IS WHY THE SUPES ***ARE*** SUPES. SOME JERRY CAME UP WITH IT IN THE THIRTIES, STARTED TRIALS ON PEOPLE.
IT ALTERS D.N.A., SO YOU CAN INHERIT IT, OR SOMETIMES IT JUST SHOWS UP IN THE FOOD CHAIN. NOW AN' AGAIN SOME ARSEHOLE GETS HIS HANDS ON SOME OF THE PURE STUFF.
ALL THAT DYING BLOKE IN A SPACESHIP GAVE ME POWERS, NUKE TESTS MADE ME INTO A MONSTER BOLLOCKS--THAT'S ALL IT IS, REALLY.
BOLLOCKS.
WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE, ***ALTERS D.N.A.?*** WHAT THE FUCK'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME?
YOU'LL... BE ABOUT FIFTEEN TO TWENTY TIMES STRONGER. SHOULD TAKE ABOUT A DAY TO KICK IN.
AN' YOU FUCKIN' DID THIS TO ME AN' YOU DIDN'T EVEN ***ASK?***
HUGHIE, YOU'RE GONNA ***NEED IT...***
SHITE! FUCK OFF! I NEVER SAID I WAS GONNA JOIN YOUR GANG OF HEAD-THE-BALLS! I NEVER FUCKIN' SAID!


COME ON, MATE, IT'S OVER A WEEK SINCE YOU GOT HERE...
OH, AN' THAT WAS TO HELP ME MAKE MY MIND UP, WAS IT?
IF I'D TOLD YOU UP FRONT YOU'D'VE WANTED TO THINK IT OVER FOR FUCK KNOWS HOW LONG. WHAT HAPPENS IF THE KIX TWIG WHAT WE'RE UP TO WHILE YOU'RE STILL UMMIN' AN' AHHIN'?
SO WHAT, IT WAS FOR MY OWN *FUCKIN' GOOD...?*
IT WAS BECAUSE THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG, HUGHIE. WHERE YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT ALL THOSE FUCKIN' TOSSERS.
FUCK OFF! AN' DON'T DARE BRING UP ROBIN, DO NOT FUCKIN' ***DARE*** BRING UP ROBIN!
YOU PUT THAT BLUE SHITE IN ME, YOU BASTARD! YOU TURNED ME INTO A FUCKIN' ***FREAK*** AN' YOU NEVER GIMME A CHOICE!
WHERE YOU GOIN'?
HOME.
YEAH, ALL RIGHT, MATE. SLEEP ON IT.
HOME TO FUCKIN' GLASGOW.
HUGHIE...!

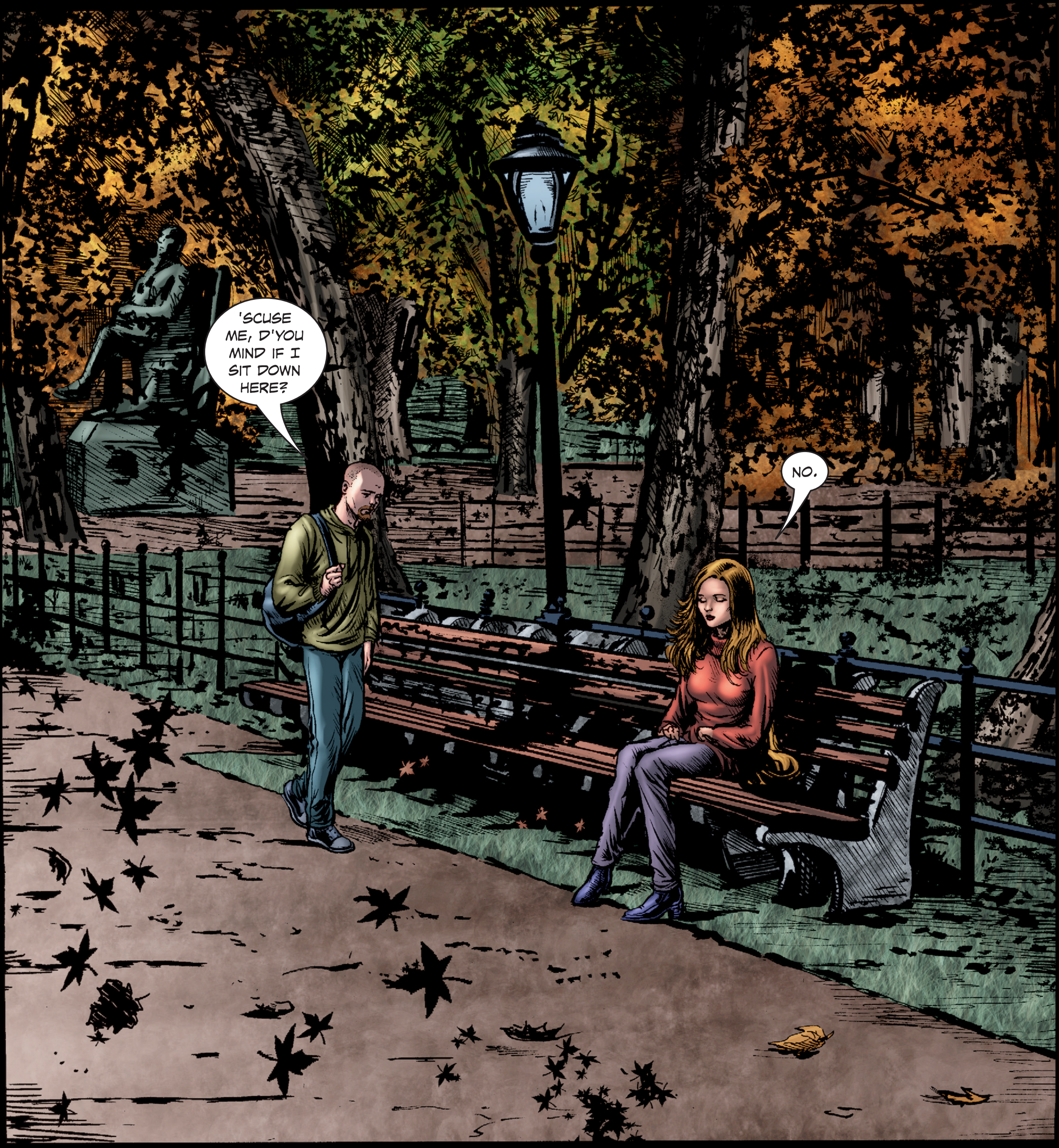

LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
DUNBIER MOTEL
EUROPEAN UNION
UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND
PASSPORT
PASSPORT


EUROPEAN UNION
UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND
PASSPORT
UUNNNGGHHH
AW, NO...!

NEXT: LIFE AMONG THE SEPTICS

FIVE

DARICK 2006
AVIÑA


'SCUSE ME; D'YOU MIND IF I SIT DOWN HERE?
NO.

CHERRY part three

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

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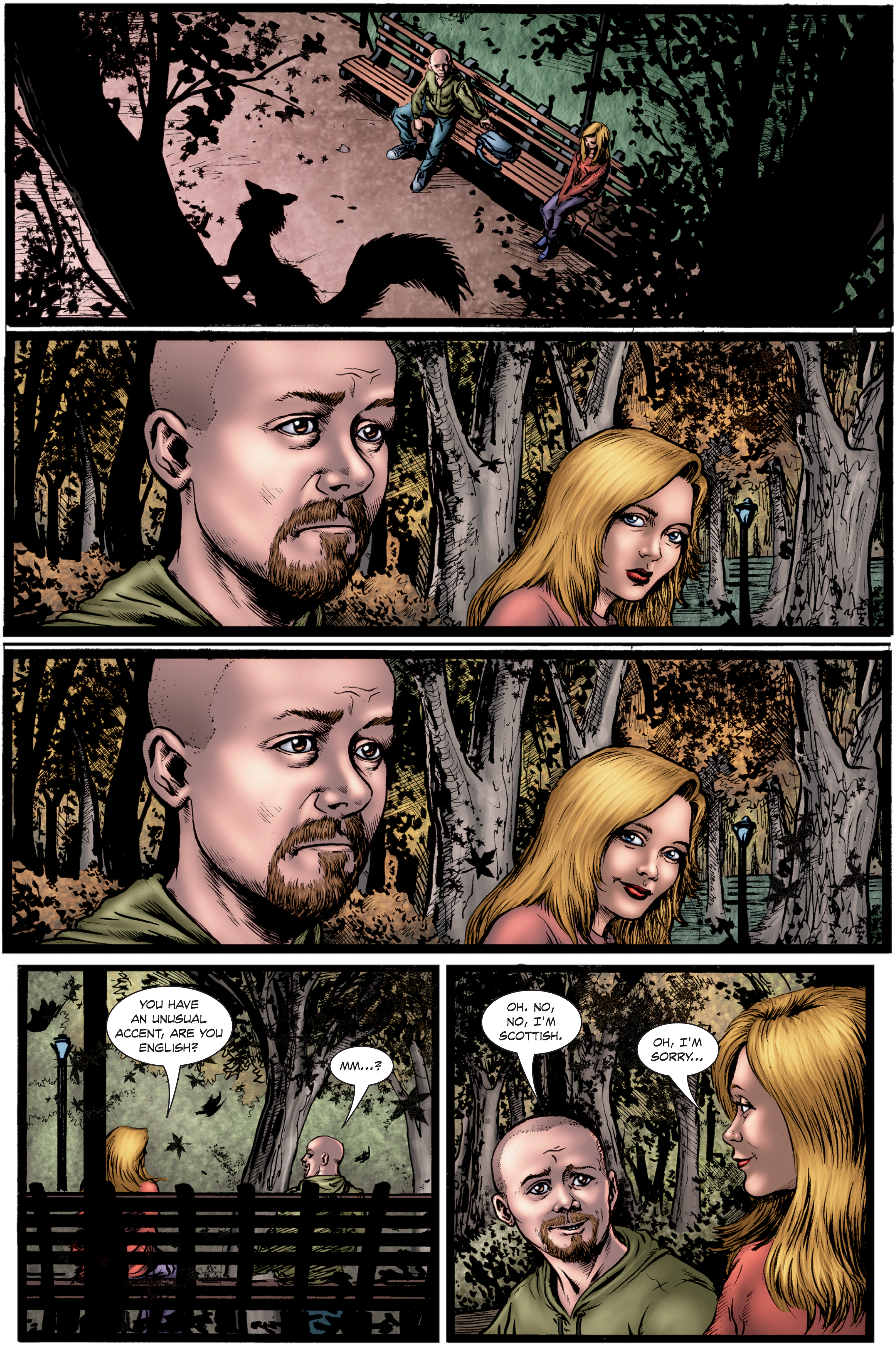
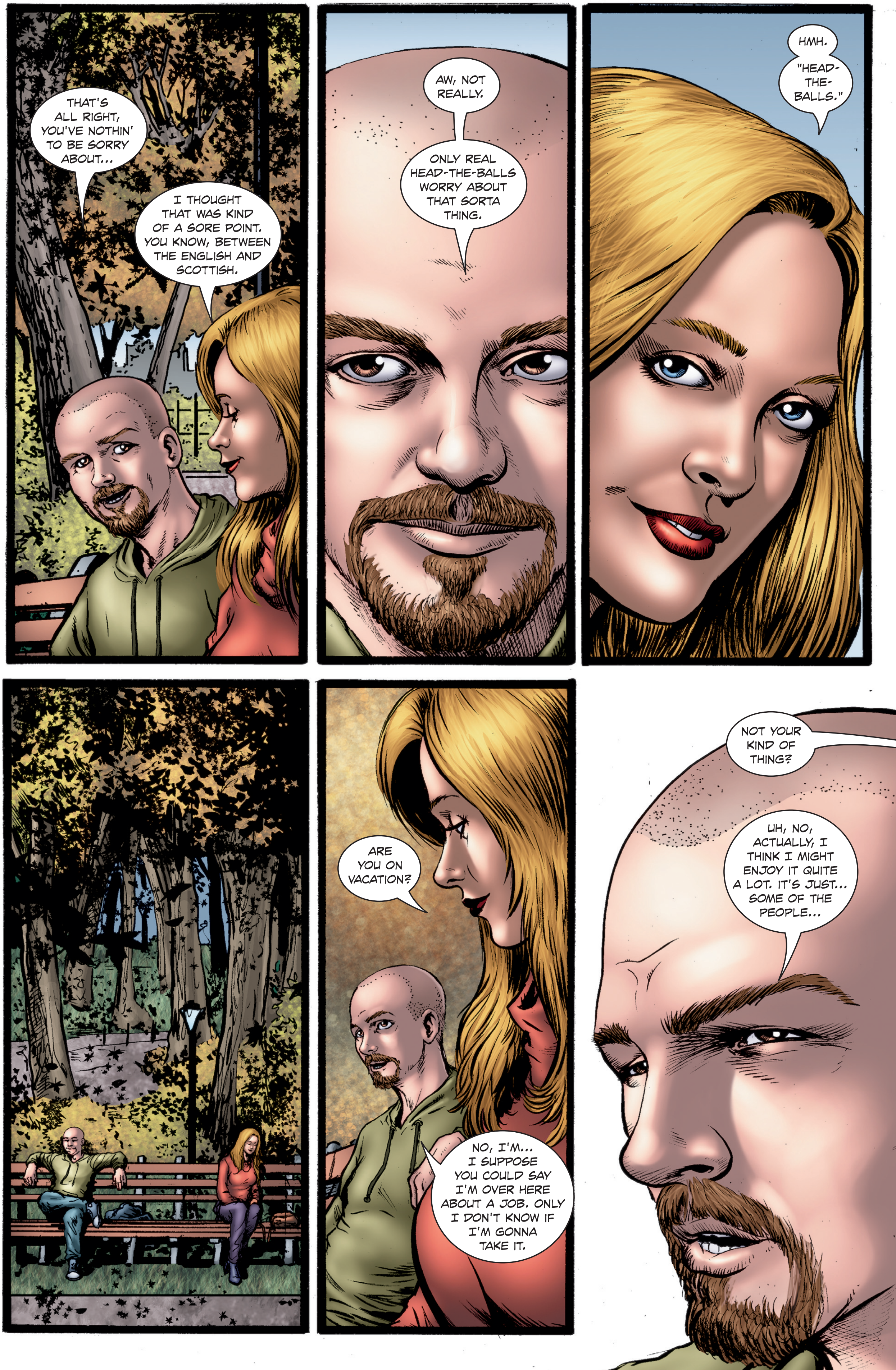
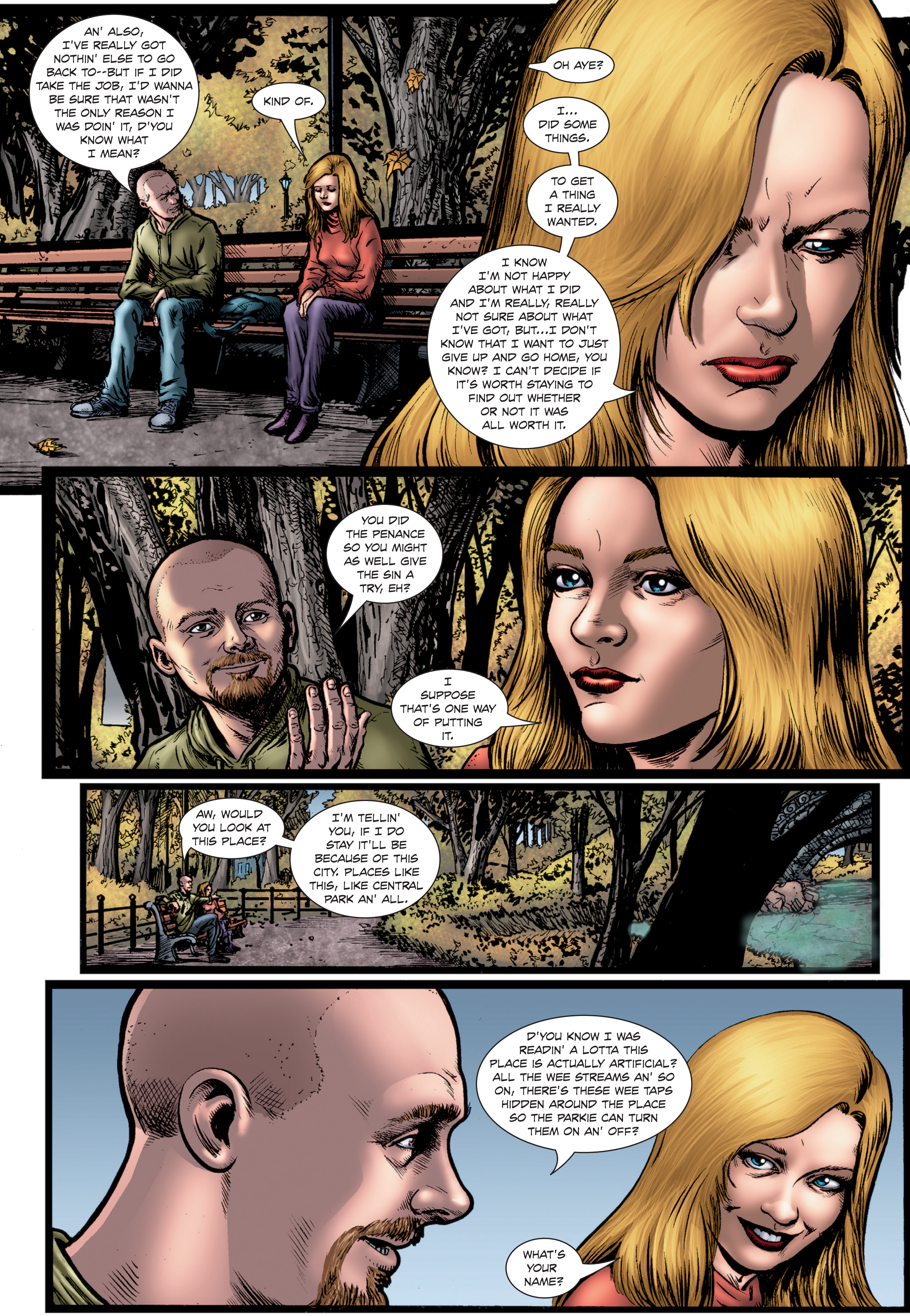
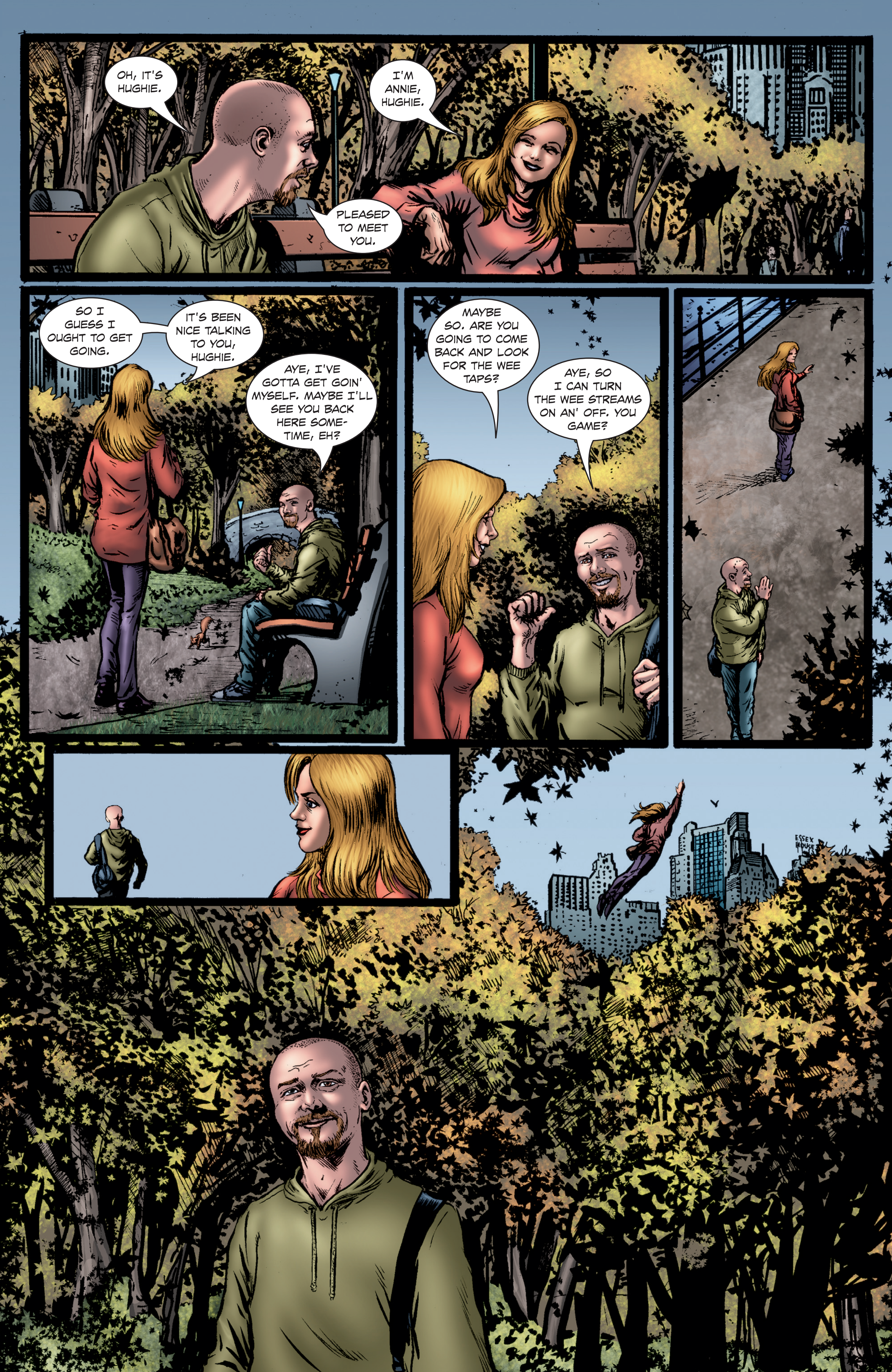
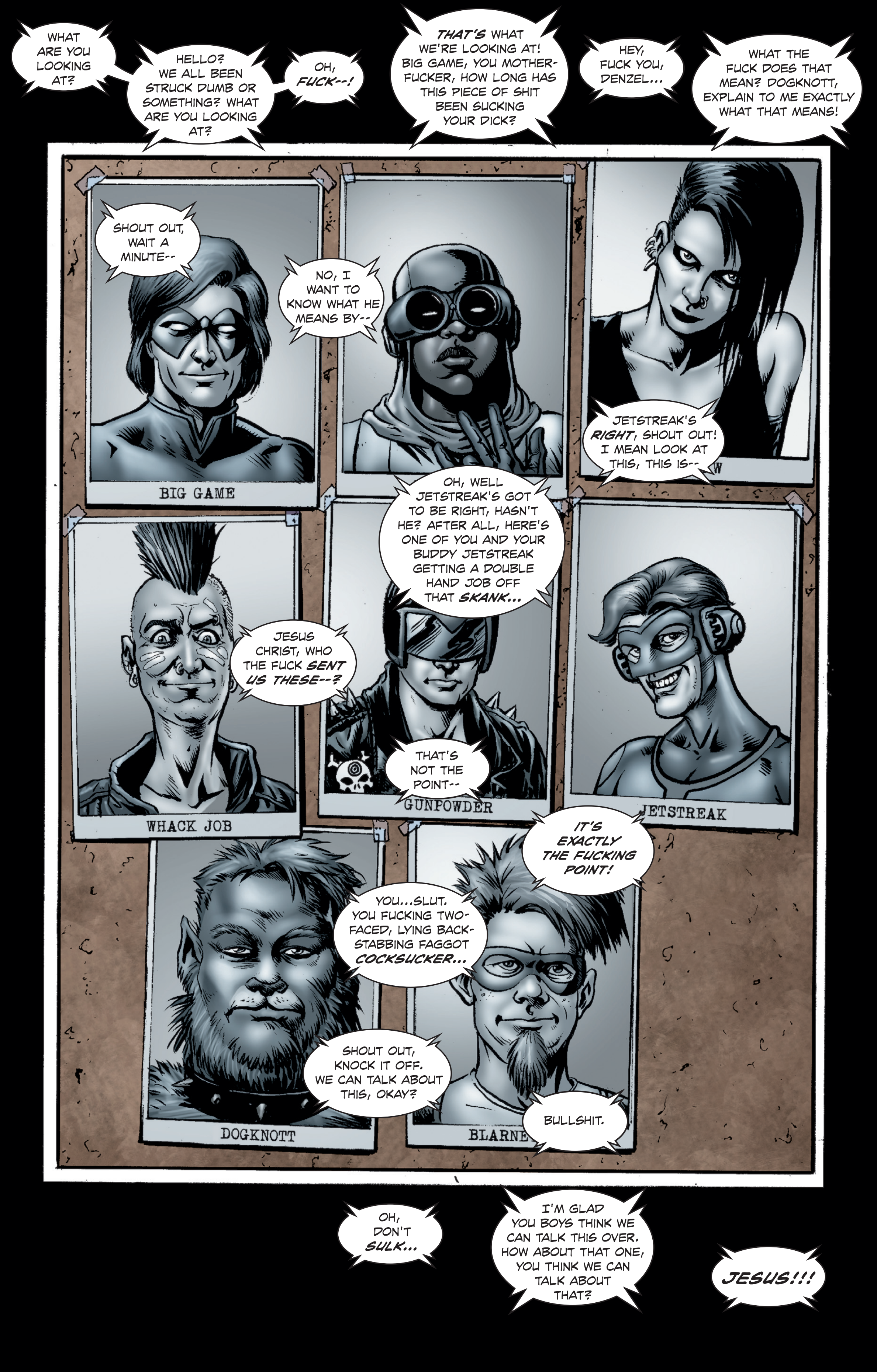
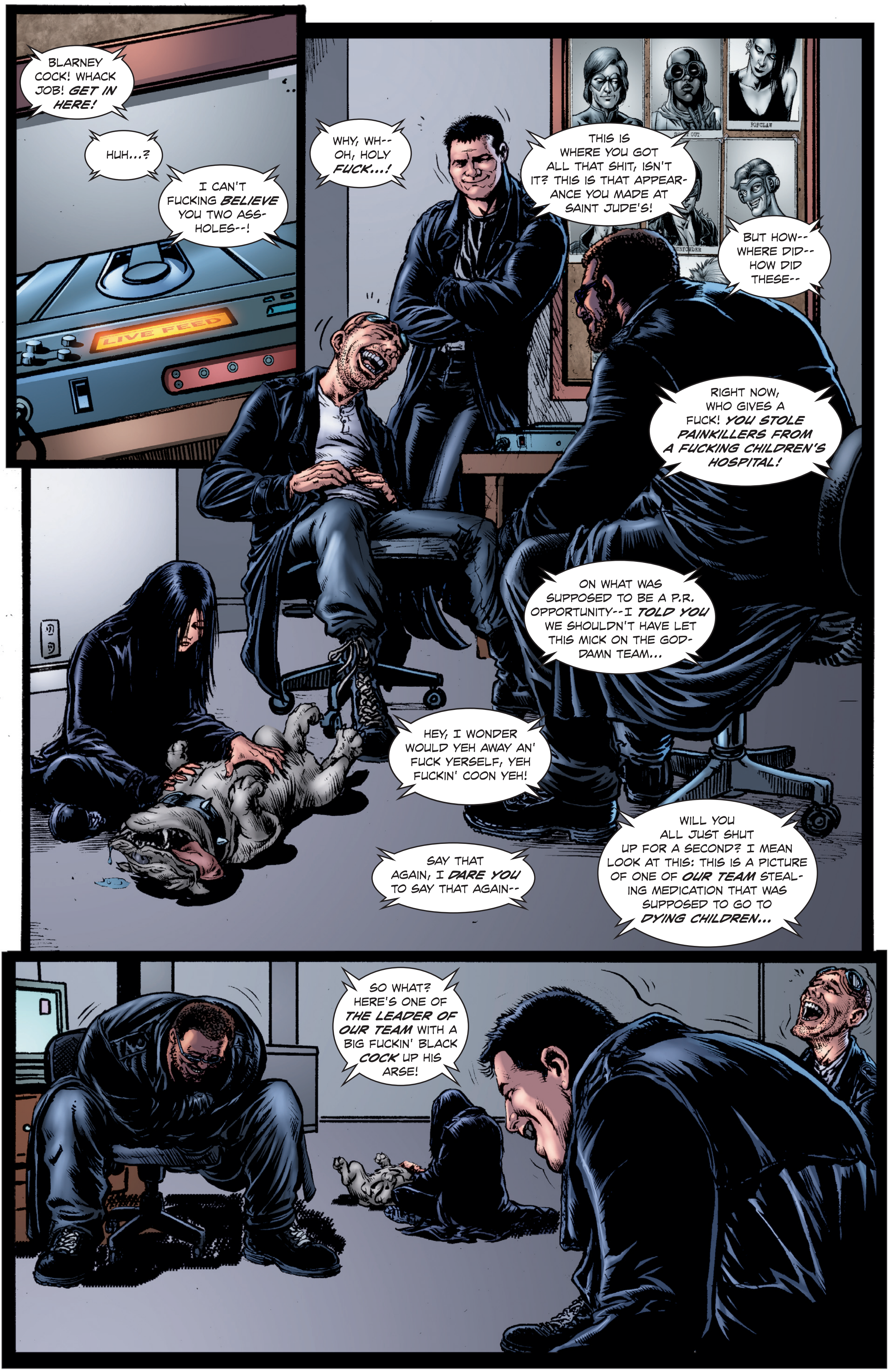

YOU HAVE AN UNUSUAL ACCENT, ARE YOU ENGLISH?
MM...?
OH. NO, NO, I'M SCOTTISH.
OH, I'M SORRY...

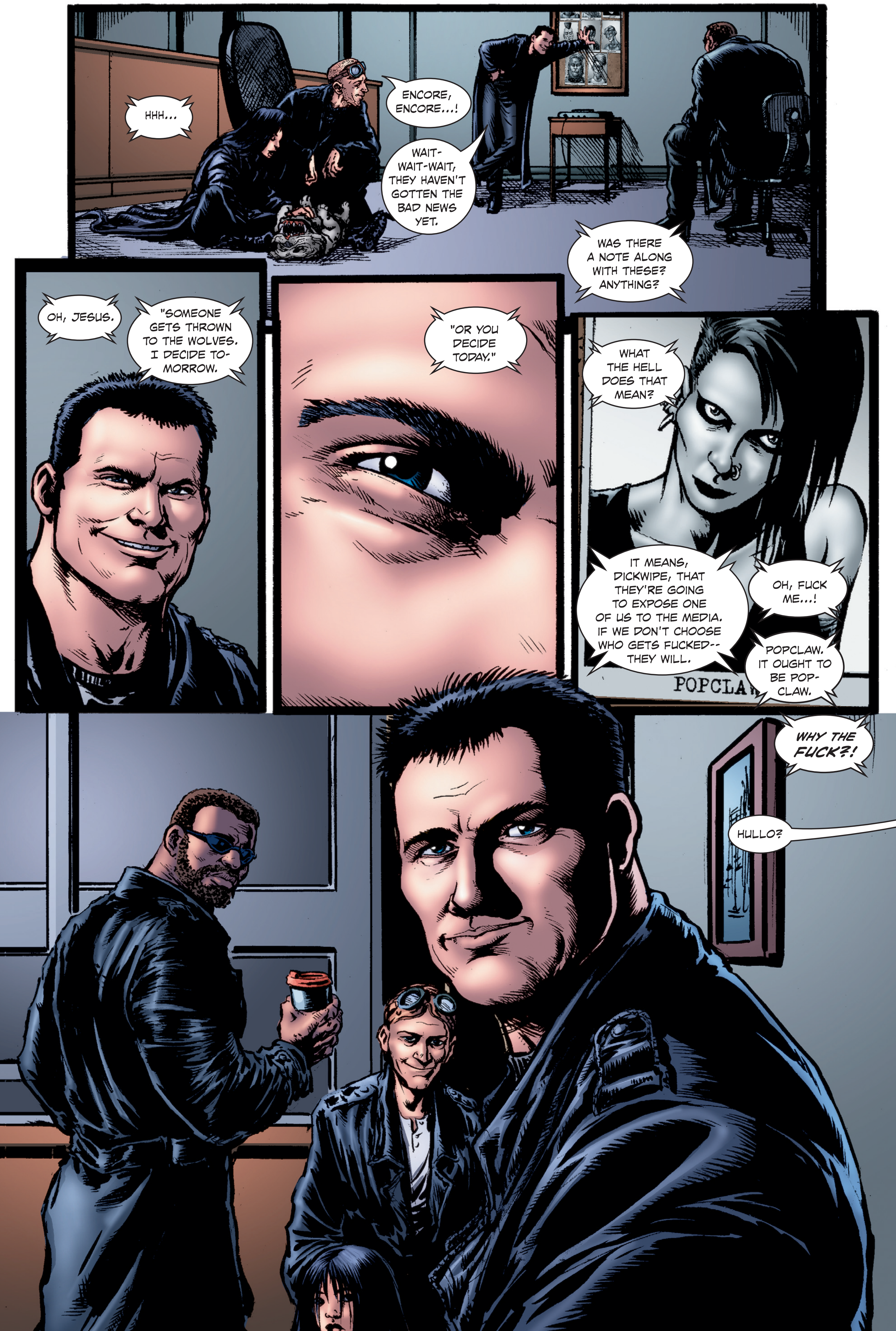

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE NOTHIN' TO BE SORRY ABOUT...
I THOUGHT THAT WAS KIND OF A SORE POINT. YOU KNOW, BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH.
AW, NOT REALLY.
ONLY REAL HEAD-THE-BALLS WORRY ABOUT THAT SORTA THING.
HMH.
"HEAD-THE-BALLS."
ARE YOU ON VACATION?
NO, I'M... I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY I'M OVER HERE ABOUT A JOB. ONLY I DON'T KNOW IF I'M GONNA TAKE IT.
NOT YOUR KIND OF THING?
UH, NO, ACTUALLY, I THINK I MIGHT ENJOY IT QUITE A LOT. IT'S JUST... SOME OF THE PEOPLE...

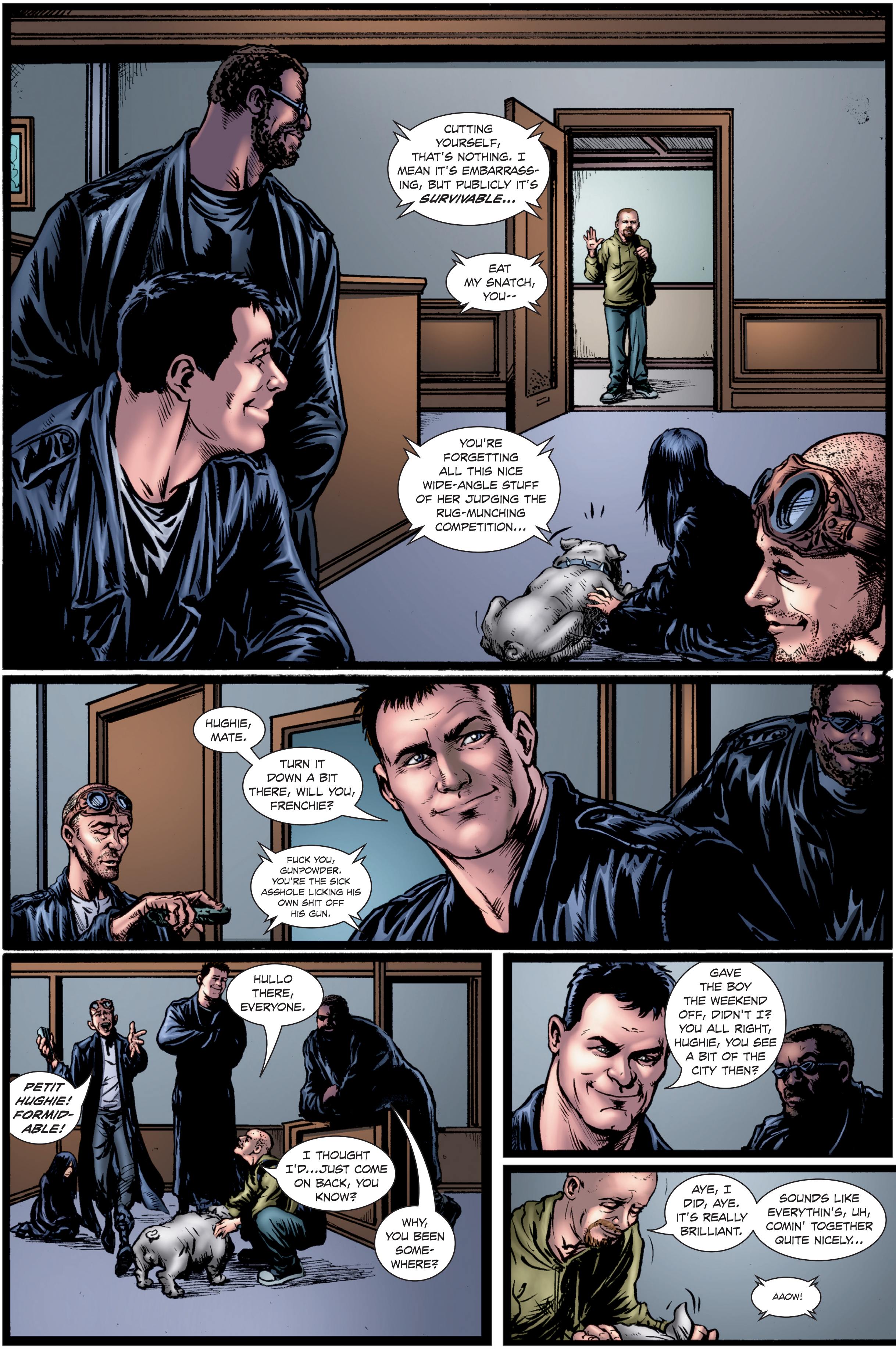

AN' ALSO, I'VE REALLY GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO GO BACK TO--BUT IF I DID TAKE THE JOB, I'D WANNA BE SURE THAT WASN'T THE ONLY REASON I WAS DOIN' IT, D'YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
KIND OF.
OH AYE?
I... DID SOME THINGS.
TO GET A THING I REALLY WANTED.
I KNOW I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT WHAT I DID AND I'M REALLY, REALLY NOT SURE ABOUT WHAT I'VE GOT, BUT...I DON'T KNOW THAT I WANT TO JUST GIVE UP AND GO HOME, YOU KNOW? I CAN'T DECIDE IF IT'S WORTH STAYING TO FIND OUT WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS ALL WORTH IT.
YOU DID THE PENANCE SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE SIN A TRY, EH?
I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.
AW, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS PLACE?
I'M TELLIN' YOU, IF I DO STAY IT'LL BE BECAUSE OF THIS CITY. PLACES LIKE THIS, LIKE CENTRAL PARK AN' ALL.
D'YOU KNOW I WAS READIN' A LOTTA THIS PLACE IS ACTUALLY ARTIFICIAL? ALL THE WEE STREAMS AN' SO ON, THERE'S THESE WEE TAPS HIDDEN AROUND THE PLACE SO THE PARKIE CAN TURN THEM ON AN' OFF?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

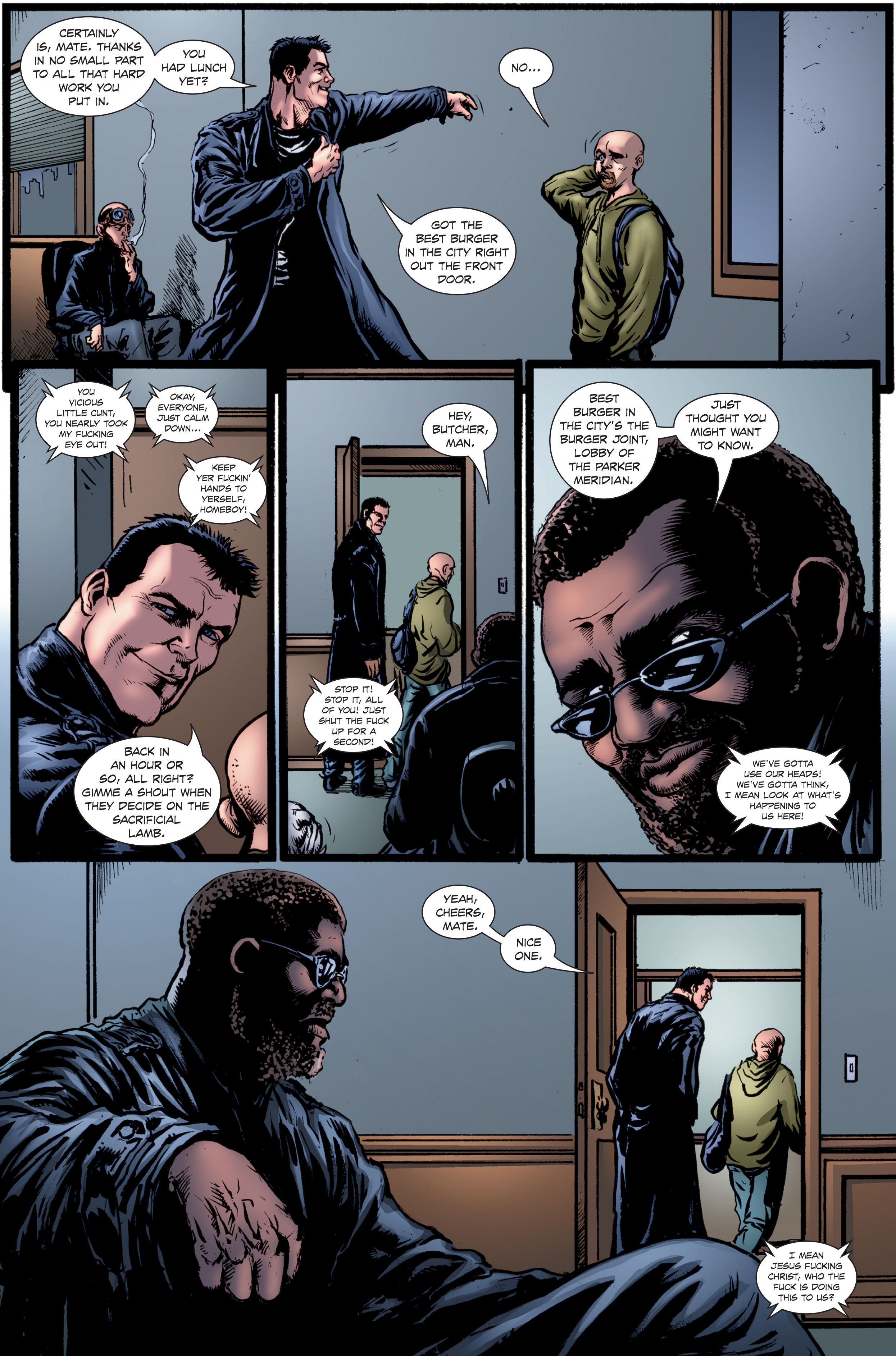

OH, IT'S HUGHIE.
I'M ANNIE, HUGHIE.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
SO I GUESS I OUGHT TO GET GOING.
IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING TO YOU, HUGHIE.
AYE, I'VE GOTTA GET GOIN' MYSELF. MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU BACK HERE SOME-TIME, EH?
MAYBE SO. ARE YOU GOING TO COME BACK AND LOOK FOR THE WEE TAPS?
AYE, SO I CAN TURN THE WEE STREAMS ON AN' OFF. YOU GAME?
ESSEX HOUSE

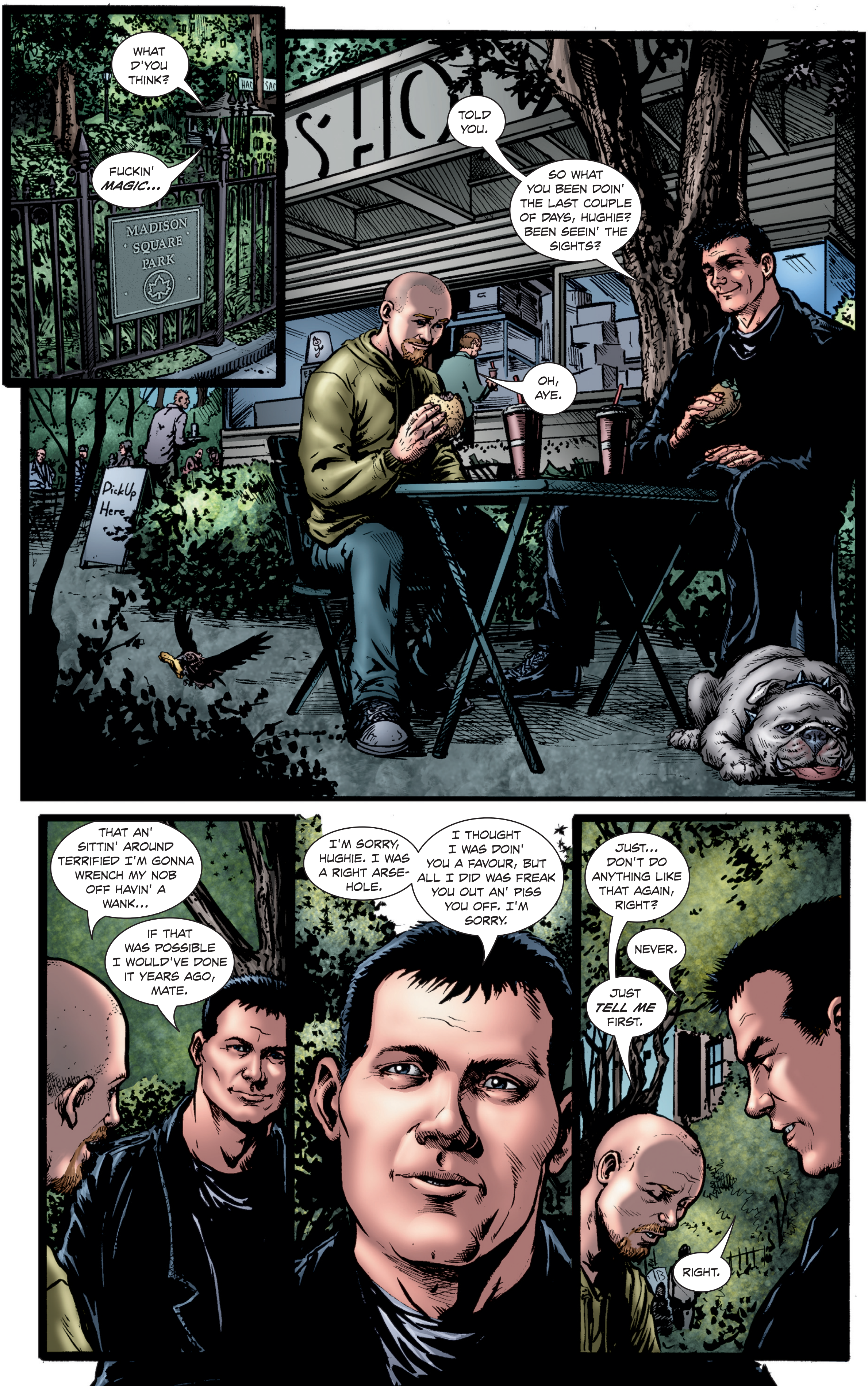

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
HELLO? WE ALL BEEN STRUCK DUMB OR SOMETHING? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
OH, *FUCK--!*
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT! BIG GAME, YOU MOTHER-FUCKER, HOW LONG HAS THIS PIECE OF SHIT BEEN SUCKING YOUR DICK?
HEY, FUCK YOU, DENZEL...
WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN? DOGKNOTT, EXPLAIN TO ME EXACTLY WHAT THAT MEANS!
SHOUT OUT, WAIT A MINUTE--
NO, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE MEANS BY--
BIG GAME
JETSTREAK'S *RIGHT*, SHOUT OUT! I MEAN LOOK AT THIS, THIS IS--
W
OH, WELL JETSTREAK'S GOT TO BE RIGHT, HASN'T HE? AFTER ALL, HERE'S ONE OF YOU AND YOUR BUDDY JETSTREAK GETTING A DOUBLE HAND JOB OFF THAT *SKANK...*
JESUS CHRIST, WHO THE FUCK *SENT US THESE--?*
WHACK JOB
THAT'S NOT THE POINT--
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
IT'S EXACTLY THE FUCKING POINT!
YOU...SLUT. YOU FUCKING TWO-FACED, LYING BACK-STABBING FAGGOT *COCKSUCKER...*
SHOUT OUT, KNOCK IT OFF. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS, OKAY?
DOGKNOTT
BLARNE
BULLSHIT.
OH, DON'T *SULK...*
I'M GLAD YOU BOYS THINK WE CAN TALK THIS OVER. HOW ABOUT THAT ONE, YOU THINK WE CAN TALK ABOUT THAT?
JESUS!!!

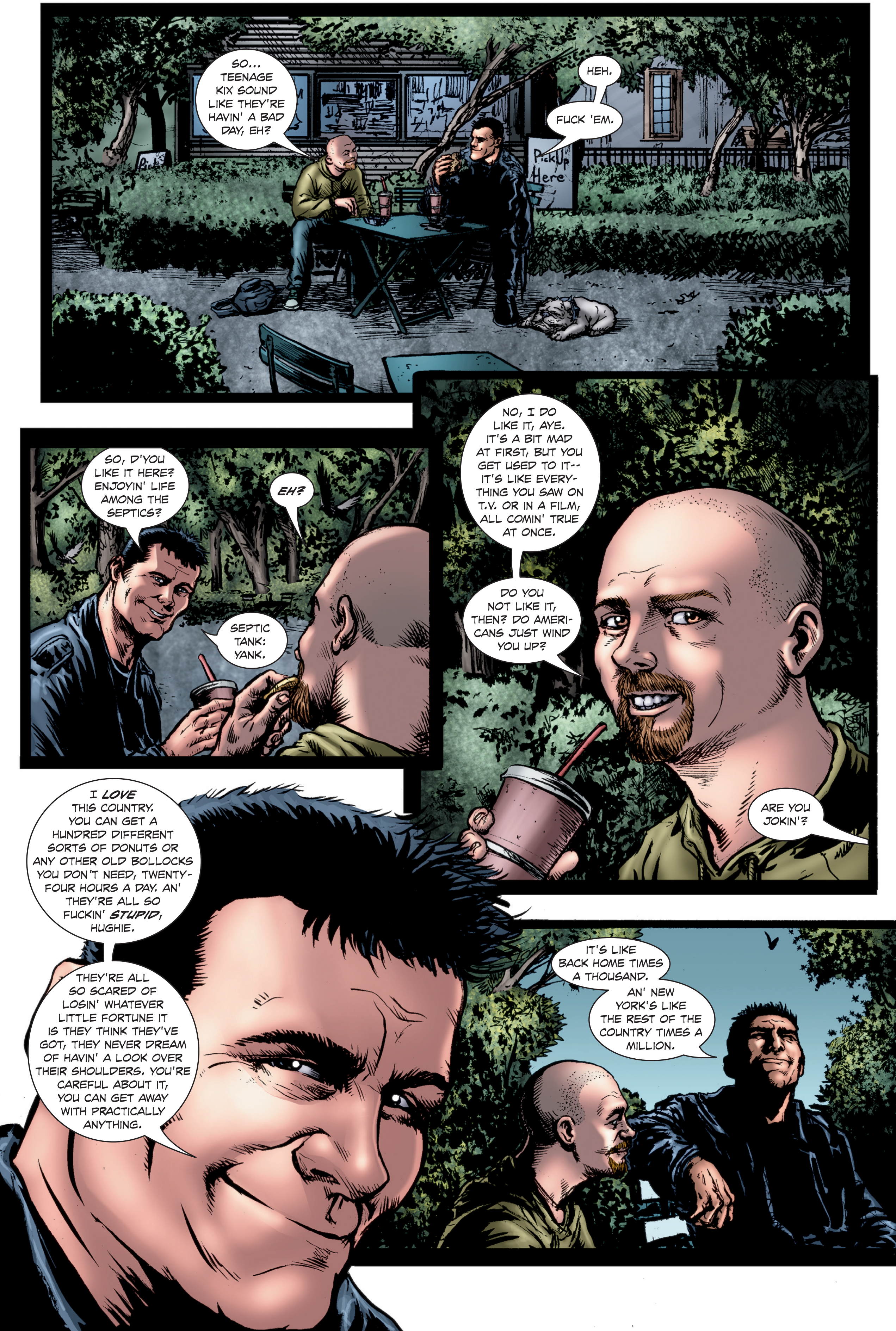

BLARNEY COCK! WHACK JOB! *GET IN HERE!*
HUH...?
I CAN'T FUCKING *BELIEVE* YOU TWO ASSHOLES--!
LIVE FEED
WHY, WH-- OH, HOLY *FUCK...!*
POPCLAW
THIS IS WHERE YOU GOT ALL THAT SHIT, ISN'T IT? THIS IS THAT APPEARANCE YOU MADE AT SAINT JUDE'S!
BUT HOW-- WHERE DID-- HOW DID THESE--
RIGHT NOW, WHO GIVES A FUCK! *YOU STOLE PAINKILLERS FROM A FUCKING CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL!*
ON WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A P.R. OPPORTUNITY--I *TOLD YOU* WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THIS MICK ON THE GOD-DAMN TEAM...
HEY, I WONDER WOULD YEH AWAY AN' FUCK YERSELF, YEH FUCKIN' COON YEH!
SAY THAT AGAIN, I *DARE YOU* TO SAY THAT AGAIN--
WILL YOU ALL JUST SHUT UP FOR A SECOND? I MEAN LOOK AT THIS: THIS IS A PICTURE OF ONE OF *OUR TEAM* STEALING MEDICATION THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO *DYING CHILDREN...*
SO WHAT? HERE'S ONE OF *THE LEADER OF OUR TEAM* WITH A BIG FUCKIN' BLACK *COCK* UP HIS ARSE!

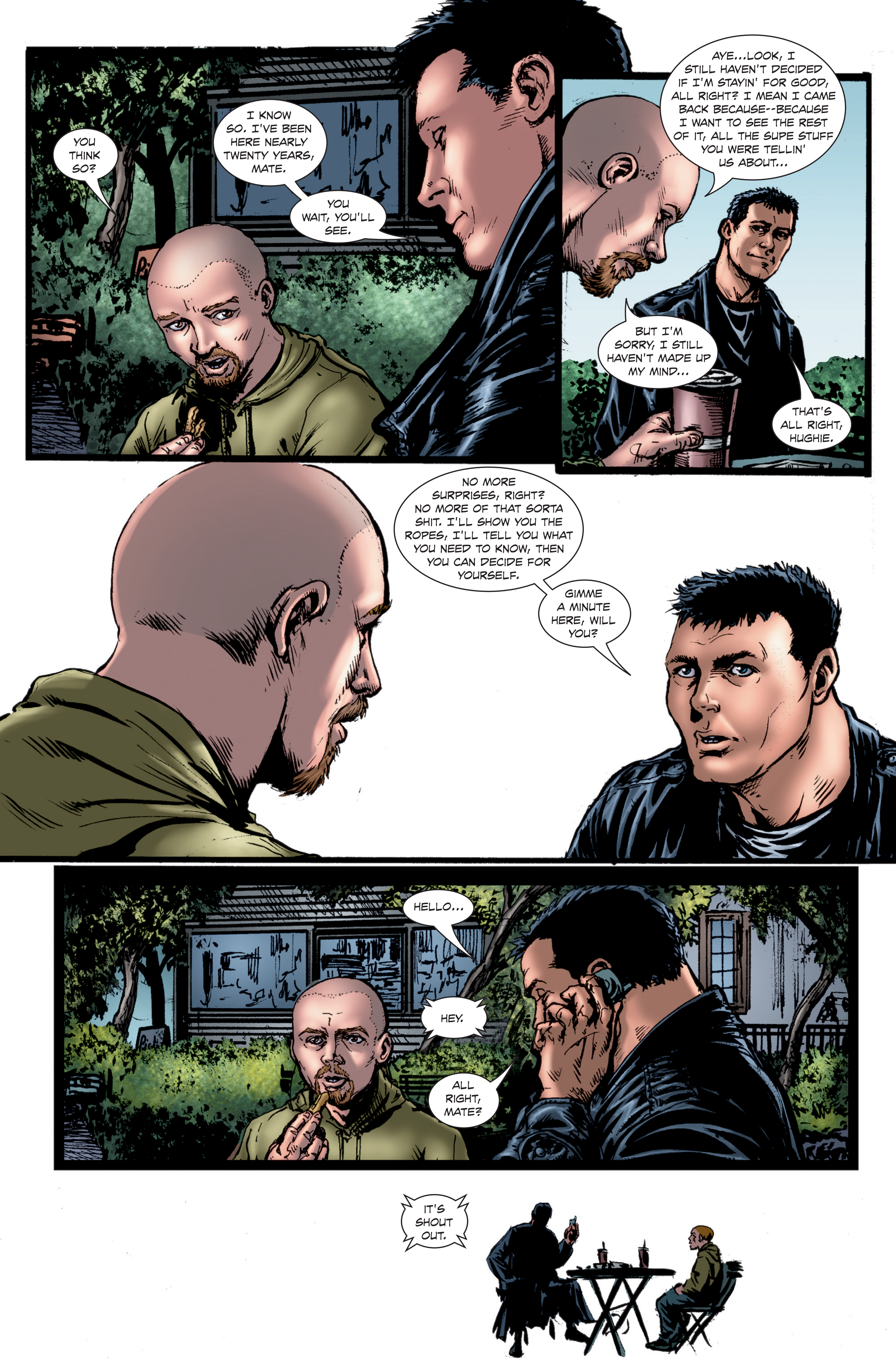

HHH...
ENCORE, ENCORE...!
WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, THEY HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE BAD NEWS YET.
WAS THERE A NOTE ALONG WITH THESE? ANYTHING?
OH, JESUS.
"SOMEONE GETS THROWN TO THE WOLVES. I DECIDE TOMORROW.
"OR YOU DECIDE TODAY."
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS, DICKWIPE, THAT THEY'RE GOING TO EXPOSE ONE OF US TO THE MEDIA. IF WE DON'T CHOOSE WHO GETS FUCKED--THEY WILL.
OH, FUCK ME...!
POPCLAW
POPCLAW. IT OUGHT TO BE POPCLAW.
WHY THE FUCK?!
HULLO?

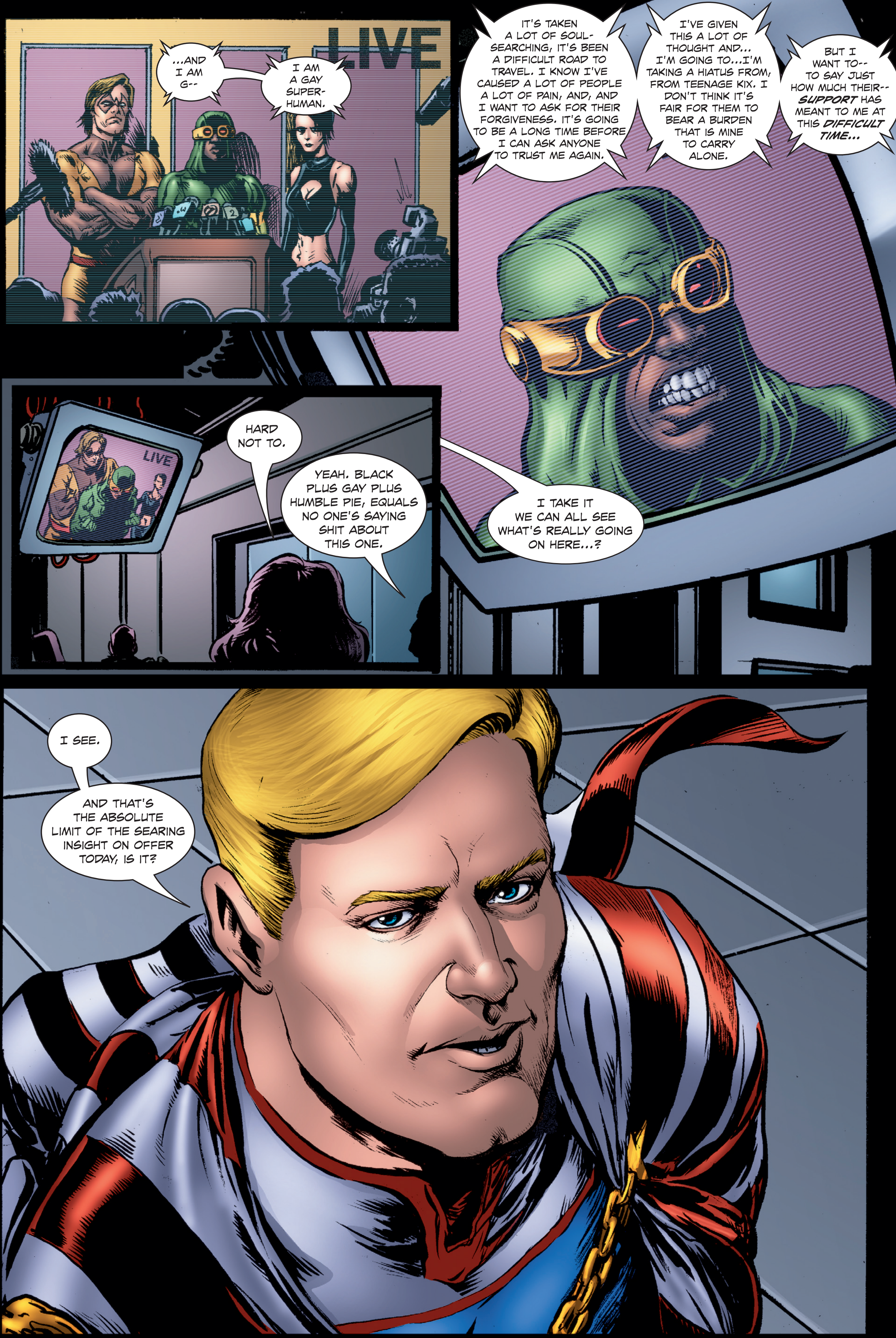

CUTTING YOURSELF, THAT'S NOTHING. I MEAN IT'S EMBARRASSING, BUT PUBLICLY IT'S *SURVIVABLE...*
EAT MY SNATCH, YOU--
YOU'RE FORGETTING ALL THIS NICE WIDE-ANGLE STUFF OF HER JUDGING THE RUG-MUNCHING COMPETITION...
HUGHIE, MATE.
TURN IT DOWN A BIT THERE, WILL YOU, FRENCHIE?
FUCK YOU, GUNPOWDER. YOU'RE THE SICK ASSHOLE LICKING HIS OWN SHIT OFF HIS GUN.
HULLO THERE, EVERYONE.
PETIT HUGHIE! FORMIDABLE!
I THOUGHT I'D...JUST COME ON BACK, YOU KNOW?
WHY, YOU BEEN SOMEWHERE?
GAVE THE BOY THE WEEKEND OFF, DIDN'T I? YOU ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE, YOU SEE A BIT OF THE CITY THEN?
AYE, I DID, AYE. IT'S REALLY BRILLIANT.
SOUNDS LIKE EVERYTHIN'S, UH, COMIN' TOGETHER QUITE NICELY...
AAOW!

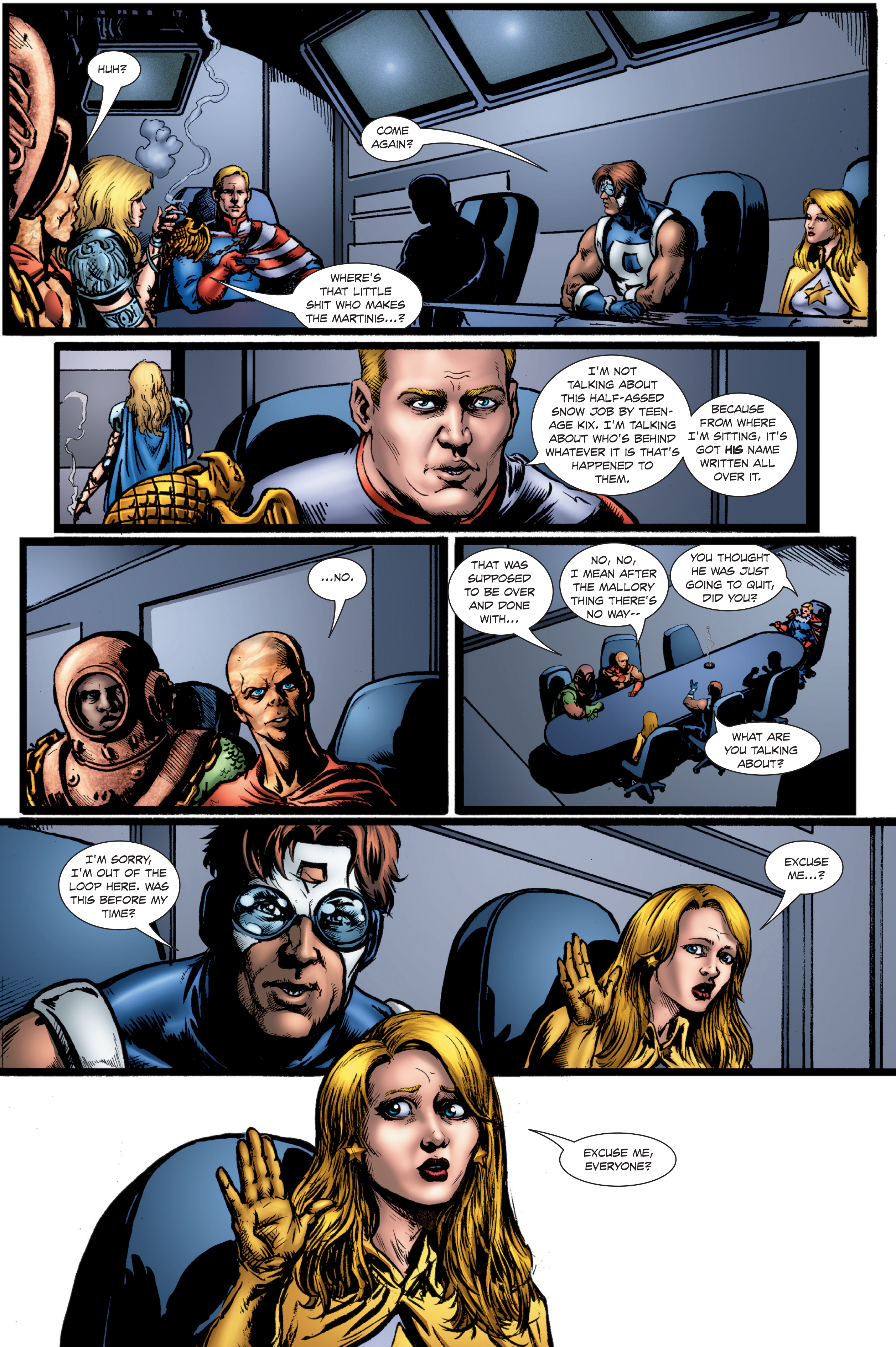

CERTAINLY IS, MATE. THANKS IN NO SMALL PART TO ALL THAT HARD WORK YOU PUT IN.
YOU HAD LUNCH YET?
NO...
GOT THE BEST BURGER IN THE CITY RIGHT OUT THE FRONT DOOR.
YOU VICIOUS LITTLE CUNT, YOU NEARLY TOOK MY FUCKING EYE OUT!
OKAY, EVERYONE, JUST CALM DOWN...
KEEP YER FUCKIN' HANDS TO YERSELF, HOMEBOY!
BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO, ALL RIGHT? GIMME A SHOUT WHEN THEY DECIDE ON THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB.
HEY, BUTCHER, MAN.
STOP IT! STOP IT, ALL OF YOU! JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP FOR A SECOND!
BEST BURGER IN THE CITY'S THE BURGER JOINT, LOBBY OF THE PARKER MERIDIAN.
JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW.
WE'VE GOTTA USE OUR HEADS! WE'VE GOTTA THINK, I MEAN LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US HERE!
YEAH, CHEERS, MATE.
NICE ONE.
I MEAN JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, WHO THE FUCK IS DOING THIS TO US?

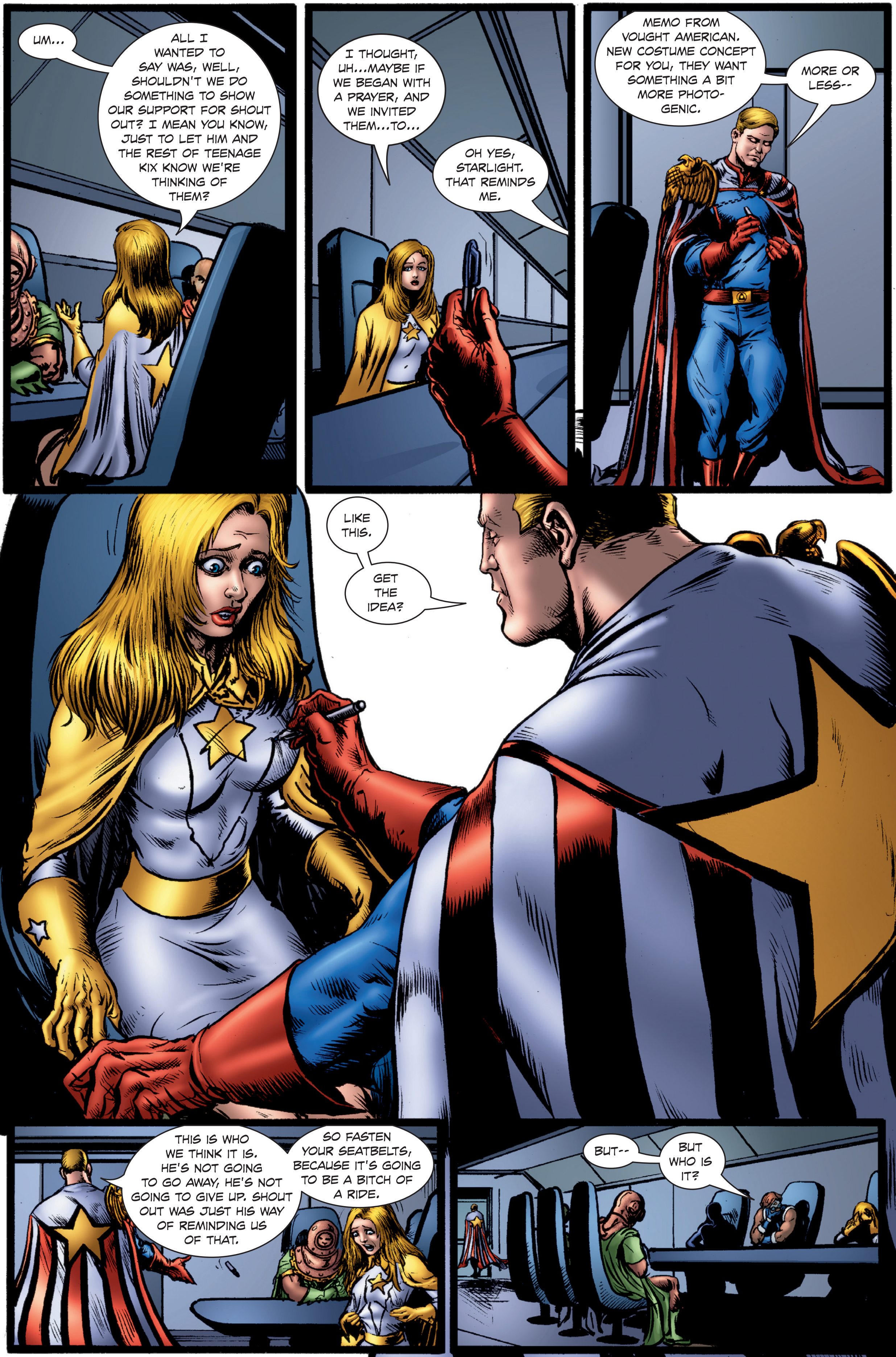

WHAT D'YOU THINK?
FUCKIN' *MAGIC...*
MADISON SQUARE PARK
TOLD YOU.
SO WHAT YOU BEEN DOIN' THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, HUGHIE? BEEN SEEIN' THE SIGHTS?
OH, AYE.
PickUp Here
THAT AN' SITTIN' AROUND TERRIFIED I'M GONNA WRENCH MY NOB OFF HAVIN' A WANK...
IF THAT WAS POSSIBLE I WOULD'VE DONE IT YEARS AGO, MATE.
I'M SORRY, HUGHIE. I WAS A RIGHT ARSE-HOLE.
I THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' YOU A FAVOUR, BUT ALL I DID WAS FREAK YOU OUT AN' PISS YOU OFF. I'M SORRY.
JUST... DON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN, RIGHT?
NEVER.
JUST *TELL ME* FIRST.
RIGHT.

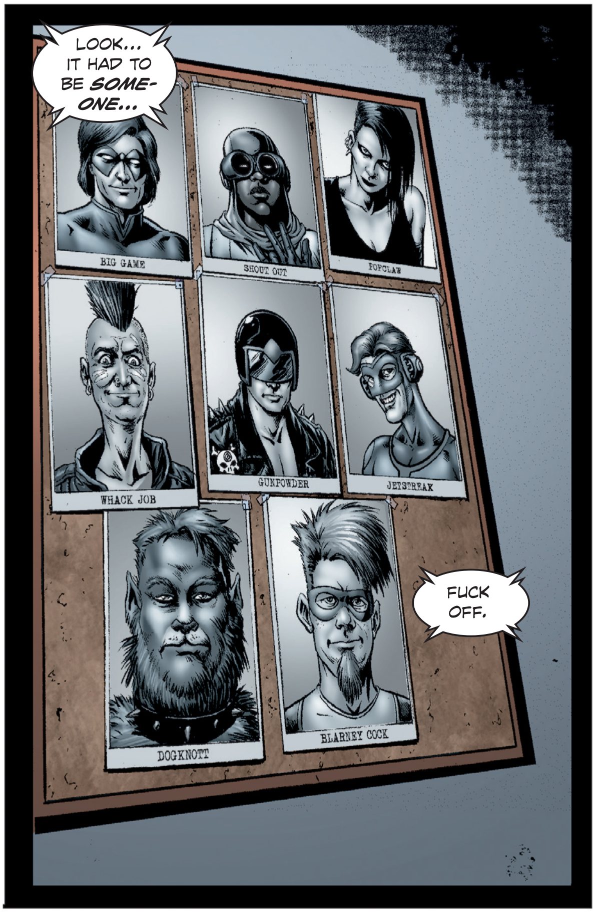

SO... TEENAGE KIX SOUND LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' A BAD DAY, EH?
HEH.
FUCK 'EM.
Pick Up Here
SO, D'YOU LIKE IT HERE? ENJOYIN' LIFE AMONG THE SEPTICS?
EH?
SEPTIC TANK: YANK.
NO, I DO LIKE IT, AYE. IT'S A BIT MAD AT FIRST, BUT YOU GET USED TO IT-- IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING YOU SAW ON T.V. OR IN A FILM, ALL COMIN' TRUE AT ONCE.
DO YOU NOT LIKE IT, THEN? DO AMERICANS JUST WIND YOU UP?
ARE YOU JOKIN'?
I ***LOVE*** THIS COUNTRY. YOU CAN GET A HUNDRED DIFFERENT SORTS OF DONUTS OR ANY OTHER OLD BOLLOCKS YOU DON'T NEED, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY. AN' THEY'RE ALL SO FUCKIN' ***STUPID***, HUGHIE.
THEY'RE ALL SO SCARED OF LOSIN' WHATEVER LITTLE FORTUNE IT IS THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT, THEY NEVER DREAM OF HAVIN' A LOOK OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. YOU'RE CAREFUL ABOUT IT, YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH PRACTICALLY ANYTHING.
IT'S LIKE BACK HOME TIMES A THOUSAND.
AN' NEW YORK'S LIKE THE REST OF THE COUNTRY TIMES A MILLION.

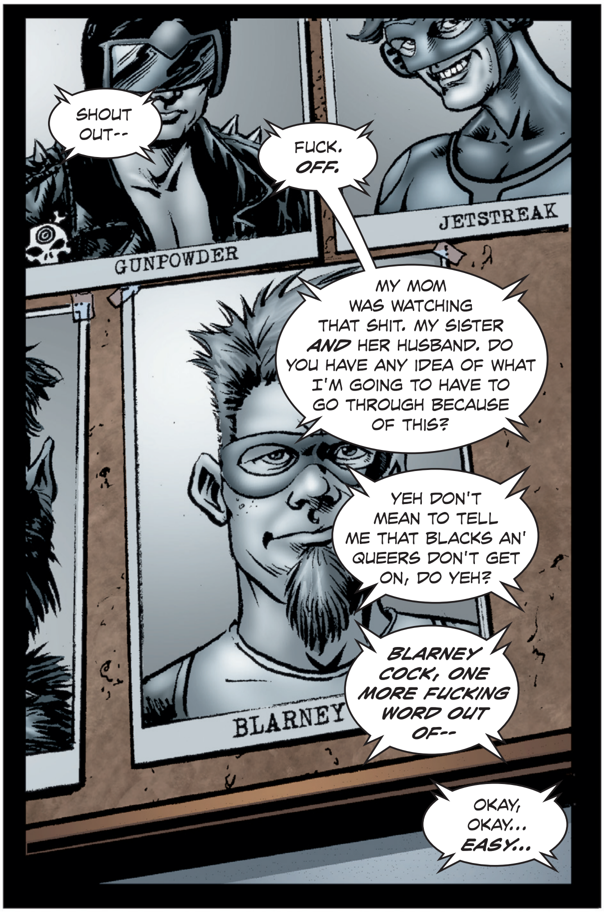

YOU THINK SO?
I KNOW SO. I'VE BEEN HERE NEARLY TWENTY YEARS, MATE.
YOU WAIT, YOU'LL SEE.
AYE...LOOK, I STILL HAVEN'T DECIDED IF I'M STAYIN' FOR GOOD, ALL RIGHT? I MEAN I CAME BACK BECAUSE--BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE THE REST OF IT, ALL THE SUPE STUFF YOU WERE TELLIN' US ABOUT...
BUT I'M SORRY, I STILL HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND...
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE.
NO MORE SURPRISES, RIGHT? NO MORE OF THAT SORTA SHIT. I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, THEN YOU CAN DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.
GIMME A MINUTE HERE, WILL YOU?
HELLO...
HEY.
ALL RIGHT, MATE?
IT'S SHOUT OUT.

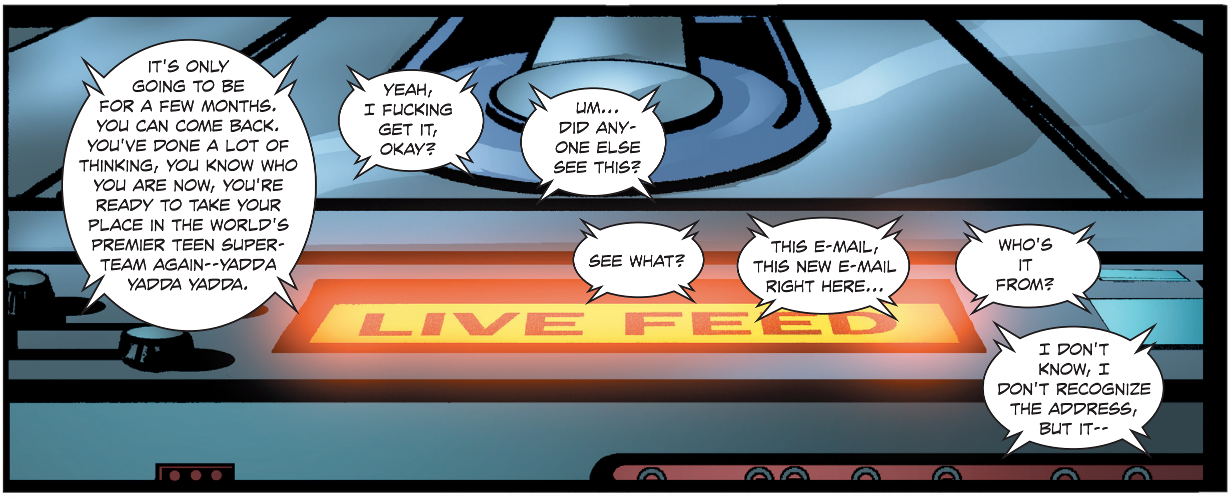

LIVE
...AND I AM G--
I AM A GAY SUPER-HUMAN.
IT'S TAKEN A LOT OF SOUL-SEARCHING, IT'S BEEN A DIFFICULT ROAD TO TRAVEL. I KNOW I'VE CAUSED A LOT OF PEOPLE A LOT OF PAIN, AND, AND I WANT TO ASK FOR THEIR FORGIVENESS. IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I CAN ASK ANYONE TO TRUST ME AGAIN.
I'VE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT AND... I'M GOING TO...I'M TAKING A HIATUS FROM, FROM TEENAGE KIX. I DON'T THINK IT'S FAIR FOR THEM TO BEAR A BURDEN THAT IS MINE TO CARRY ALONE.
BUT I WANT TO-- TO SAY JUST HOW MUCH THEIR-- ***SUPPORT*** HAS MEANT TO ME AT THIS ***DIFFICULT TIME...***
LIVE
I TAKE IT WE CAN ALL SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE...?
HARD NOT TO.
YEAH. BLACK PLUS GAY PLUS HUMBLE PIE, EQUALS NO ONE'S SAYING SHIT ABOUT THIS ONE.
I SEE.
AND THAT'S THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT OF THE SEARING INSIGHT ON OFFER TODAY, IS IT?

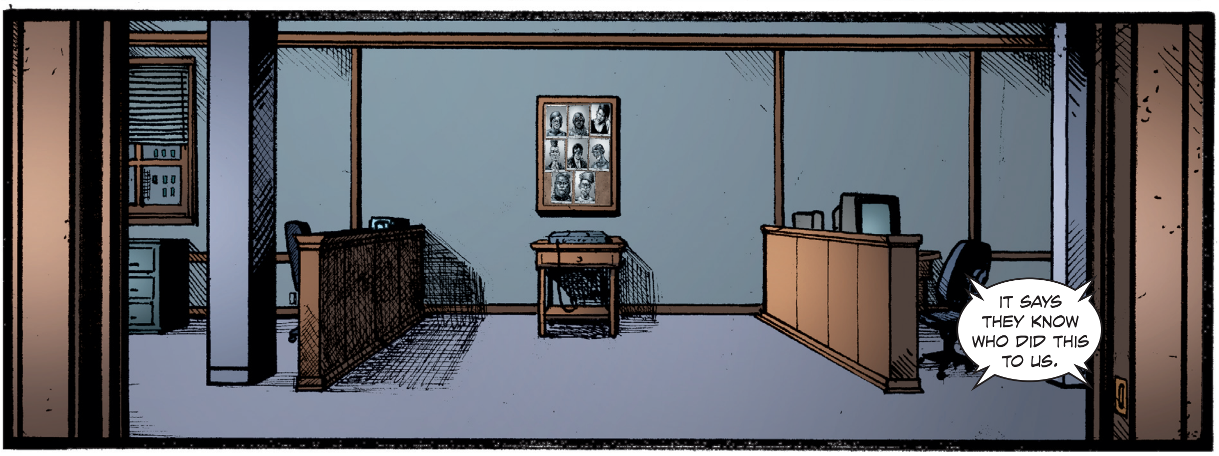

HUH?
COME AGAIN?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE SHIT WHO MAKES THE MARTINIS...?
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THIS HALF-ASSED SNOW JOB BY TEENAGE KIX. I'M TALKING ABOUT WHO'S BEHIND WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM.
BECAUSE FROM WHERE I'M SITTING, IT'S GOT **HIS** NAME WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.
...NO.
THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER AND DONE WITH...
NO, NO, I MEAN AFTER THE MALLORY THING THERE'S NO WAY--
YOU THOUGHT HE WAS JUST GOING TO QUIT, DID YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I'M SORRY, I'M OUT OF THE LOOP HERE. WAS THIS BEFORE MY TIME?
EXCUSE ME...?
EXCUSE ME, EVERYONE?

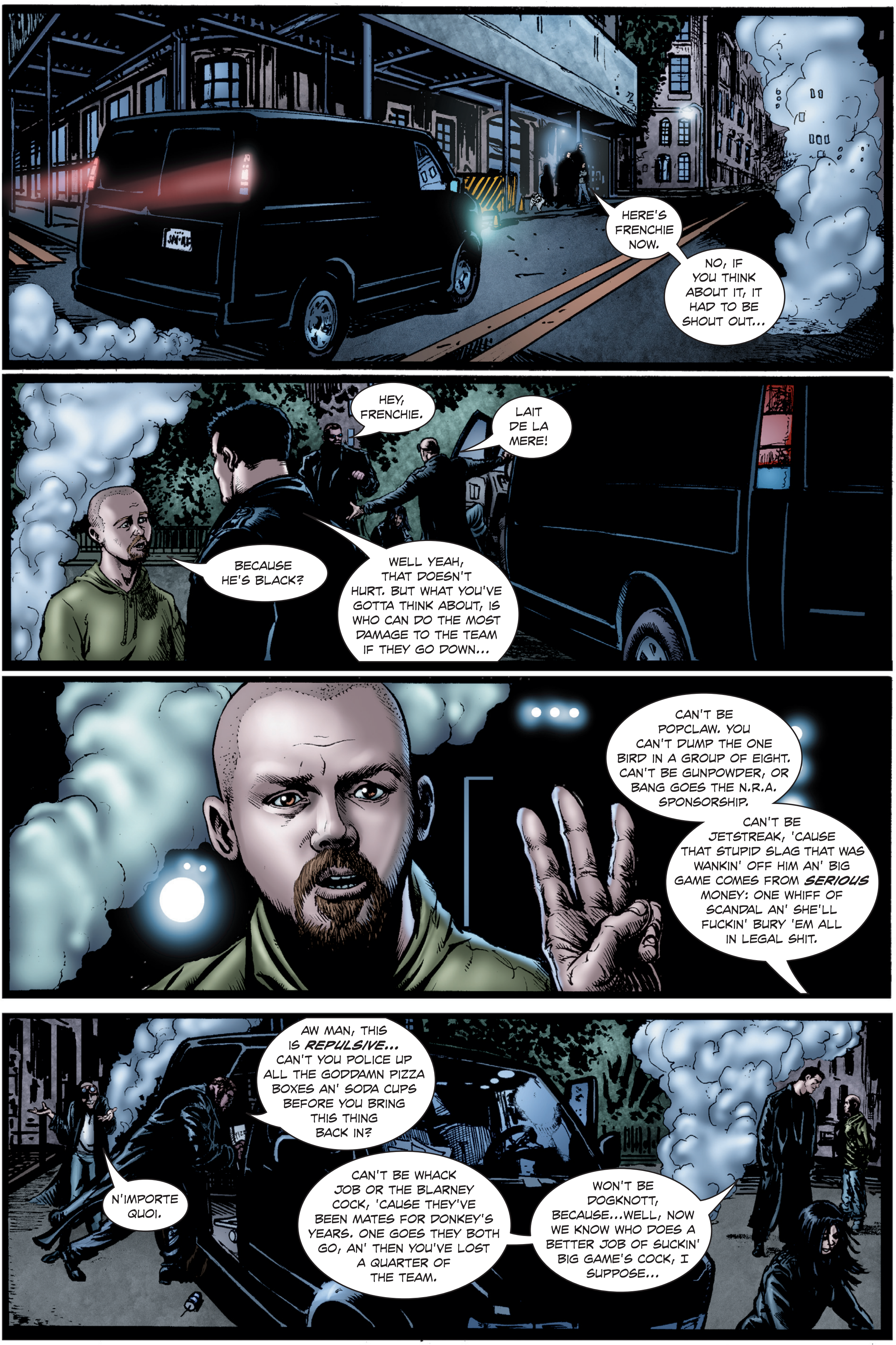

UM...
ALL I WANTED TO SAY WAS, WELL, SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO SHOW OUR SUPPORT FOR SHOUT OUT? I MEAN YOU KNOW, JUST TO LET HIM AND THE REST OF TEENAGE KIX KNOW WE'RE THINKING OF THEM?
I THOUGHT, UH...MAYBE IF WE BEGAN WITH A PRAYER, AND WE INVITED THEM...TO...
OH YES, STARLIGHT. THAT REMINDS ME.
MEMO FROM VOUGHT AMERICAN. NEW COSTUME CONCEPT FOR YOU, THEY WANT SOMETHING A BIT MORE PHOTO-GENIC.
MORE OR LESS--
LIKE THIS.
GET THE IDEA?
THIS IS WHO WE THINK IT IS. HE'S NOT GOING TO GO AWAY, HE'S NOT GOING TO GIVE UP. SHOUT OUT WAS JUST HIS WAY OF REMINDING US OF THAT.
SO FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS, BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO BE A BITCH OF A RIDE.
BUT--
BUT WHO IS IT?

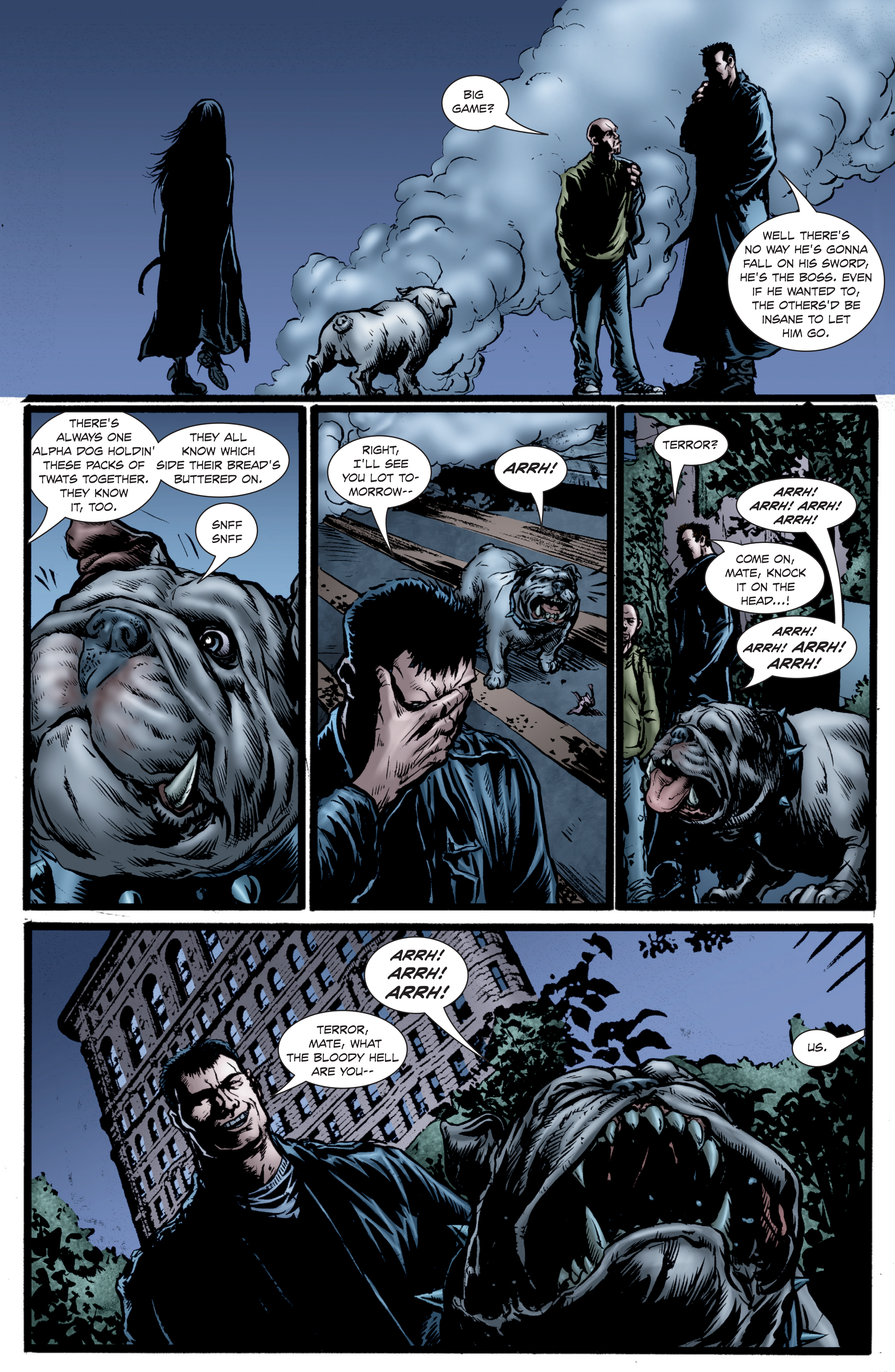

LOOK... IT HAD TO BE *SOME-ONE*...
BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
FUCK OFF.

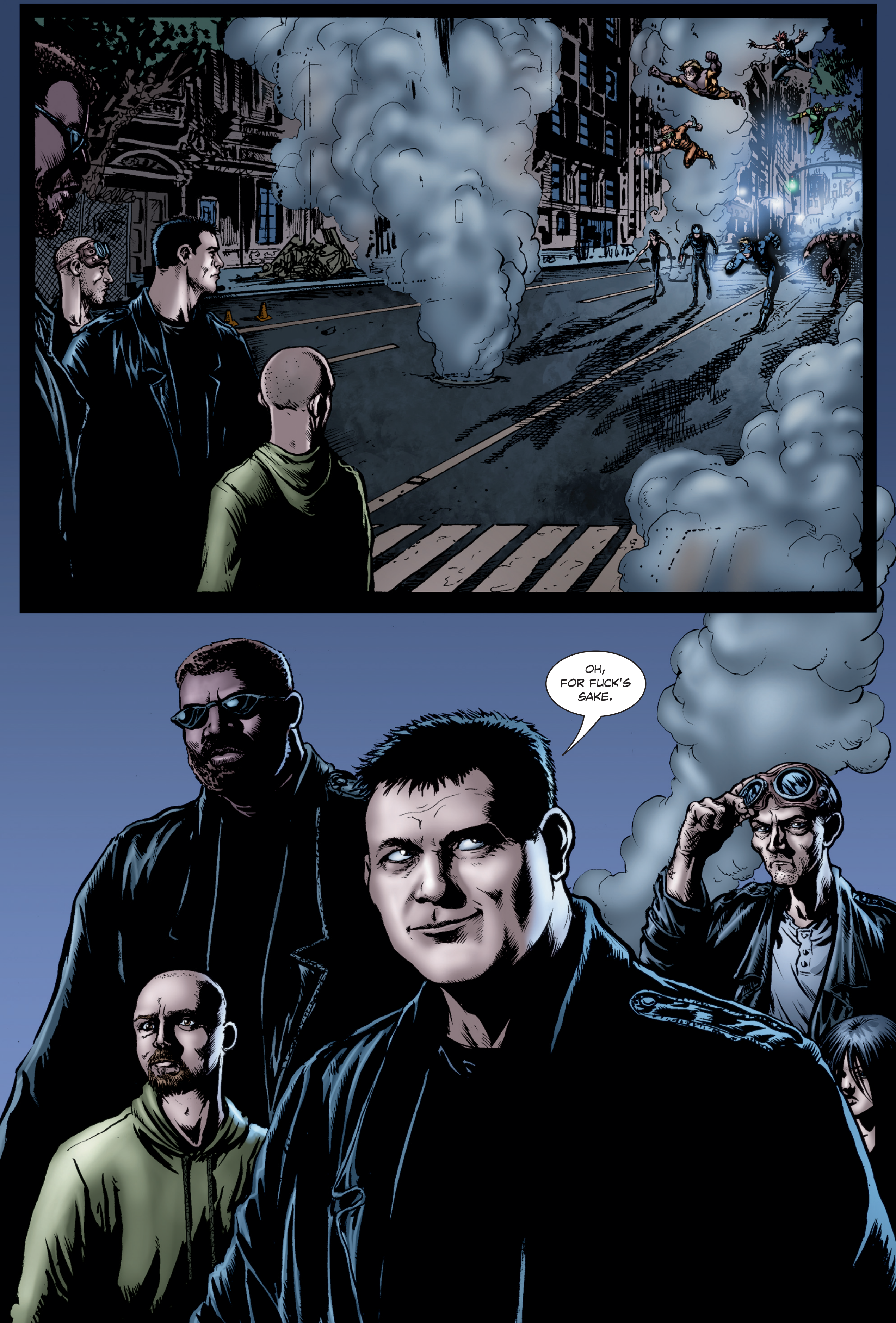

SHOUT OUT--
FUCK. *OFF.*
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
MY MOM WAS WATCHING THAT SHIT. MY SISTER *AND* HER HUSBAND. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO THROUGH BECAUSE OF THIS?
YEH DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT BLACKS AN' QUEERS DON'T GET ON, DO YEH?
BLARNEY
BLARNEY COCK, ONE MORE FUCKING WORD OUT OF--
OKAY, OKAY... *EASY...*

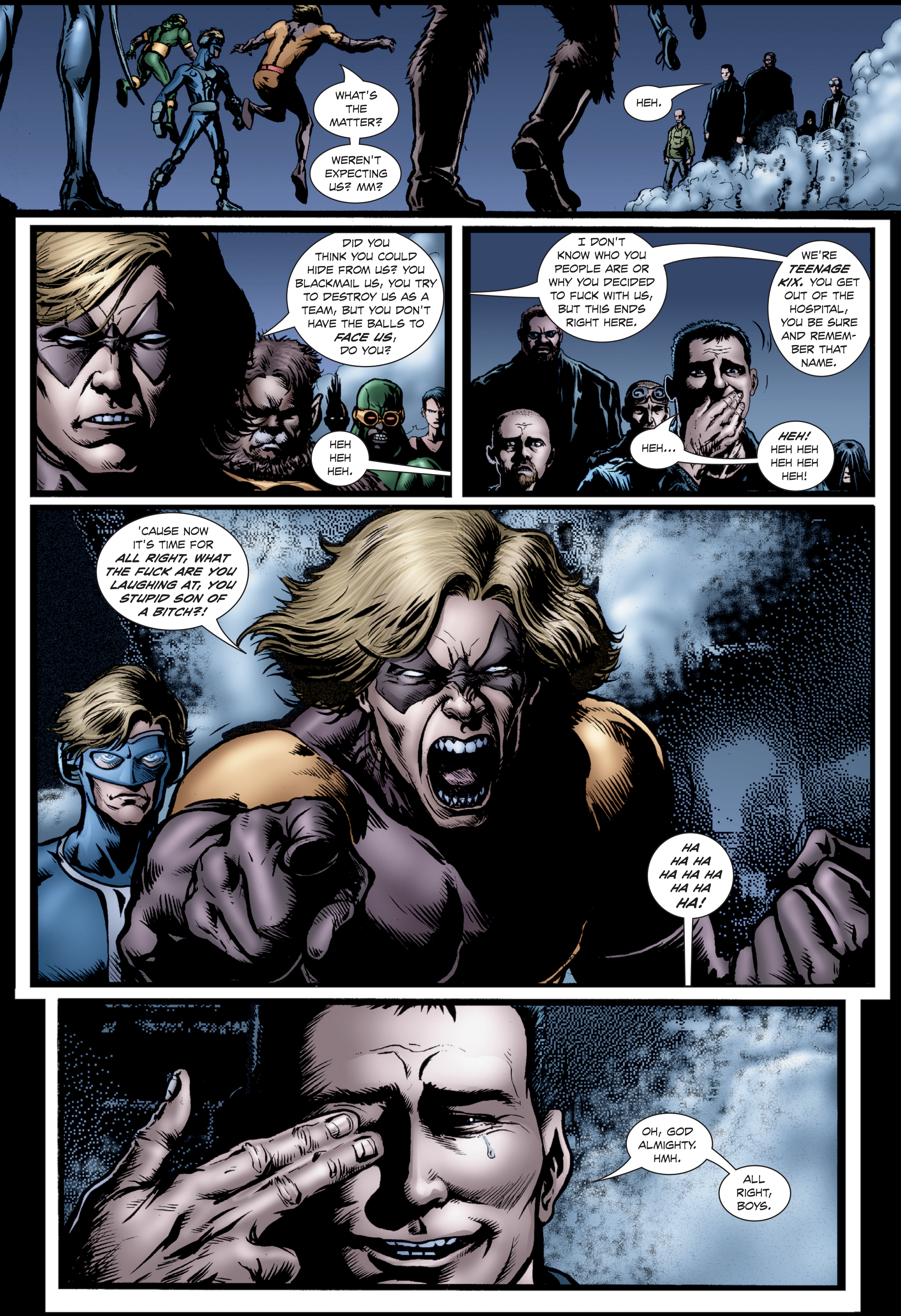

IT'S ONLY GOING TO BE FOR A FEW MONTHS. YOU CAN COME BACK. YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF THINKING, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW, YOU'RE READY TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD'S PREMIER TEEN SUPER-TEAM AGAIN--YADDA YADDA YADDA.
YEAH, I FUCKING GET IT, OKAY?
UM... DID ANY-ONE ELSE SEE THIS?
SEE WHAT?
THIS E-MAIL, THIS NEW E-MAIL RIGHT HERE...
WHO'S IT FROM?
LIVE FEED
I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE ADDRESS, BUT IT--

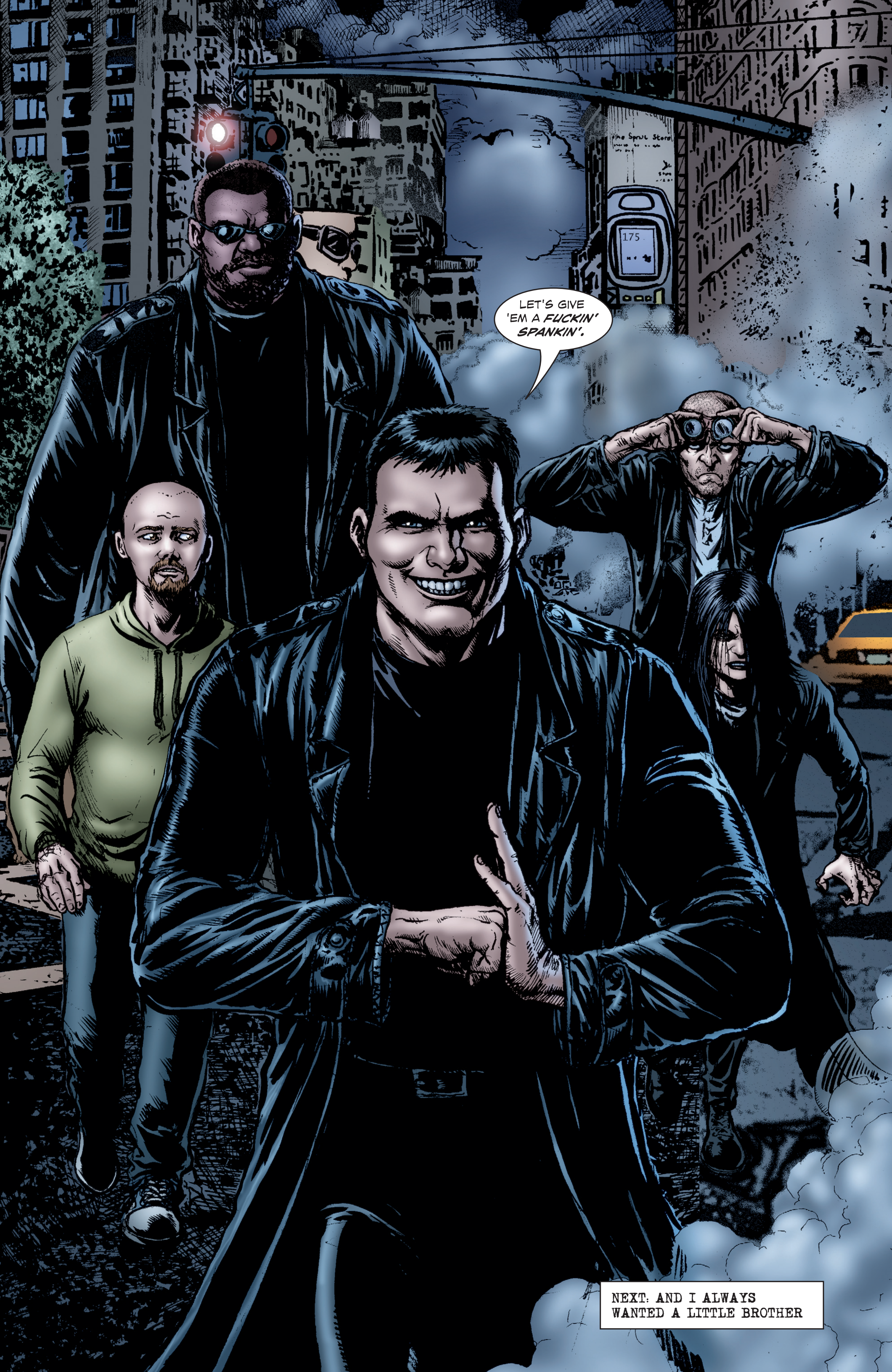

IT SAYS THEY KNOW WHO DID THIS TO US.


HERE'S FRENCHIE NOW.
NO, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, IT HAD TO BE SHOUT OUT...
HEY, FRENCHIE.
LAIT DE LA MERE!
BECAUSE HE'S BLACK?
WELL YEAH, THAT DOESN'T HURT. BUT WHAT YOU'VE GOTTA THINK ABOUT, IS WHO CAN DO THE MOST DAMAGE TO THE TEAM IF THEY GO DOWN...
CAN'T BE POPCLAW. YOU CAN'T DUMP THE ONE BIRD IN A GROUP OF EIGHT. CAN'T BE GUNPOWDER, OR BANG GOES THE N.R.A. SPONSORSHIP.
CAN'T BE JETSTREAK, 'CAUSE THAT STUPID SLAG THAT WAS WANKIN' OFF HIM AN' BIG GAME COMES FROM ***SERIOUS*** MONEY: ONE WHIFF OF SCANDAL AN' SHE'LL FUCKIN' BURY 'EM ALL IN LEGAL SHIT.
AW MAN, THIS IS ***REPULSIVE...*** CAN'T YOU POLICE UP ALL THE GODDAMN PIZZA BOXES AN' SODA CUPS BEFORE YOU BRING THIS THING BACK IN?
N'IMPORTE QUOI.
CAN'T BE WHACK JOB OR THE BLARNEY COCK, 'CAUSE THEY'VE BEEN MATES FOR DONKEY'S YEARS. ONE GOES THEY BOTH GO, AN' THEN YOU'VE LOST A QUARTER OF THE TEAM.
WON'T BE DOGKNOTT, BECAUSE...WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHO DOES A BETTER JOB OF SUCKIN' BIG GAME'S COCK, I SUPPOSE...


BIG GAME?
WELL THERE'S NO WAY HE'S GONNA FALL ON HIS SWORD, HE'S THE BOSS. EVEN IF HE WANTED TO, THE OTHERS'D BE INSANE TO LET HIM GO.
THERE'S ALWAYS ONE ALPHA DOG HOLDIN' THESE PACKS OF TWATS TOGETHER. THEY KNOW IT, TOO.
THEY ALL KNOW WHICH SIDE THEIR BREAD'S BUTTERED ON.
SNFF SNFF
RIGHT, I'LL SEE YOU LOT TOMORROW--
ARRH!
TERROR?
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
COME ON, MATE, KNOCK IT ON THE HEAD...!
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
TERROR, MATE, WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU--
US.


OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.


WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WEREN'T EXPECTING US? MM?
HEH.
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD HIDE FROM US? YOU BLACKMAIL US, YOU TRY TO DESTROY US AS A TEAM, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO *FACE US*, DO YOU?
HEH HEH HEH.
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU PEOPLE ARE OR WHY YOU DECIDED TO FUCK WITH US, BUT THIS ENDS RIGHT HERE.
WE'RE *TEENAGE KIX.* YOU GET OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, YOU BE SURE AND REMEMBER THAT NAME.
HEH...
HEH! HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!
'CAUSE NOW IT'S TIME FOR *ALL RIGHT, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH?!*
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
OH, GOD ALMIGHTY. HMH.
ALL RIGHT, BOYS.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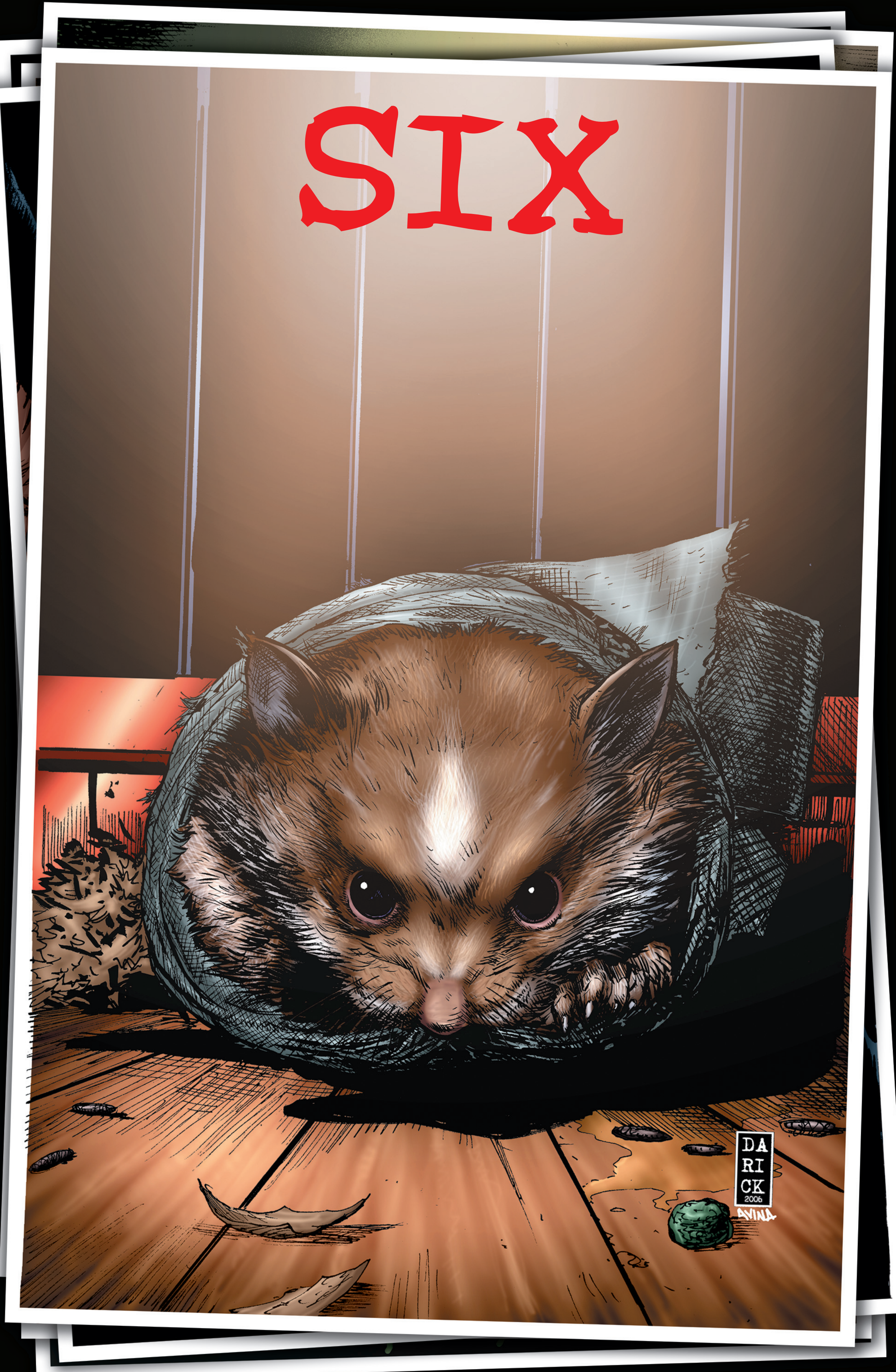
LET'S GIVE 'EM A *FUCKIN' SPANKIN'.*
NEXT: AND I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER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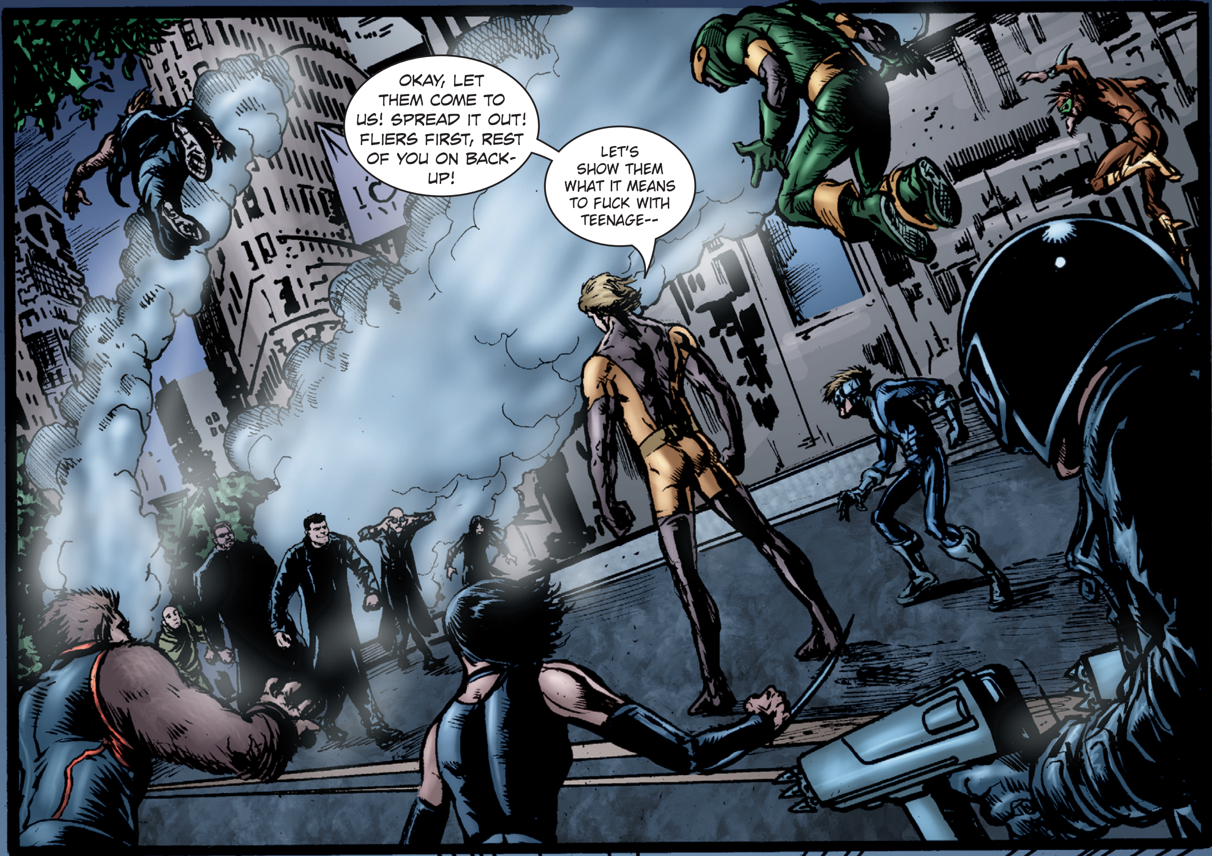
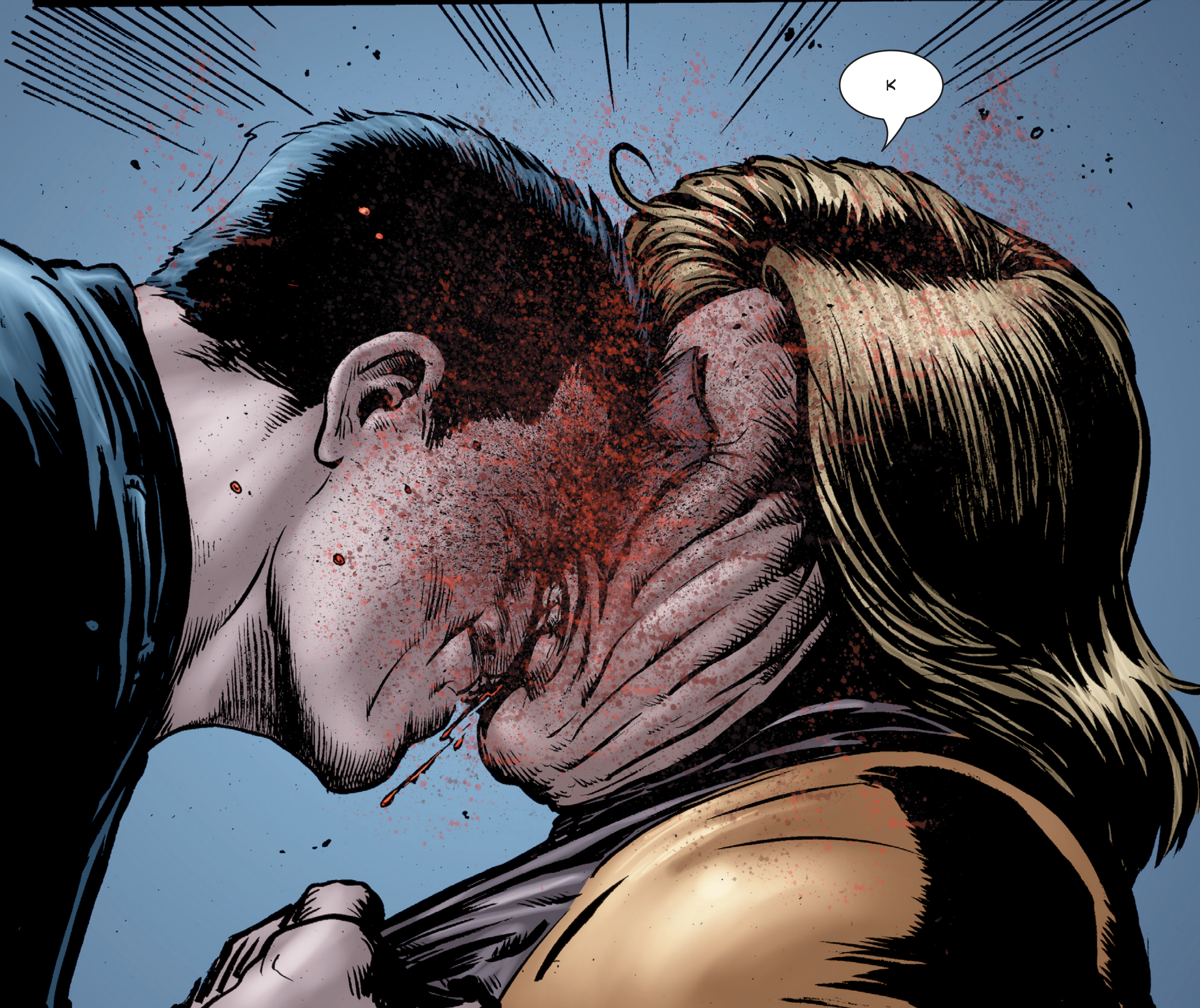

OKAY, LET THEM COME TO US! SPREAD IT OUT! FLIERS FIRST, REST OF YOU ON BACK-UP!
LET'S SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO FUCK WITH TEENAGE--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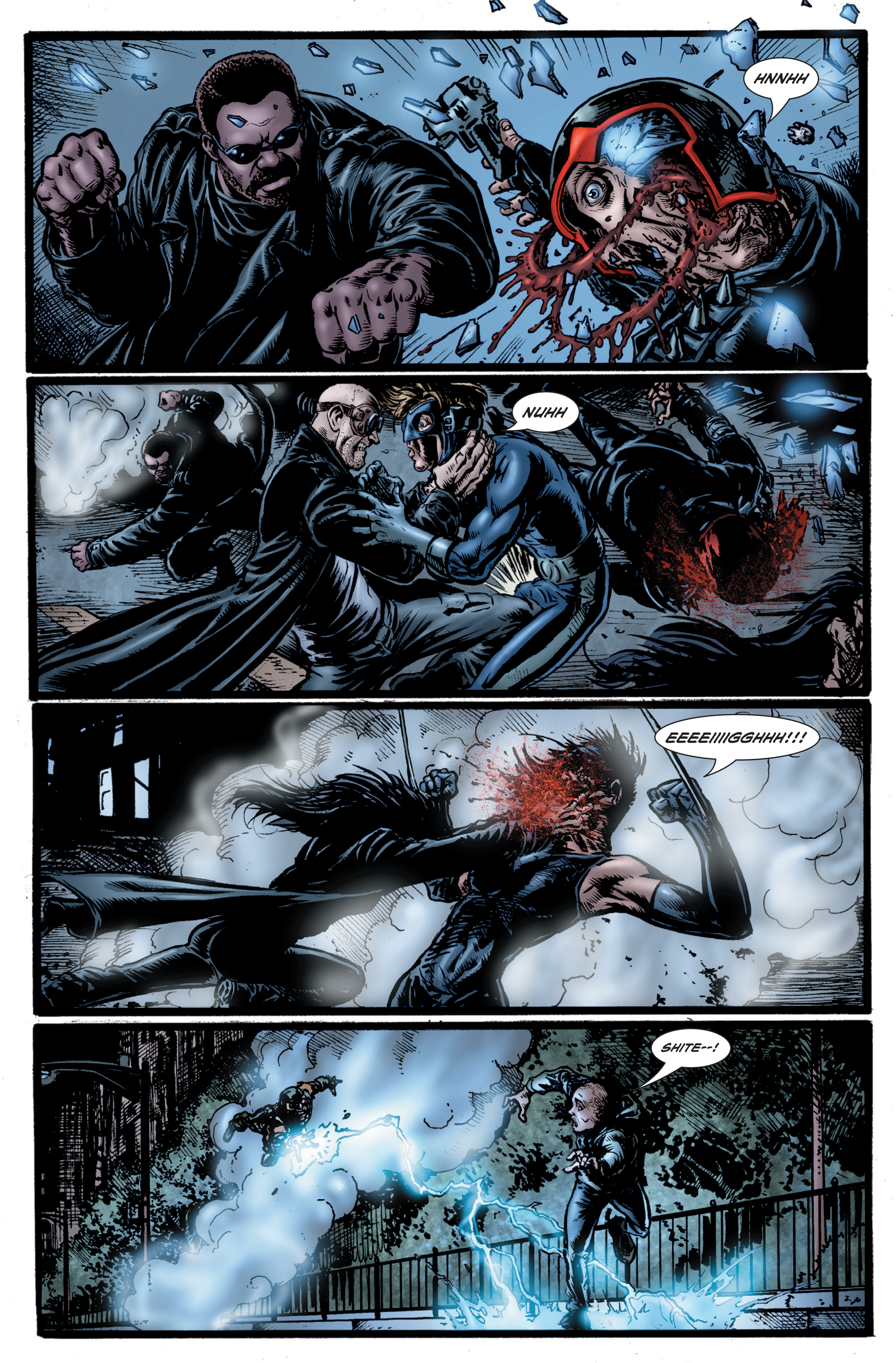
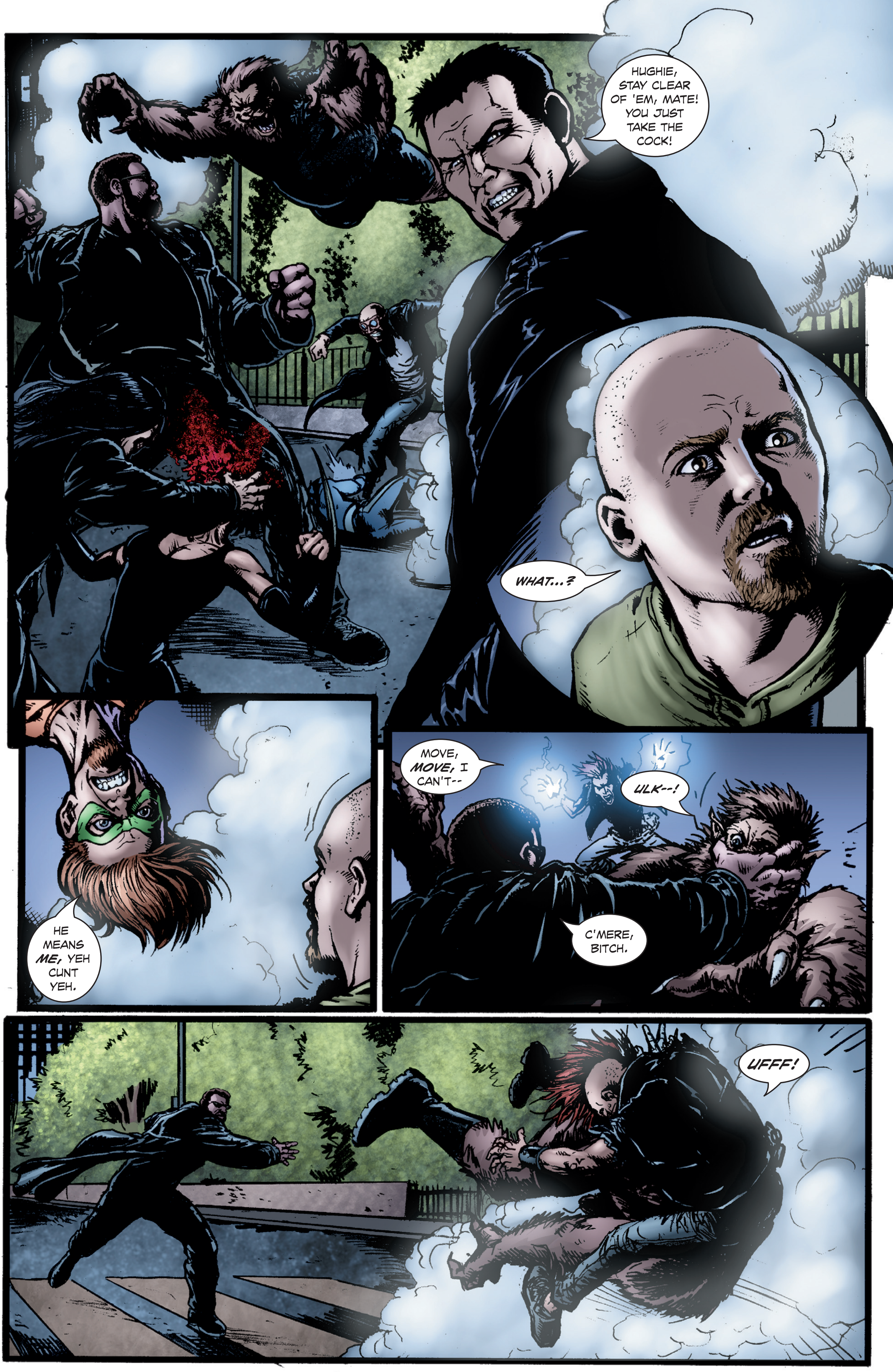
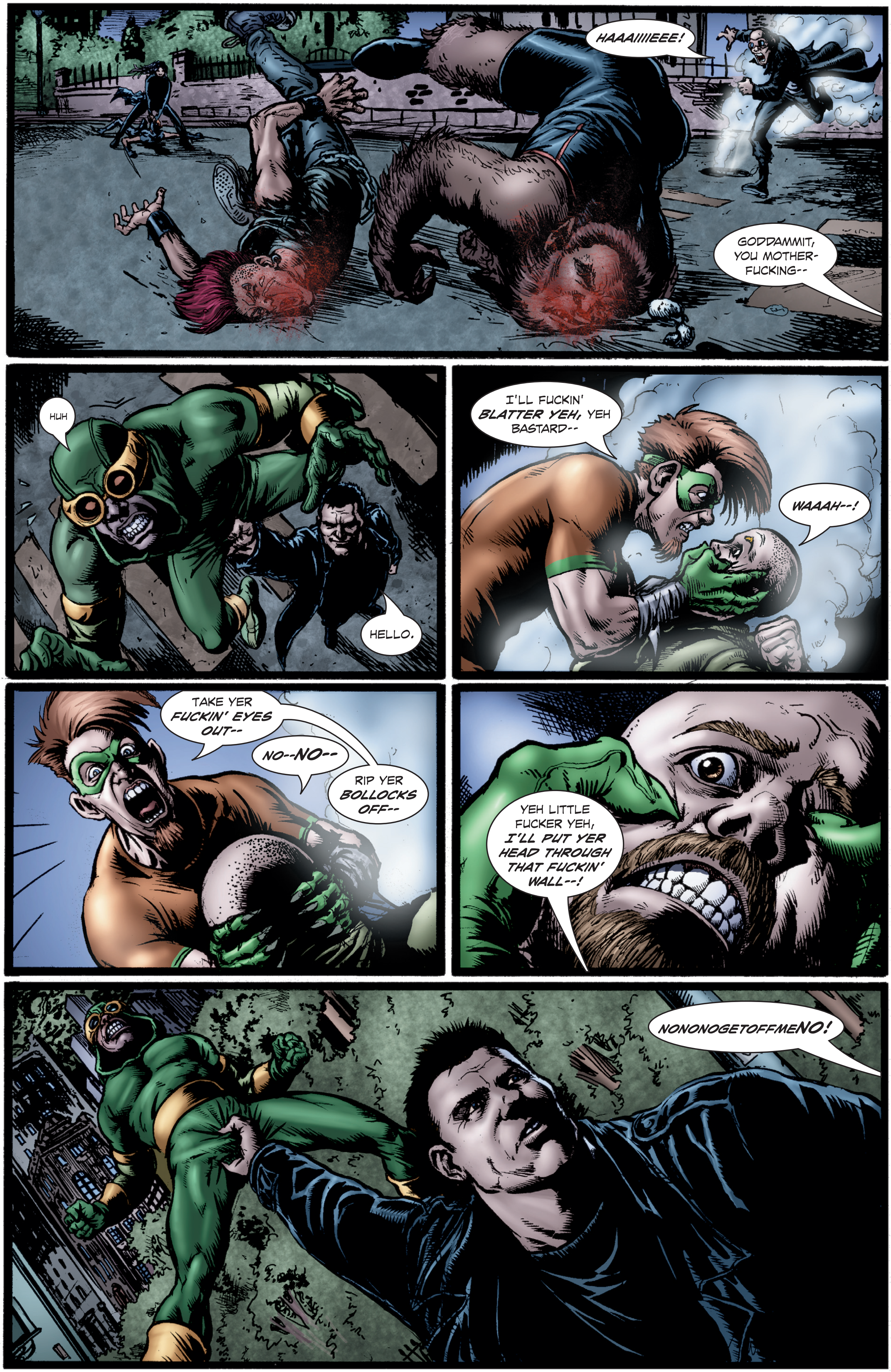
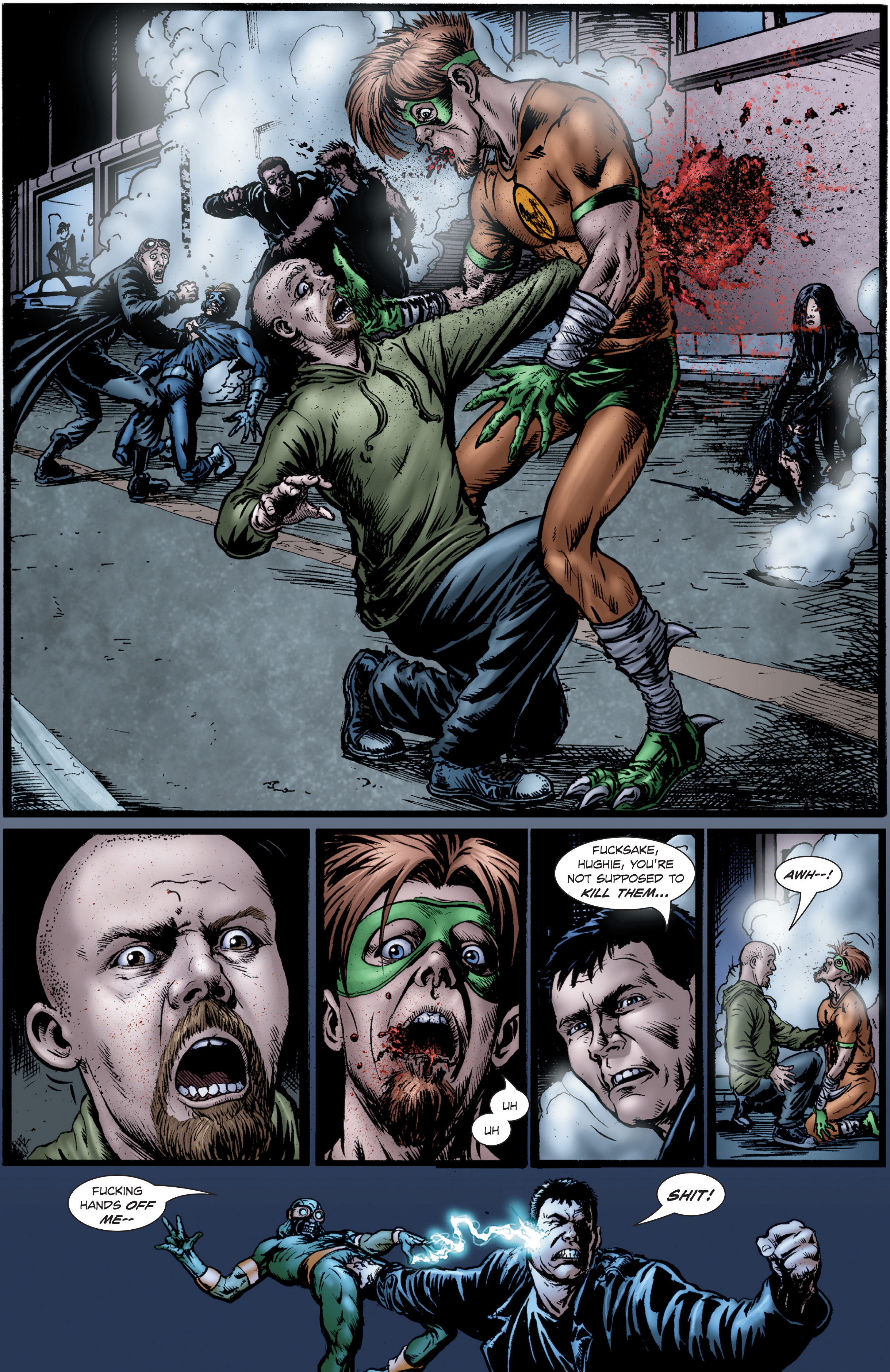
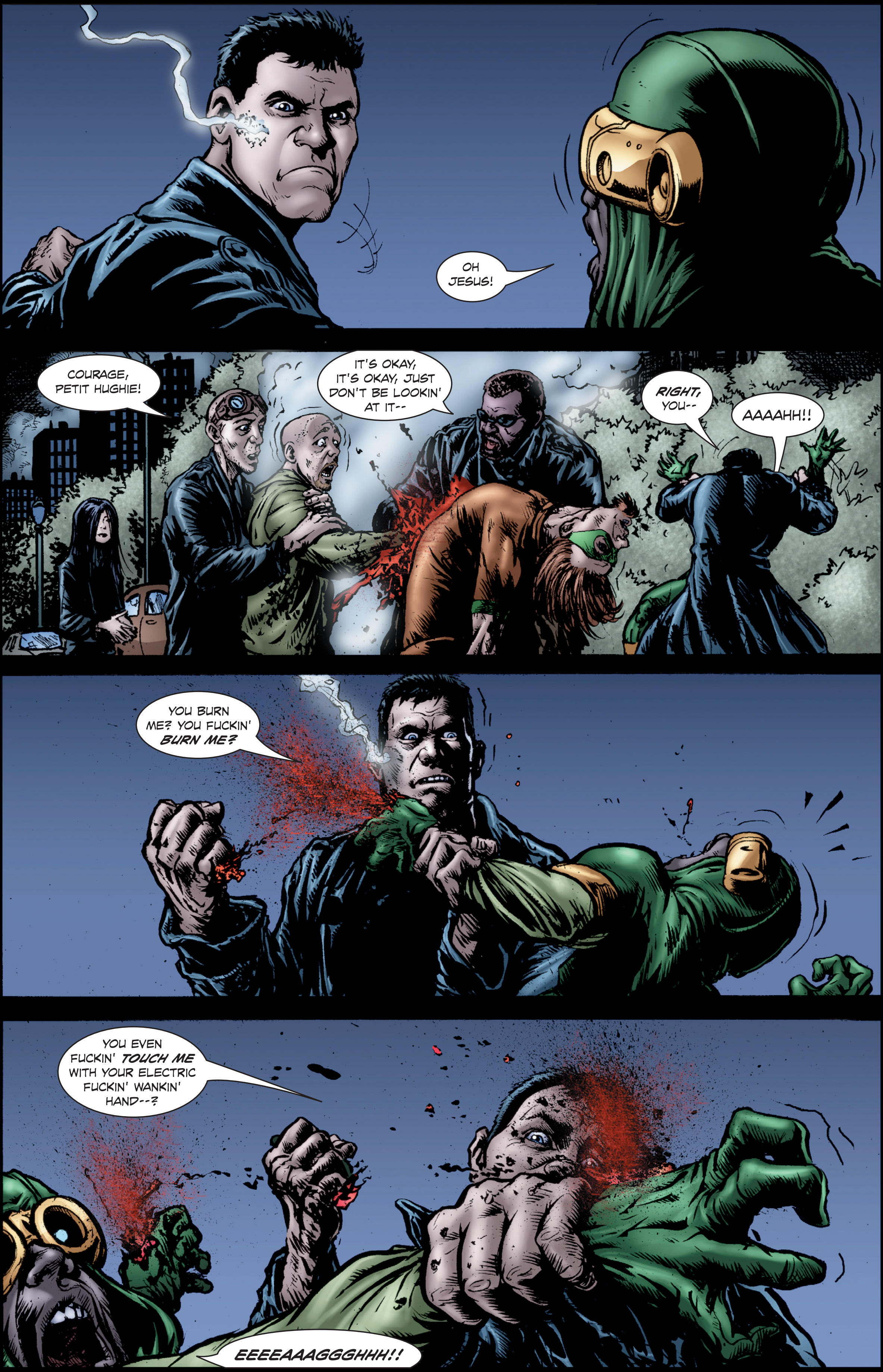
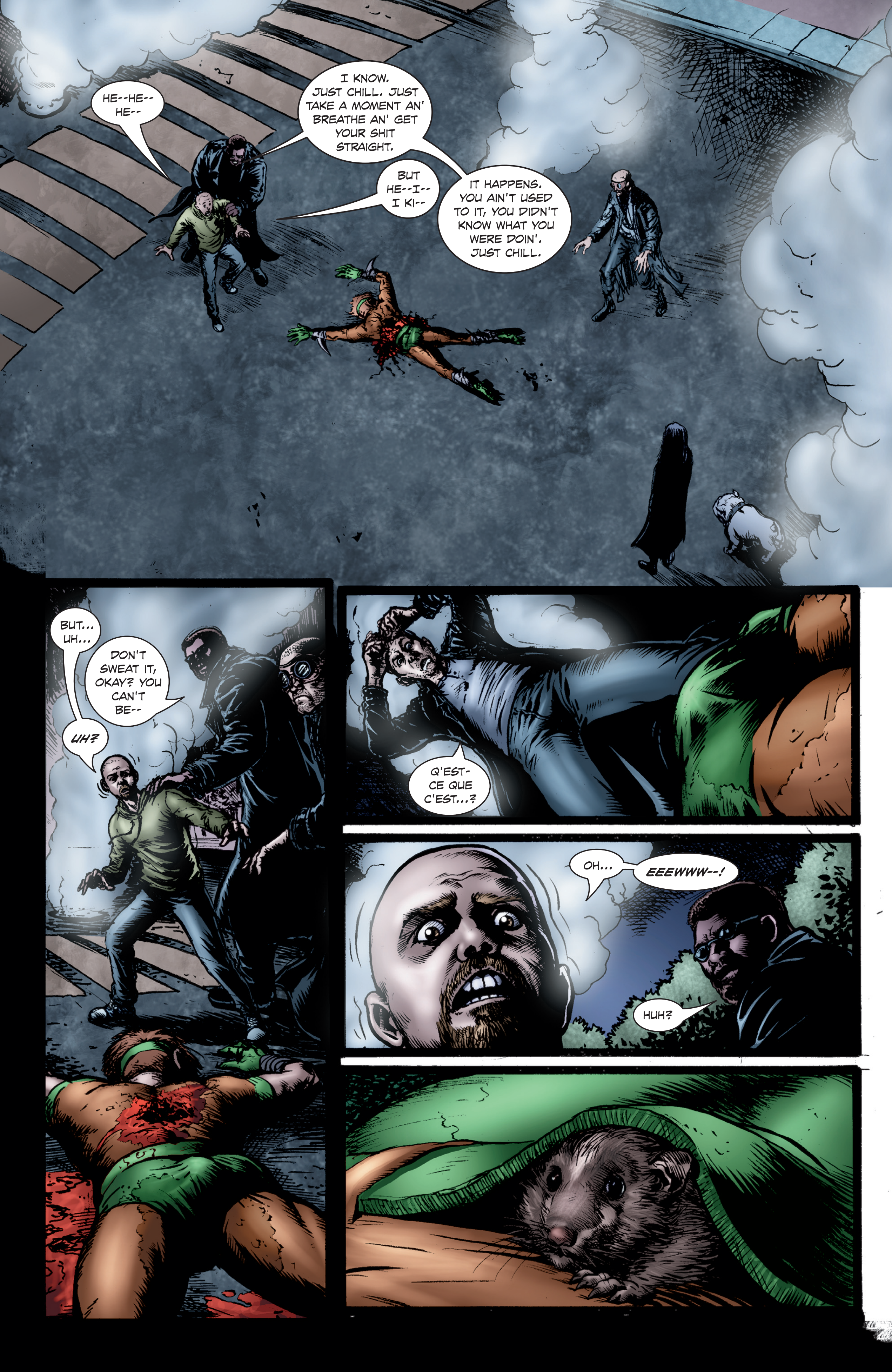

HNNHH
NUHH
EEEEIIIIGGHHH!!!
SHITE--!

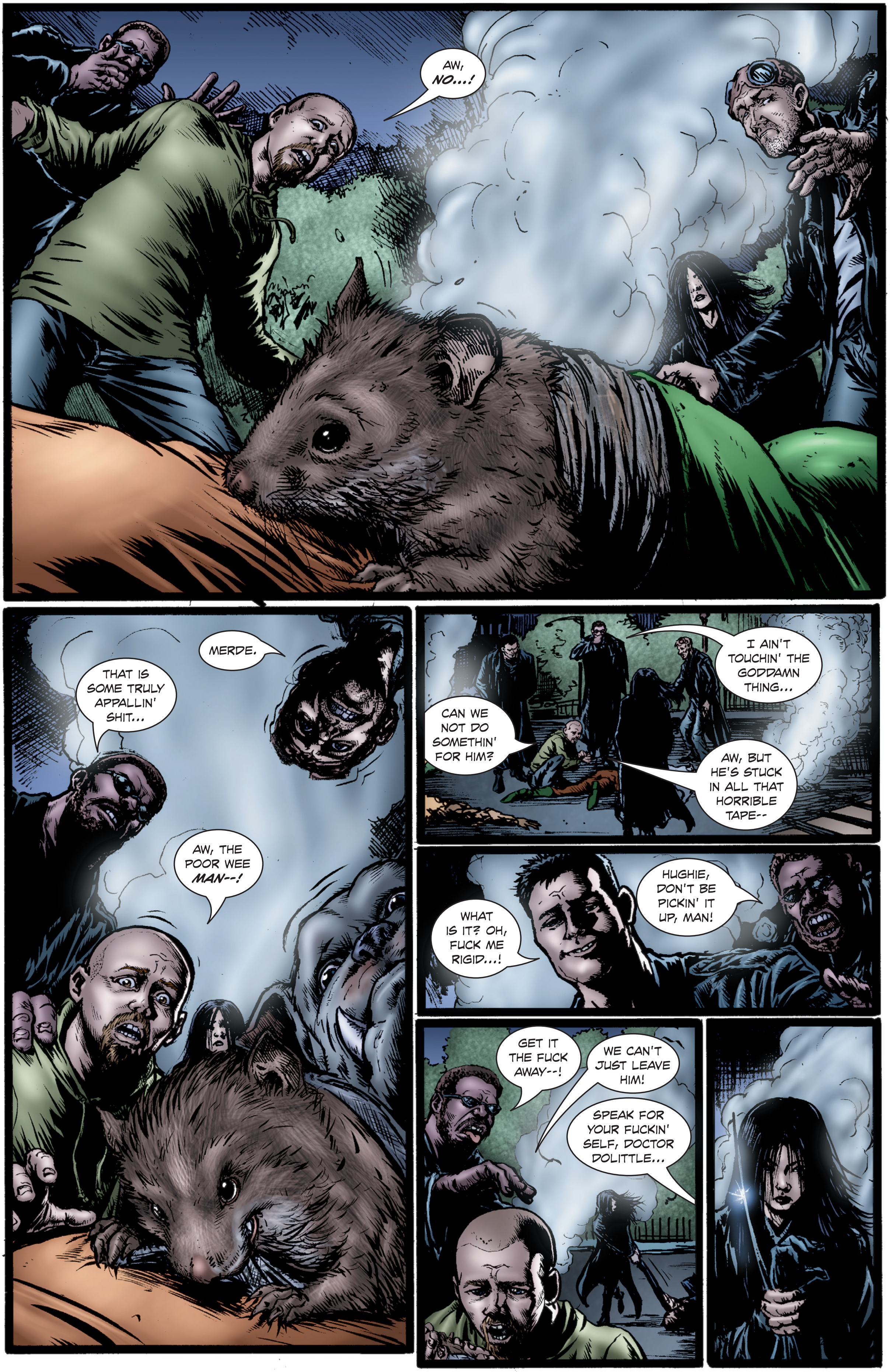

HUGHIE, STAY CLEAR OF 'EM, MATE! YOU JUST TAKE THE COCK!
WHAT...?
HE MEANS ***ME,*** YEH CUNT YEH.
MOVE, ***MOVE,*** I CAN'T--
ULK--!
C'MERE, BITCH.
UFFF!

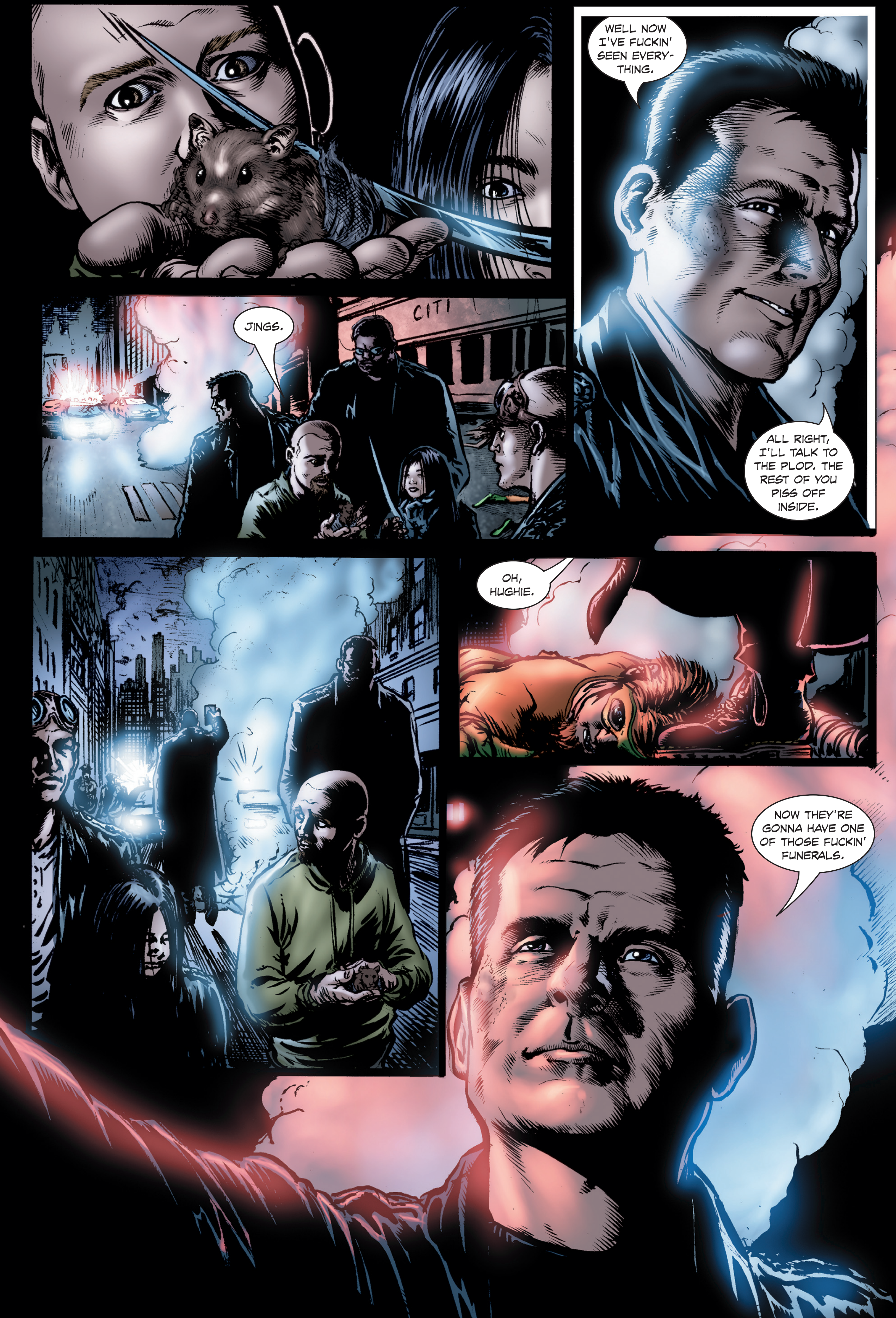

HAAAIIIIEEE!
GODDAMMIT, YOU MOTHER-FUCKING--
HUH
HELLO.
I'LL FUCKIN' *BLATTER YEH,* YEH BASTARD--
WAAAH--!
TAKE YER *FUCKIN' EYES OUT--*
NO--NO--
RIP YER *BOLLOCKS OFF--*
YEH LITTLE FUCKER YEH, *I'LL PUT YER HEAD THROUGH THAT FUCKIN' WALL--!*
NONONOGETOFFMENO!

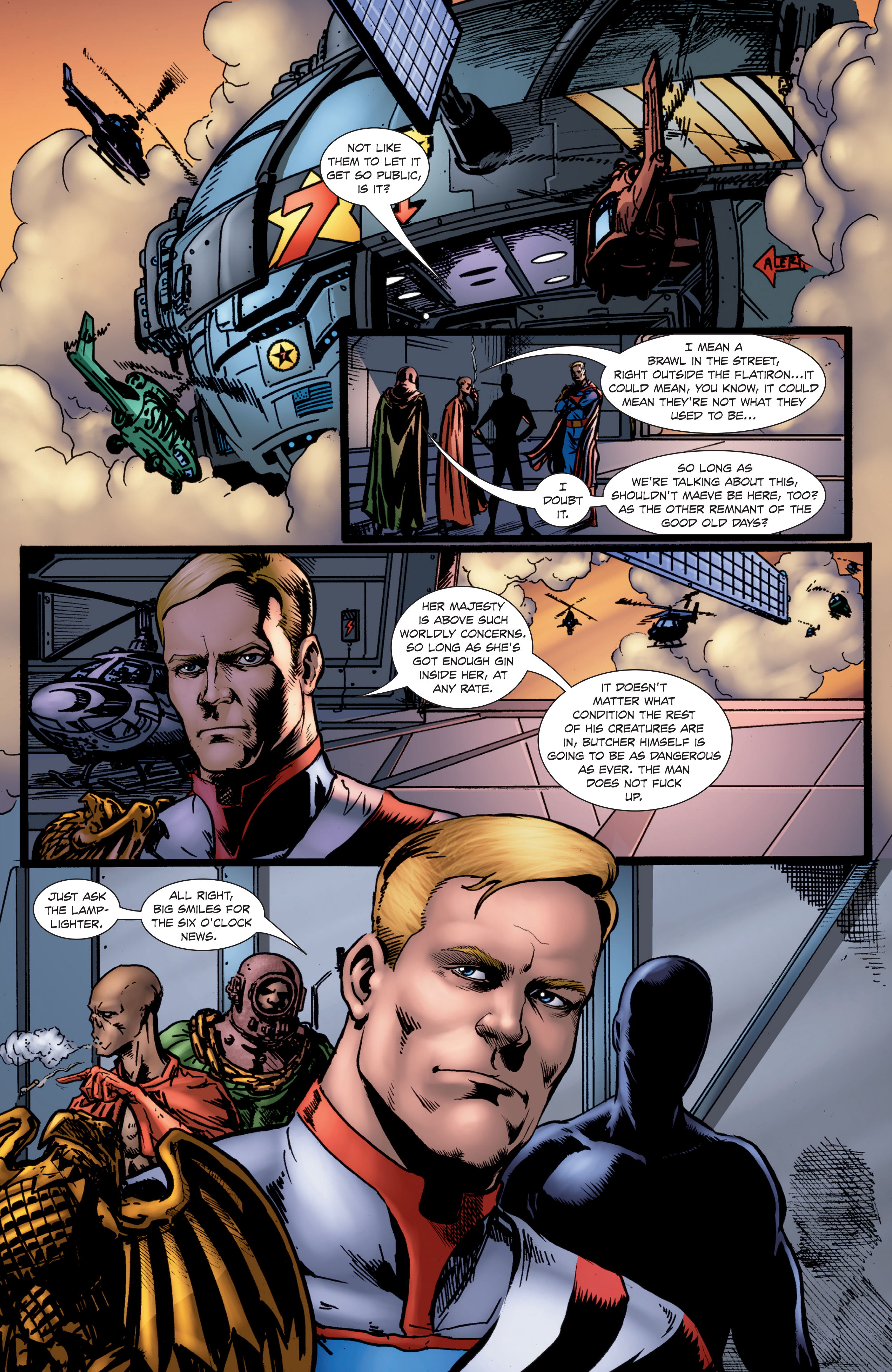

UH
UH
FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *KILL THEM...*
AWH--!
FUCKING HANDS *OFF ME--*
SHIT!

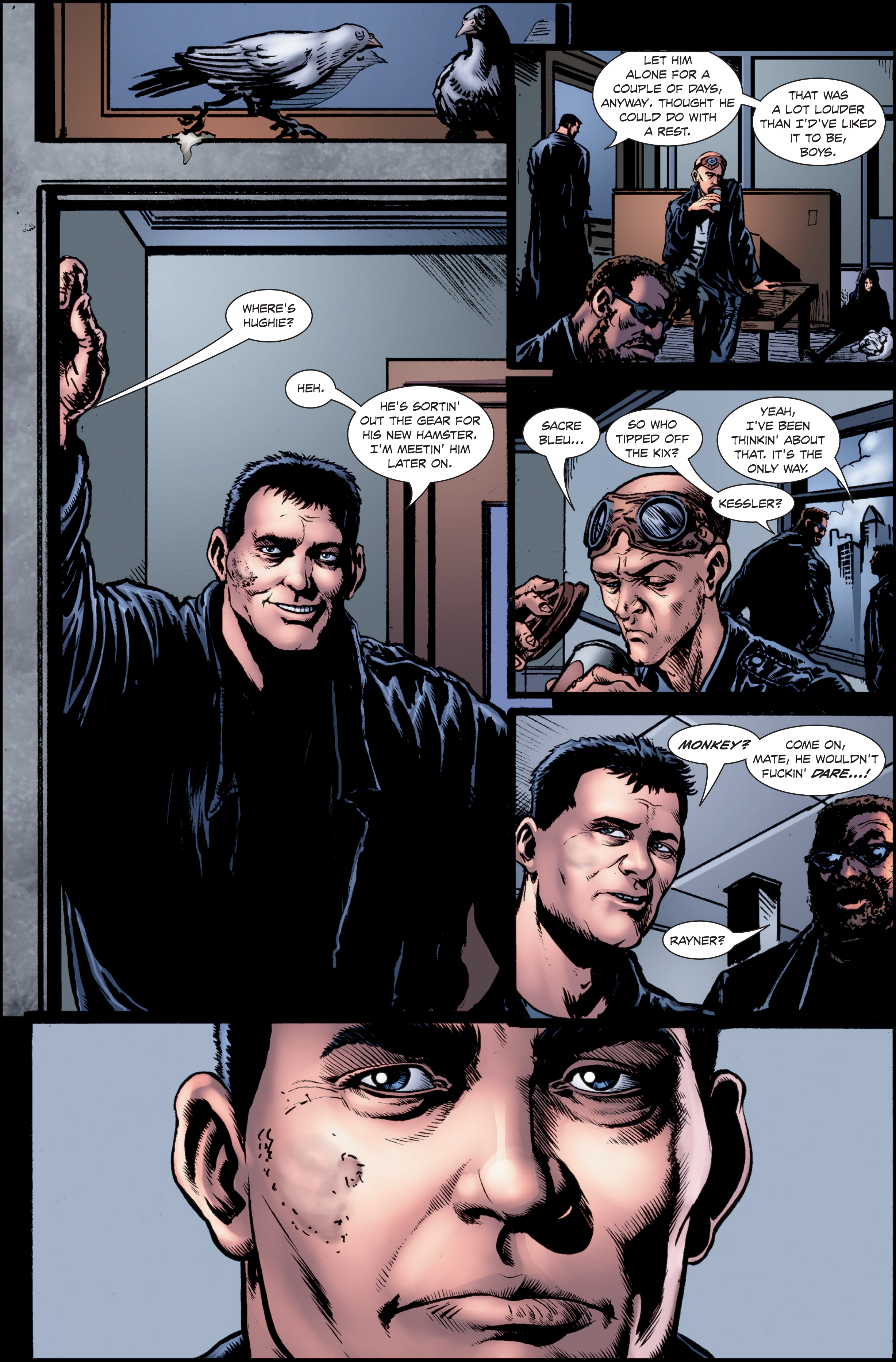

OH JESUS!
COURAGE, PETIT HUGHIE!
IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY; JUST DON'T BE LOOKIN' AT IT--
RIGHT, YOU--
AAAAHH!!
YOU BURN ME? YOU FUCKIN' *BURN ME?*
YOU EVEN FUCKIN' *TOUCH ME* WITH YOUR ELECTRIC FUCKIN' WANKIN' HAND--?
EEEEAAAGGGHHH!!

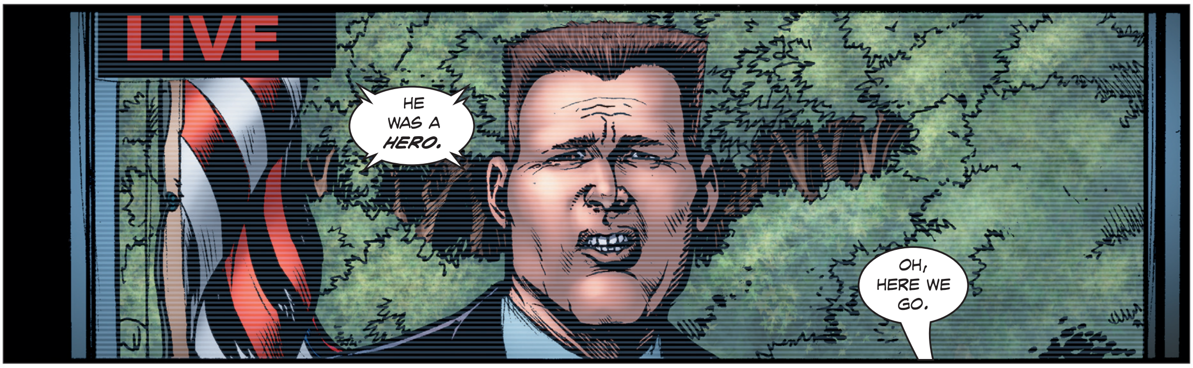

HE--HE-- HE--
I KNOW. JUST CHILL. JUST TAKE A MOMENT AN' BREATHE AN' GET YOUR SHIT STRAIGHT.
BUT HE--I-- I KI--
IT HAPPENS. YOU AIN'T USED TO IT, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOIN'. JUST CHILL.
BUT... UH...
DON'T SWEAT IT, OKAY? YOU CAN'T BE--
UH?
Q'EST-CE QUE C'EST...?
OH...
EEEWWW--!
HUH?

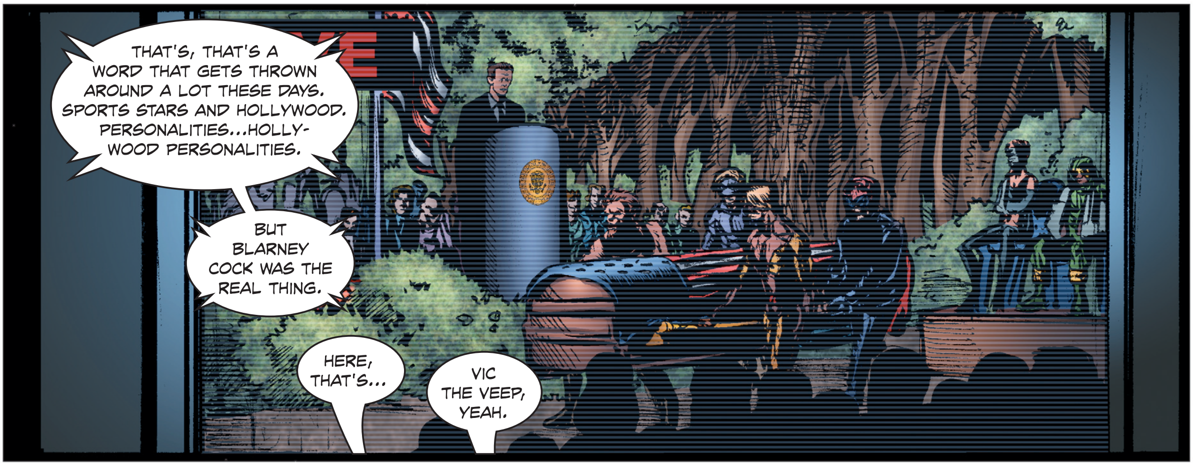

AW, NO...!
MERDE.
THAT IS SOME TRULY APPALLIN' SHIT...
AW, THE POOR WEE MAN--!
I AIN'T TOUCHIN' THE GODDAMN THING...
CAN WE NOT DO SOMETHIN' FOR HIM?
AW, BUT HE'S STUCK IN ALL THAT HORRIBLE TAPE--
WHAT IS IT? OH, FUCK ME RIGID...!
HUGHIE, DON'T BE PICKIN' IT UP, MAN!
GET IT THE FUCK AWAY--!
WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM!
SPEAK FOR YOUR FUCKIN' SELF, DOCTOR DOLITTLE...

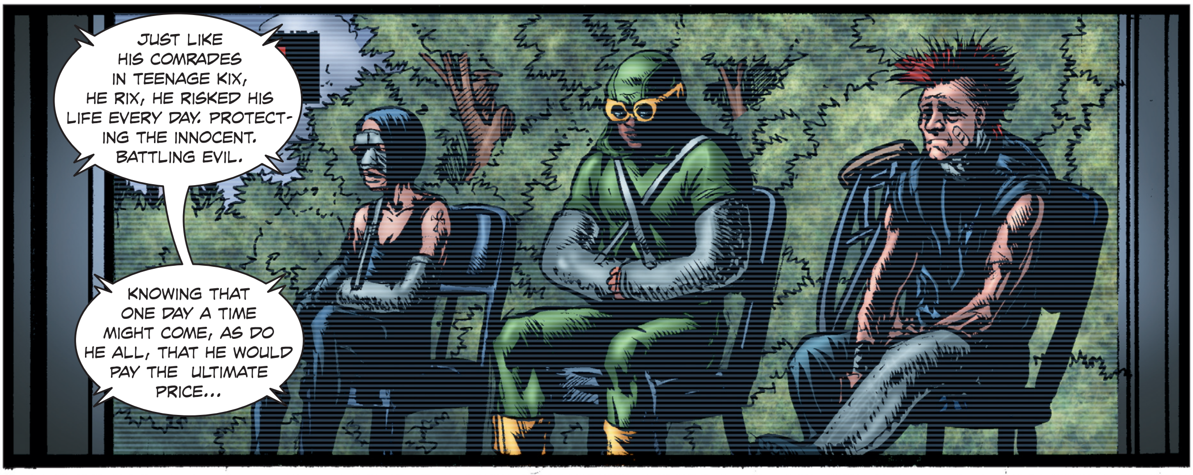

CITI
JINGS.
WELL NOW I'VE FUCKIN' SEEN EVERYTHING.
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK TO THE PLOD. THE REST OF YOU PISS OFF INSIDE.
OH, HUGHIE.
NOW THEY'RE GONNA HAVE ONE OF THOSE FUCKIN' FUNERALS.

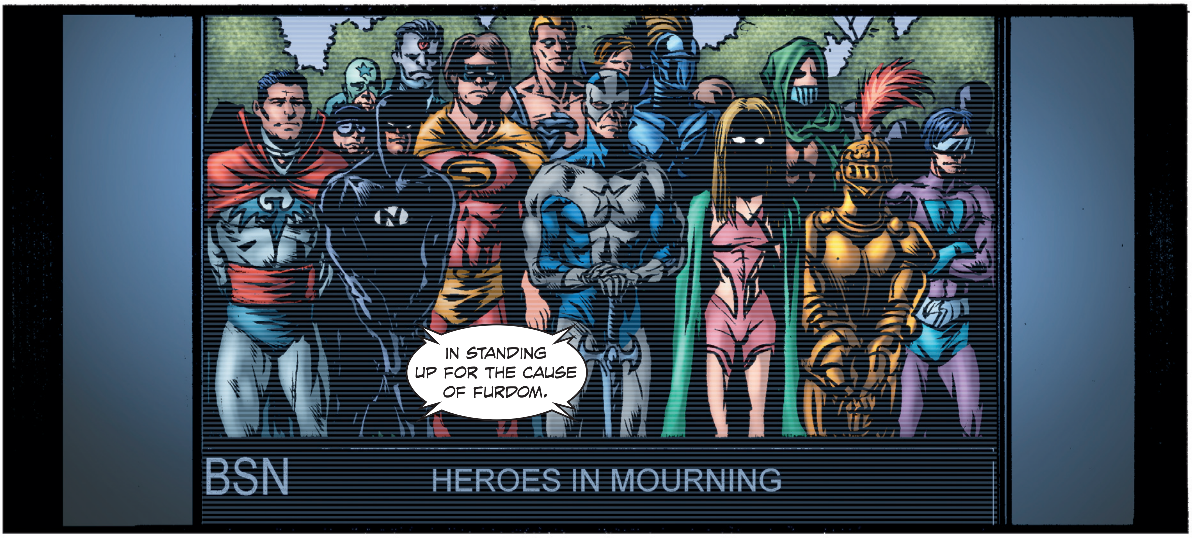

NOT LIKE THEM TO LET IT GET SO PUBLIC, IS IT?
ALERT
I MEAN A BRAWL IN THE STREET, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FLATIRON...IT COULD MEAN, YOU KNOW, IT COULD MEAN THEY'RE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE...
I DOUBT IT.
SO LONG AS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THIS, SHOULDN'T MAEVE BE HERE, TOO? AS THE OTHER REMNANT OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS?
HER MAJESTY IS ABOVE SUCH WORLDLY CONCERNS. SO LONG AS SHE'S GOT ENOUGH GIN INSIDE HER, AT ANY RATE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT CONDITION THE REST OF HIS CREATURES ARE IN, BUTCHER HIMSELF IS GOING TO BE AS DANGEROUS AS EVER. THE MAN DOES NOT FUCK UP.
JUST ASK THE LAMP-LIGHTER.
ALL RIGHT, BIG SMILES FOR THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS.

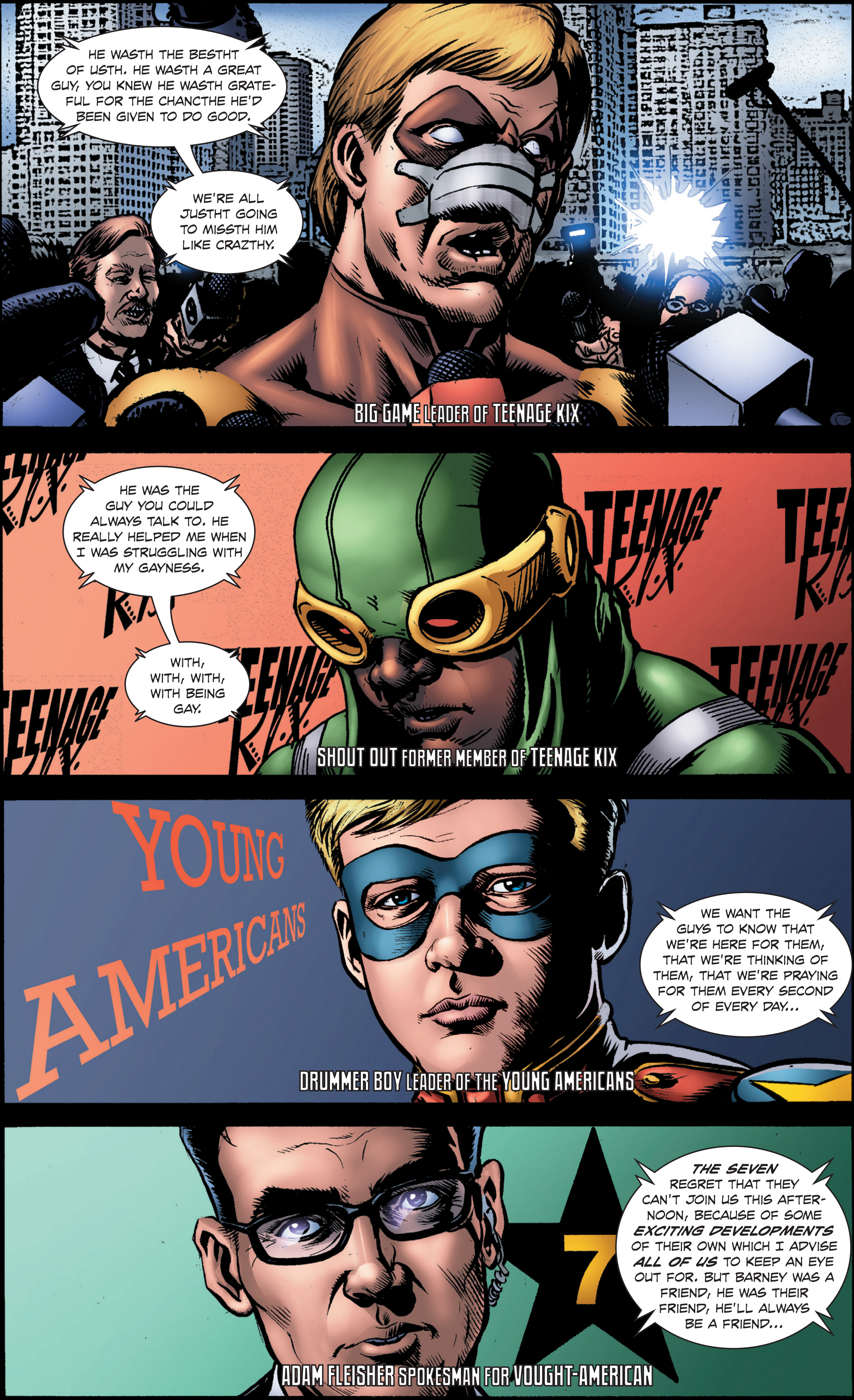

WHERE'S HUGHIE?
HEH.
HE'S SORTIN' OUT THE GEAR FOR HIS NEW HAMSTER. I'M MEETIN' HIM LATER ON.
LET HIM ALONE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, ANYWAY. THOUGHT HE COULD DO WITH A REST.
THAT WAS A LOT LOUDER THAN I'D'VE LIKED IT TO BE, BOYS.
SACRE BLEU...
SO WHO TIPPED OFF THE KIX?
KESSLER?
YEAH, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THAT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.
MONKEY?
COME ON, MATE, HE WOULDN'T FUCKIN' *DARE...!*
RAYNER?

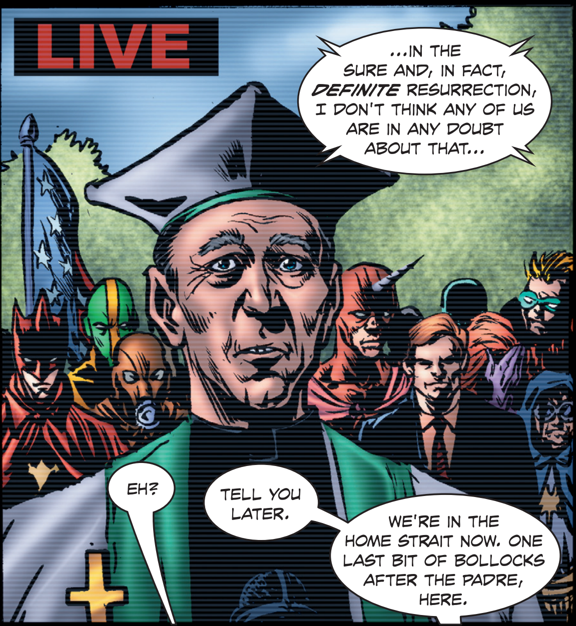

LIVE
HE WAS A *HERO.*
OH, HERE WE GO.

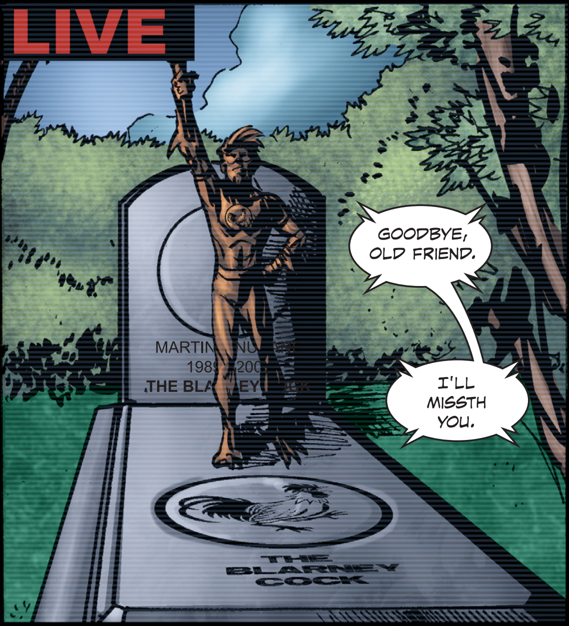

THAT'S, THAT'S A WORD THAT GETS THROWN AROUND A LOT THESE DAYS. SPORTS STARS AND HOLLYWOOD. PERSONALITIES...HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITIES.
BUT BLARNEY COCK WAS THE REAL THING.
HERE, THAT'S...
VIC THE VEEP, YEAH.

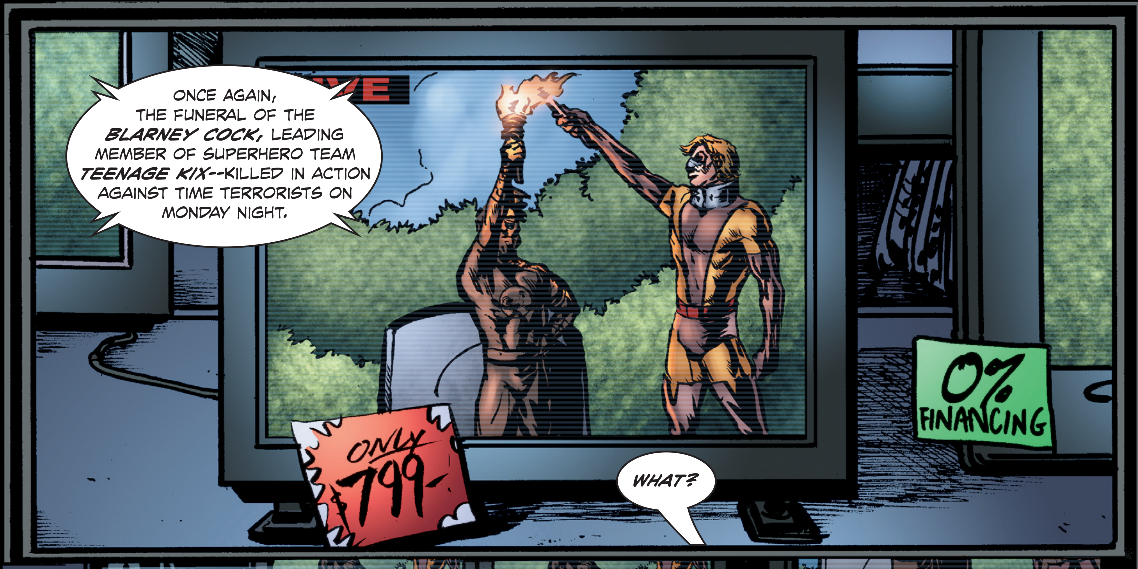

JUST LIKE HIS COMRADES IN TEENAGE KIX, HE RIX, HE RISKED HIS LIFE EVERY DAY. PROTECTING THE INNOCENT. BATTLING EVIL.
KNOWING THAT ONE DAY A TIME MIGHT COME, AS DO HE ALL, THAT HE WOULD PAY THE ULTIMATE PRICE...

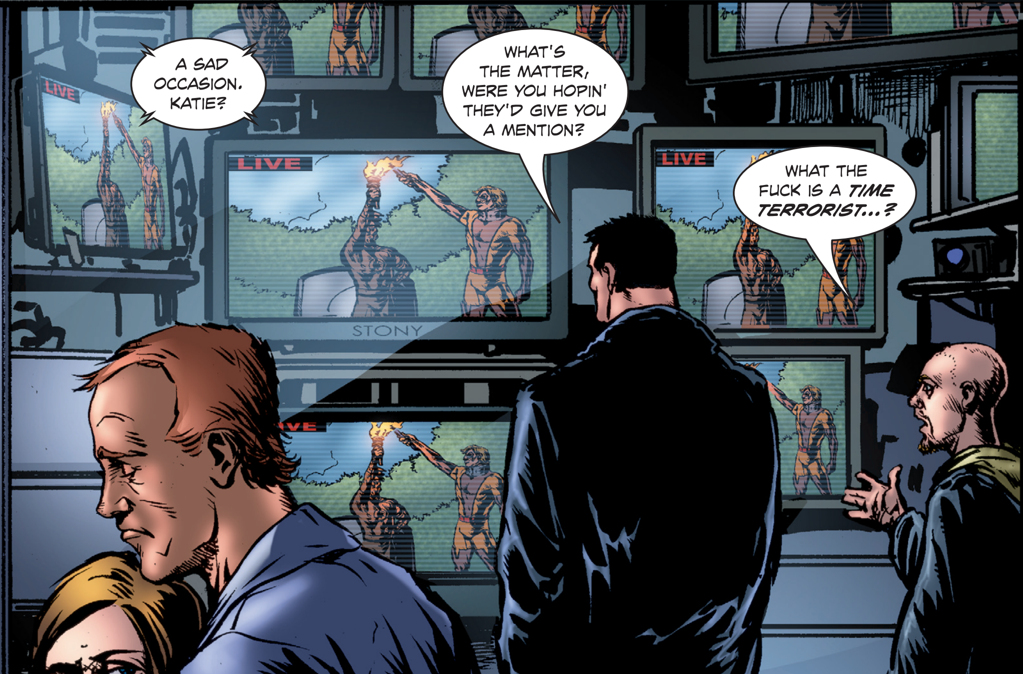

IN STANDING UP FOR THE CAUSE OF FURDOM.
BSN
HEROES IN MOURNING

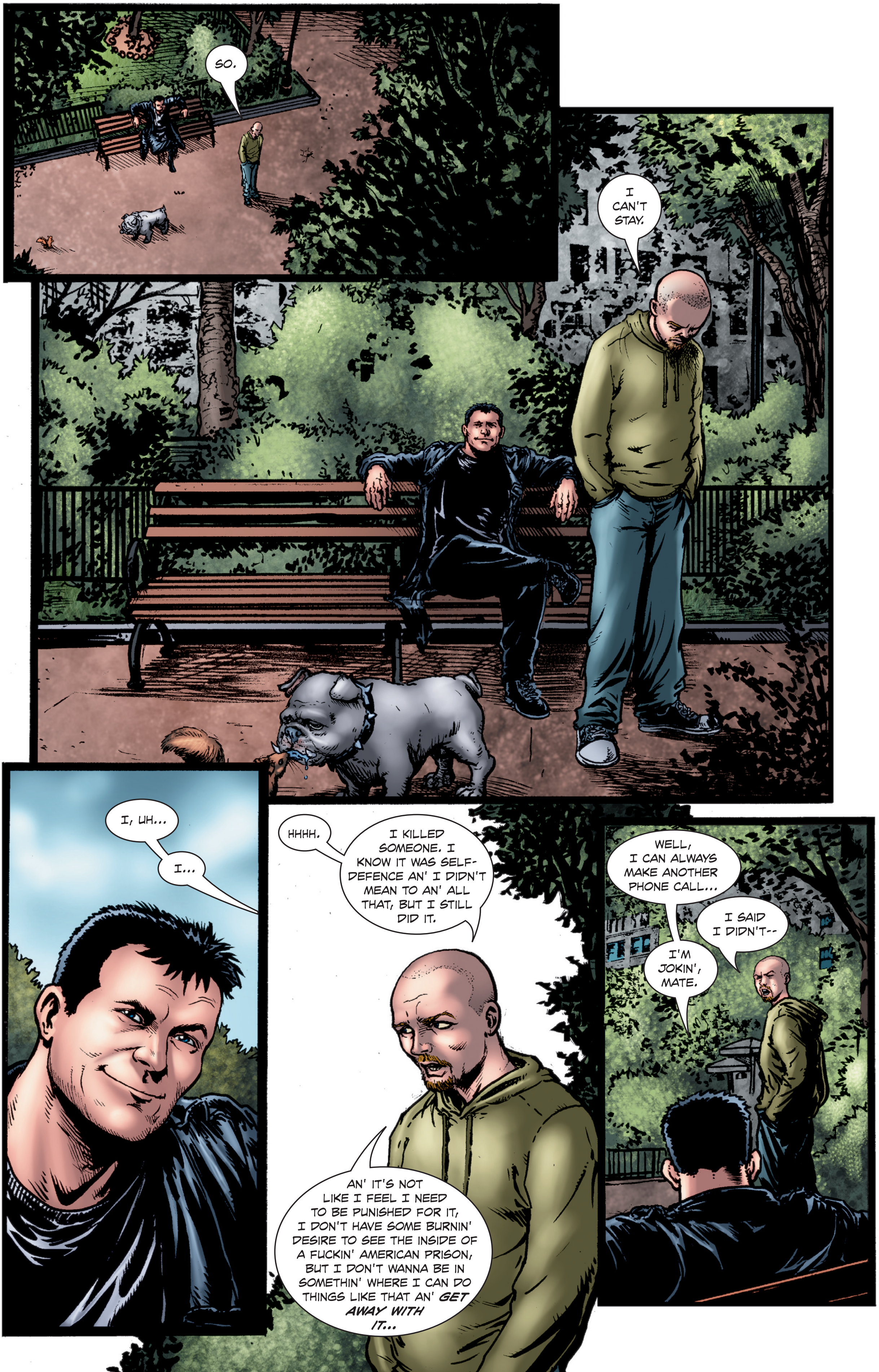

HE WASTH THE BESTHT OF USTH. HE WASTH A GREAT GUY, YOU KNEW HE WASTH GRATEFUL FOR THE CHANCTHE HE'D BEEN GIVEN TO DO GOOD.
WE'RE ALL JUSTHT GOING TO MISSTH HIM LIKE CRAZTHY.
BIG GAME LEADER OF TEENAGE KIX
TEENAGE K.I.X.
HE WAS THE GUY YOU COULD ALWAYS TALK TO. HE REALLY HELPED ME WHEN I WAS STRUGGLING WITH MY GAYNESS.
WITH, WITH, WITH, WITH BEING GAY.
SHOUT OUT FORMER MEMBER OF TEENAGE KIX
YOUNG AMERICANS
WE WANT THE GUYS TO KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE FOR THEM, THAT WE'RE THINKING OF THEM, THAT WE'RE PRAYING FOR THEM EVERY SECOND OF EVERY DAY...
DRUMMER BOY LEADER OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS
7
THE SEVEN REGRET THAT THEY CAN'T JOIN US THIS AFTERNOON, BECAUSE OF SOME *EXCITING DEVELOPMENTS* OF THEIR OWN WHICH I ADVISE *ALL OF US* TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR. BUT BARNEY WAS A FRIEND, HE WAS THEIR FRIEND, HE'LL ALWAYS BE A FRIEND...
ADAM FLEISHER SPOKESMAN FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN

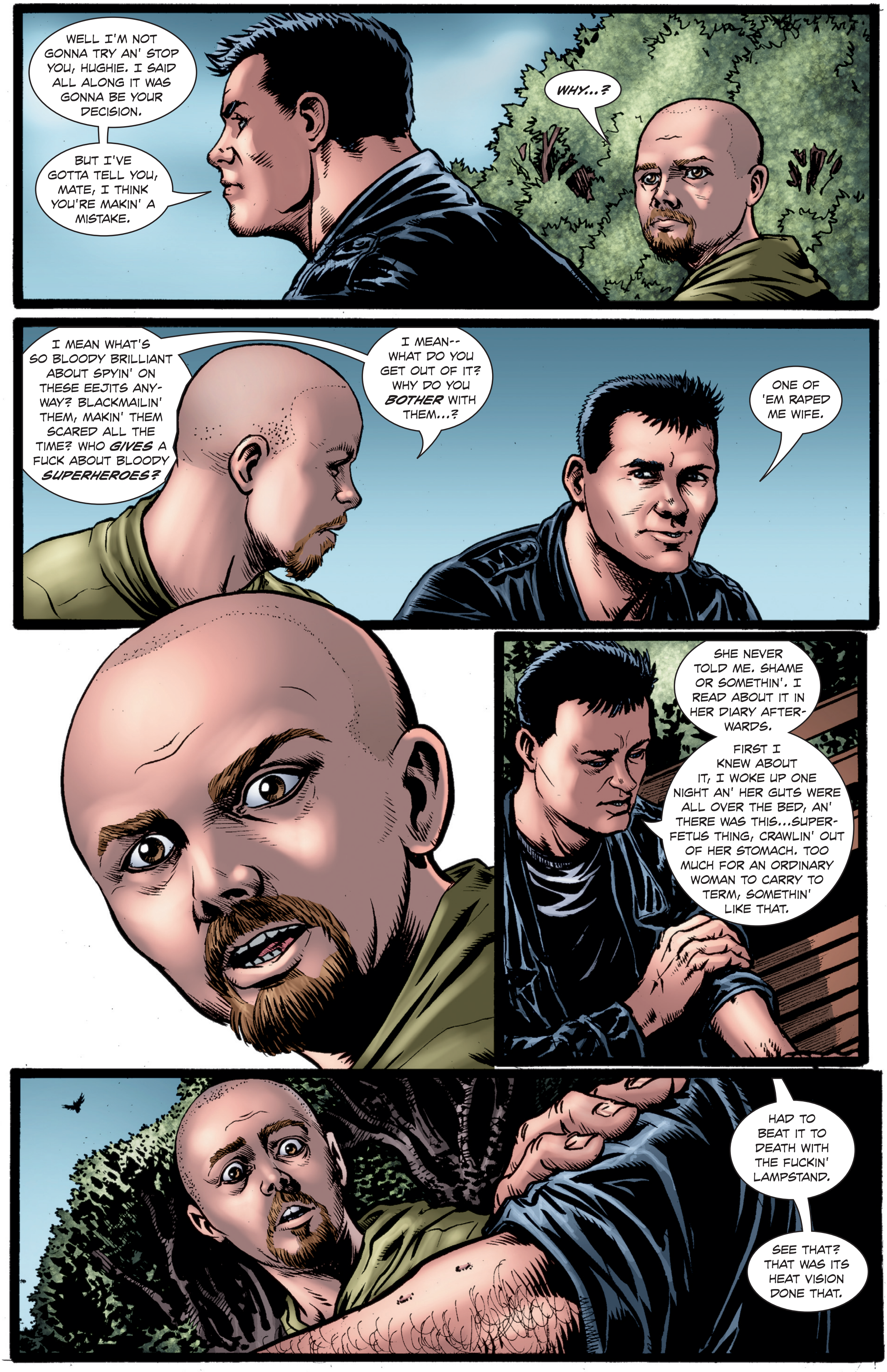

LIVE
...IN THE SURE AND, IN FACT, *DEFINITE* RESURRECTION, I DON'T THINK ANY OF US ARE IN ANY DOUBT ABOUT THAT...
EH?
TELL YOU LATER.
WE'RE IN THE HOME STRAIT NOW. ONE LAST BIT OF BOLLOCKS AFTER THE PADRE, HERE.

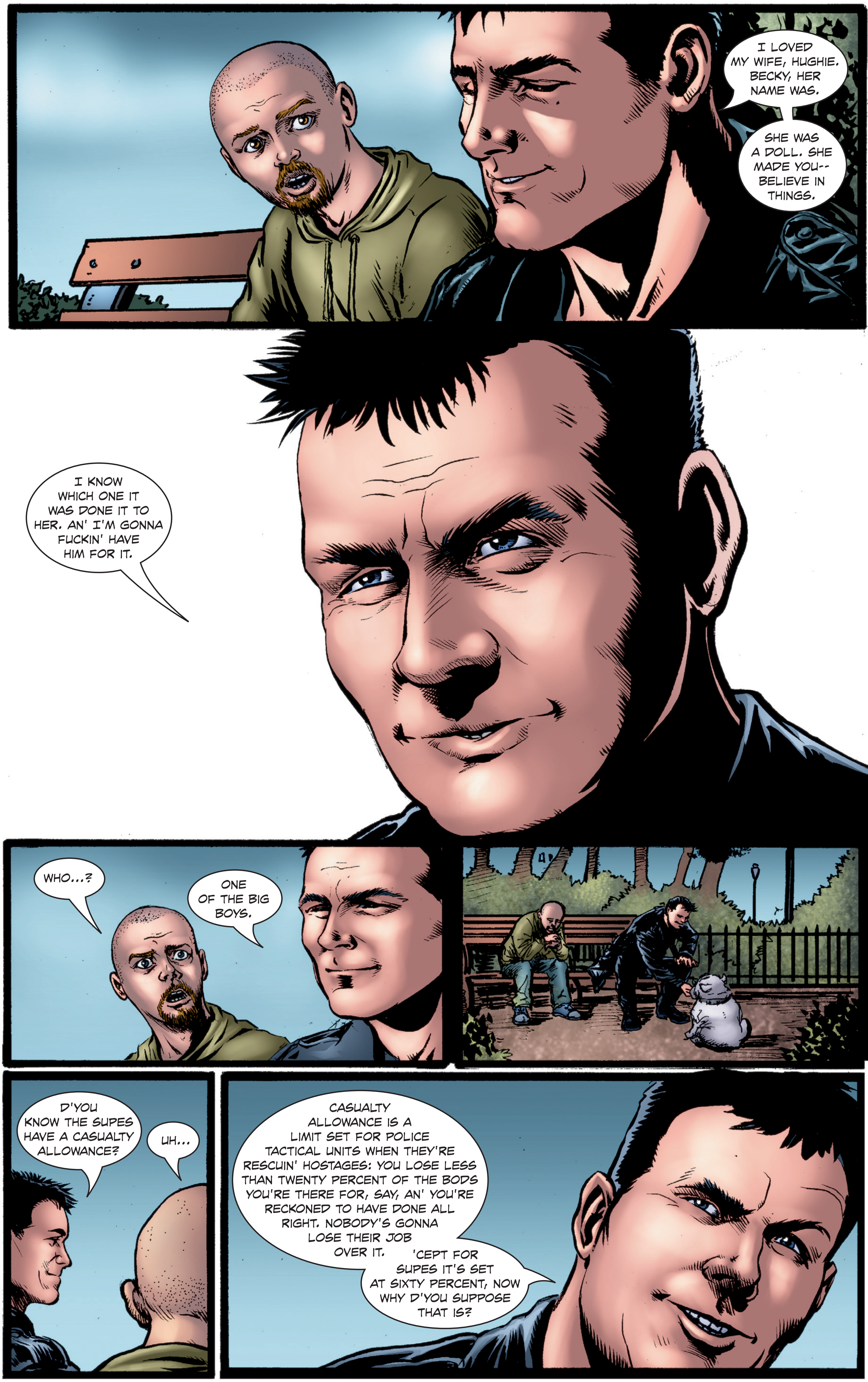

LIVE
THE BLARNEY COCK
GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND.
I'LL MISSTH YOU.

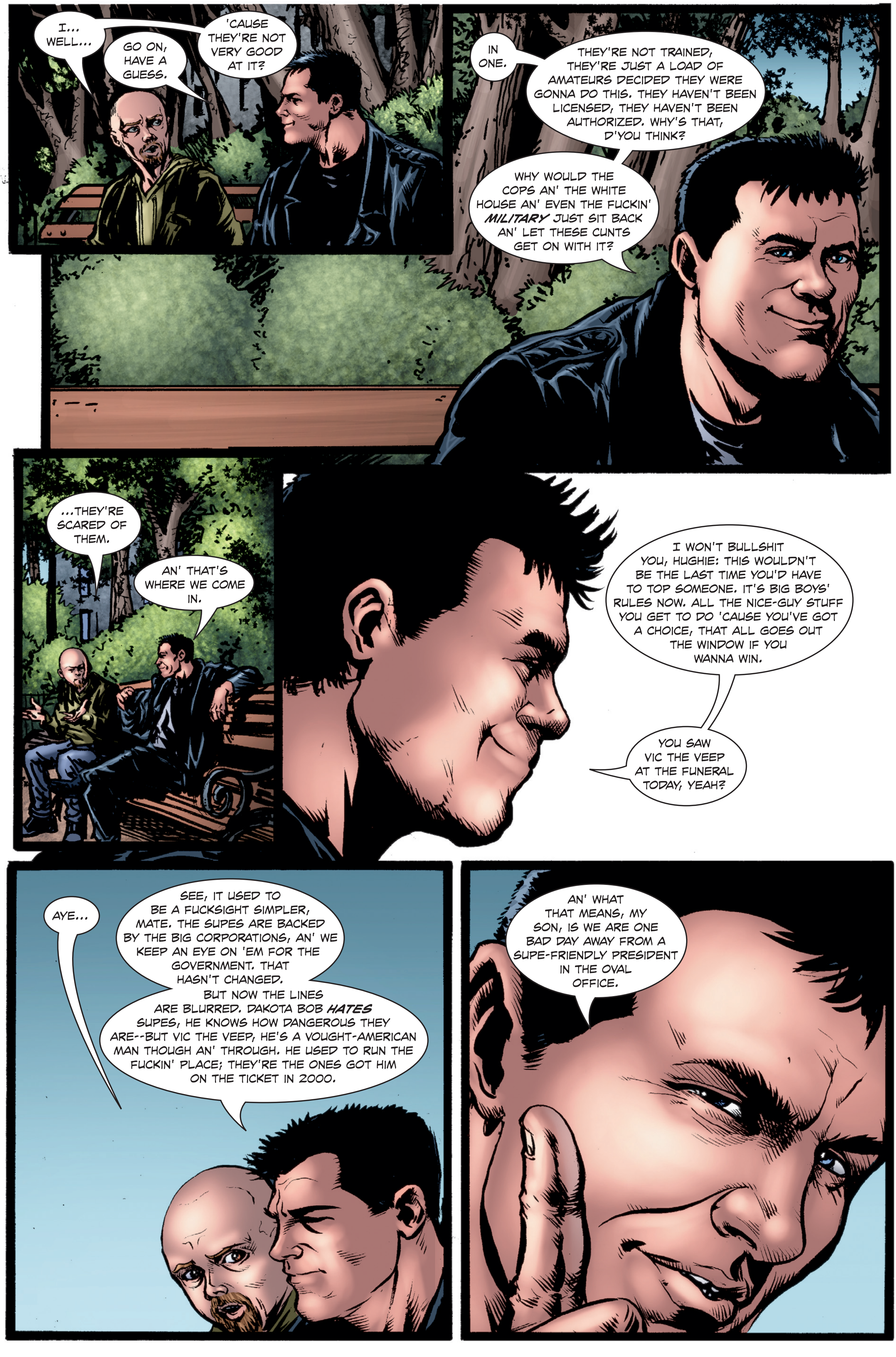

ONCE AGAIN, THE FUNERAL OF THE *BLARNEY COCK,* LEADING MEMBER OF SUPERHERO TEAM *TEENAGE KIX*--KILLED IN ACTION AGAINST TIME TERRORISTS ON MONDAY NIGHT.
ONLY $799-
0% FINANCING
WHAT?

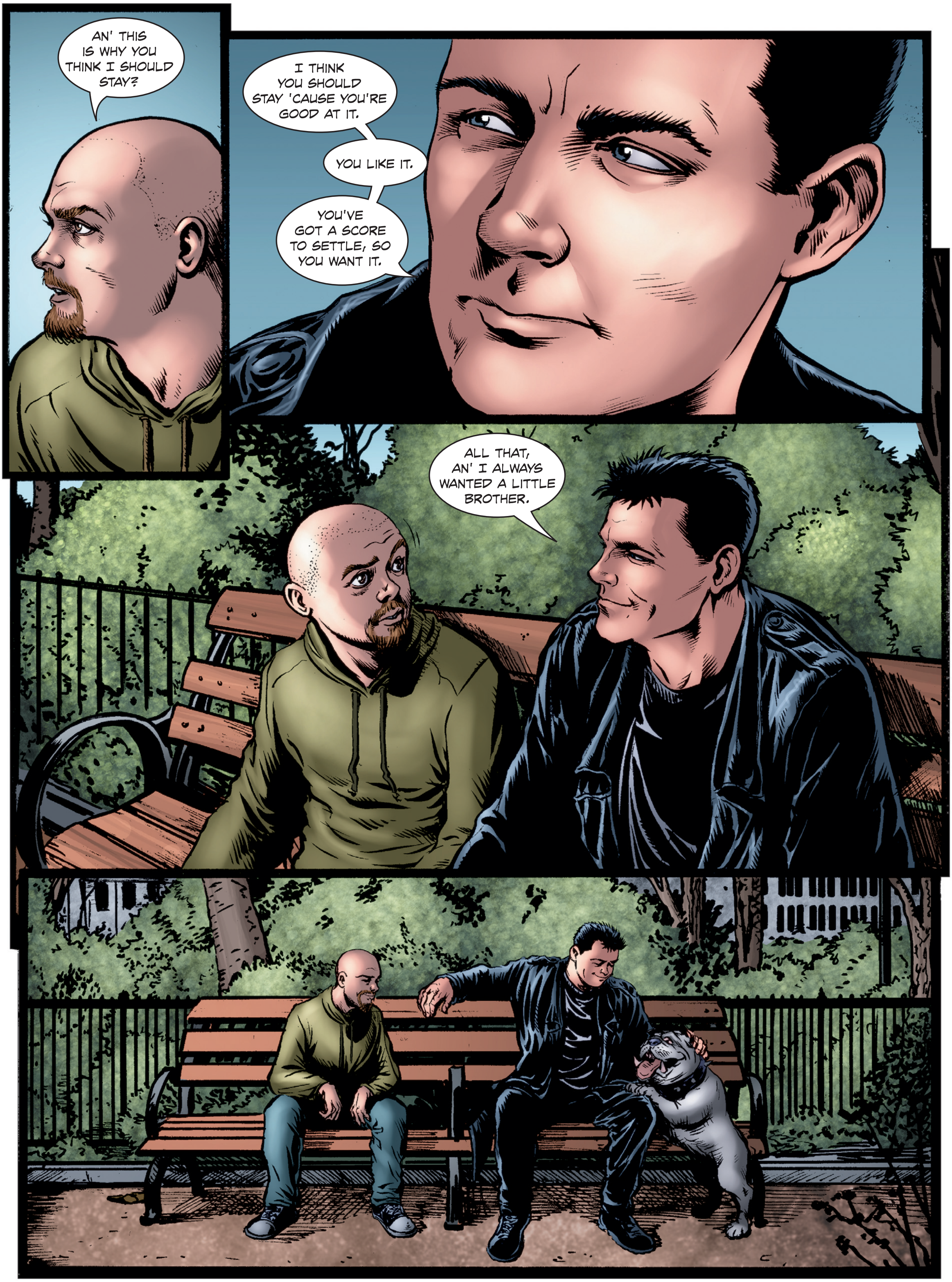

LIVE
A SAD OCCASION. KATIE?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WERE YOU HOPIN' THEY'D GIVE YOU A MENTION?
WHAT THE FUCK IS A *TIME TERRORIST...?*
STONY

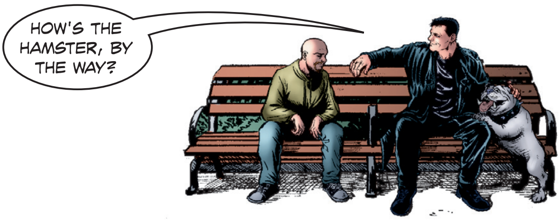

SO.
I CAN'T STAY.
I, UH...
I...
HHHH.
I KILLED SOMEONE. I KNOW IT WAS SELF-DEFENCE AN' I DIDN'T MEAN TO AN' ALL THAT, BUT I STILL DID IT.
AN' IT'S NOT LIKE I FEEL I NEED TO BE PUNISHED FOR IT, I DON'T HAVE SOME BURNIN' DESIRE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF A FUCKIN' AMERICAN PRISON, BUT I DON'T WANNA BE IN SOMETHIN' WHERE I CAN DO THINGS LIKE THAT AN' ***GET AWAY WITH IT...***
WELL, I CAN ALWAYS MAKE ANOTHER PHONE CALL...
I SAID I DIDN'T--
I'M JOKIN', MATE.

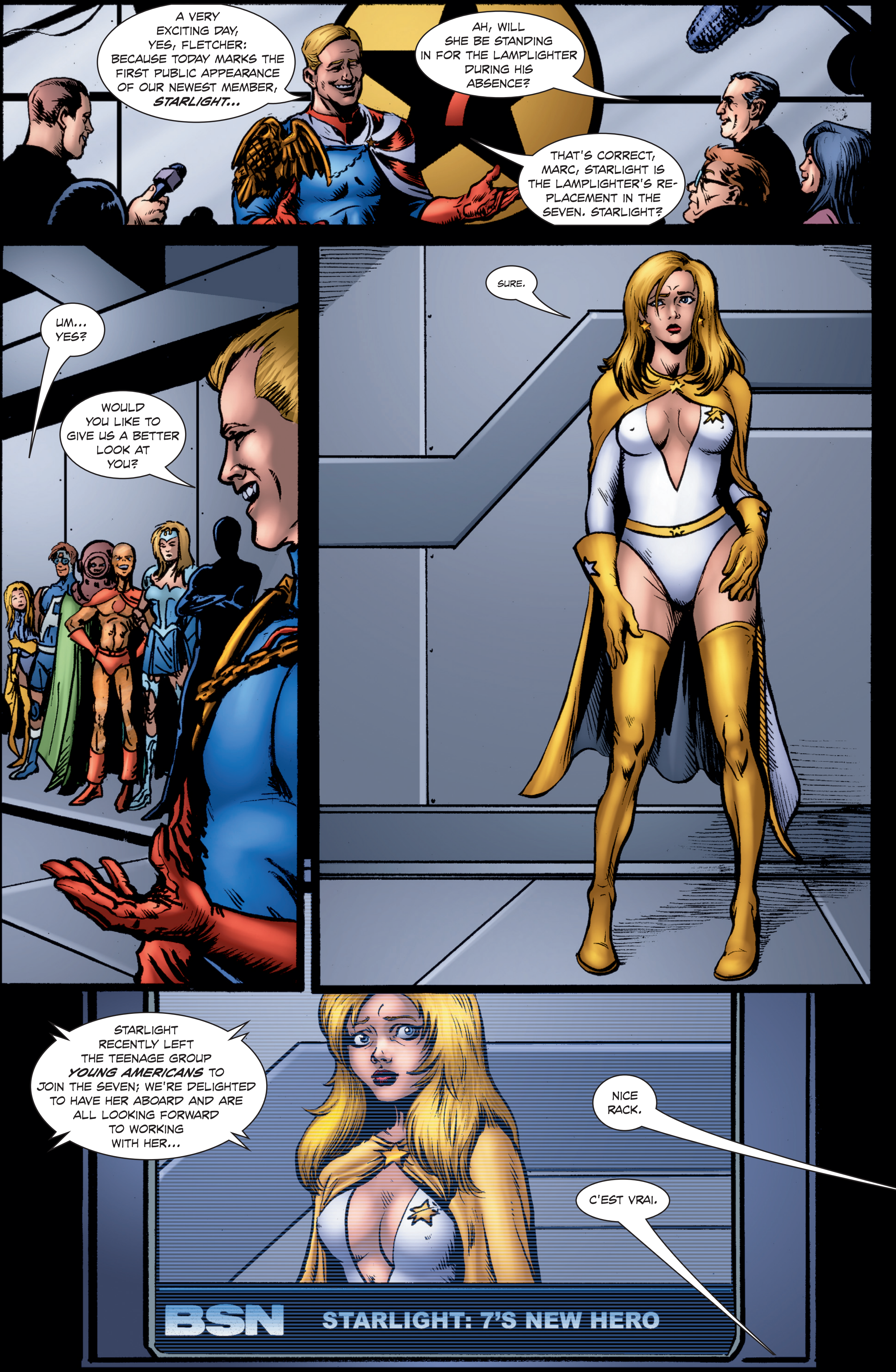

WELL I'M NOT GONNA TRY AN' STOP YOU, HUGHIE. I SAID ALL ALONG IT WAS GONNA BE YOUR DECISION.
BUT I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU, MATE, I THINK YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE.
WHY...?
I MEAN WHAT'S SO BLOODY BRILLIANT ABOUT SPYIN' ON THESE EEJITS ANYWAY? BLACKMAILIN' THEM, MAKIN' THEM SCARED ALL THE TIME? WHO ***GIVES*** A FUCK ABOUT BLOODY ***SUPERHEROES?***
I MEAN-- WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT? WHY DO YOU ***BOTHER*** WITH THEM...?
ONE OF 'EM RAPED ME WIFE.
SHE NEVER TOLD ME. SHAME OR SOMETHIN'. I READ ABOUT IT IN HER DIARY AFTERWARDS.
FIRST I KNEW ABOUT IT, I WOKE UP ONE NIGHT AN' HER GUTS WERE ALL OVER THE BED, AN' THERE WAS THIS...SUPER-FETUS THING, CRAWLIN' OUT OF HER STOMACH. TOO MUCH FOR AN ORDINARY WOMAN TO CARRY TO TERM, SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
HAD TO BEAT IT TO DEATH WITH THE FUCKIN' LAMPSTAND.
SEE THAT? THAT WAS ITS HEAT VISION DONE THAT.

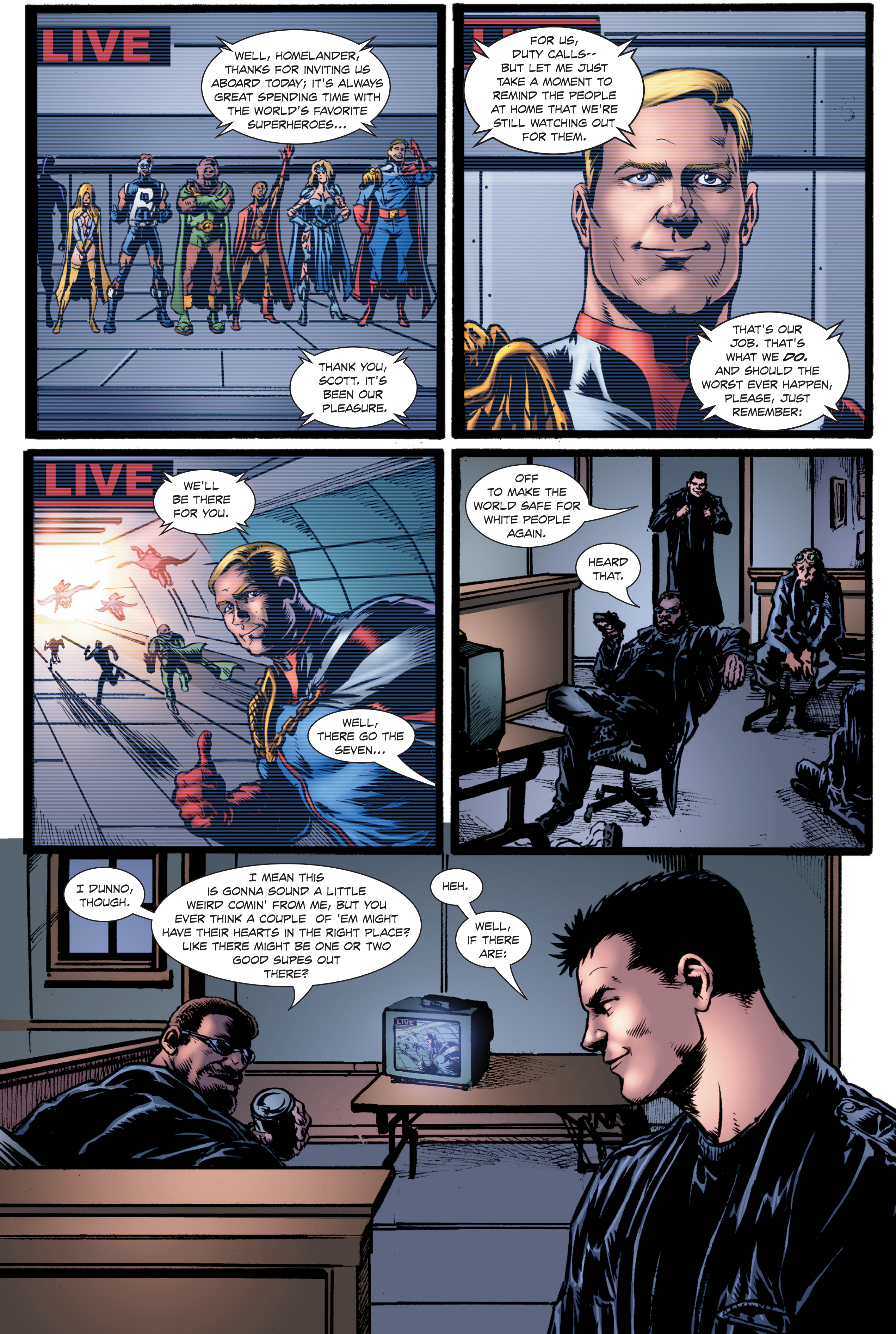

I LOVED MY WIFE, HUGHIE. BECKY, HER NAME WAS.
SHE WAS A DOLL. SHE MADE YOU-- BELIEVE IN THINGS.
I KNOW WHICH ONE IT WAS DONE IT TO HER. AN' I'M GONNA FUCKIN' HAVE HIM FOR IT.
WHO...?
ONE OF THE BIG BOYS.
D'YOU KNOW THE SUPES HAVE A CASUALTY ALLOWANCE?
UH...
CASUALTY ALLOWANCE IS A LIMIT SET FOR POLICE TACTICAL UNITS WHEN THEY'RE RESCUIN' HOSTAGES: YOU LOSE LESS THAN TWENTY PERCENT OF THE BODS YOU'RE THERE FOR, SAY, AN' YOU'RE RECKONED TO HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT. NOBODY'S GONNA LOSE THEIR JOB OVER IT.
'CEPT FOR SUPES IT'S SET AT SIXTY PERCENT, NOW WHY D'YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS?

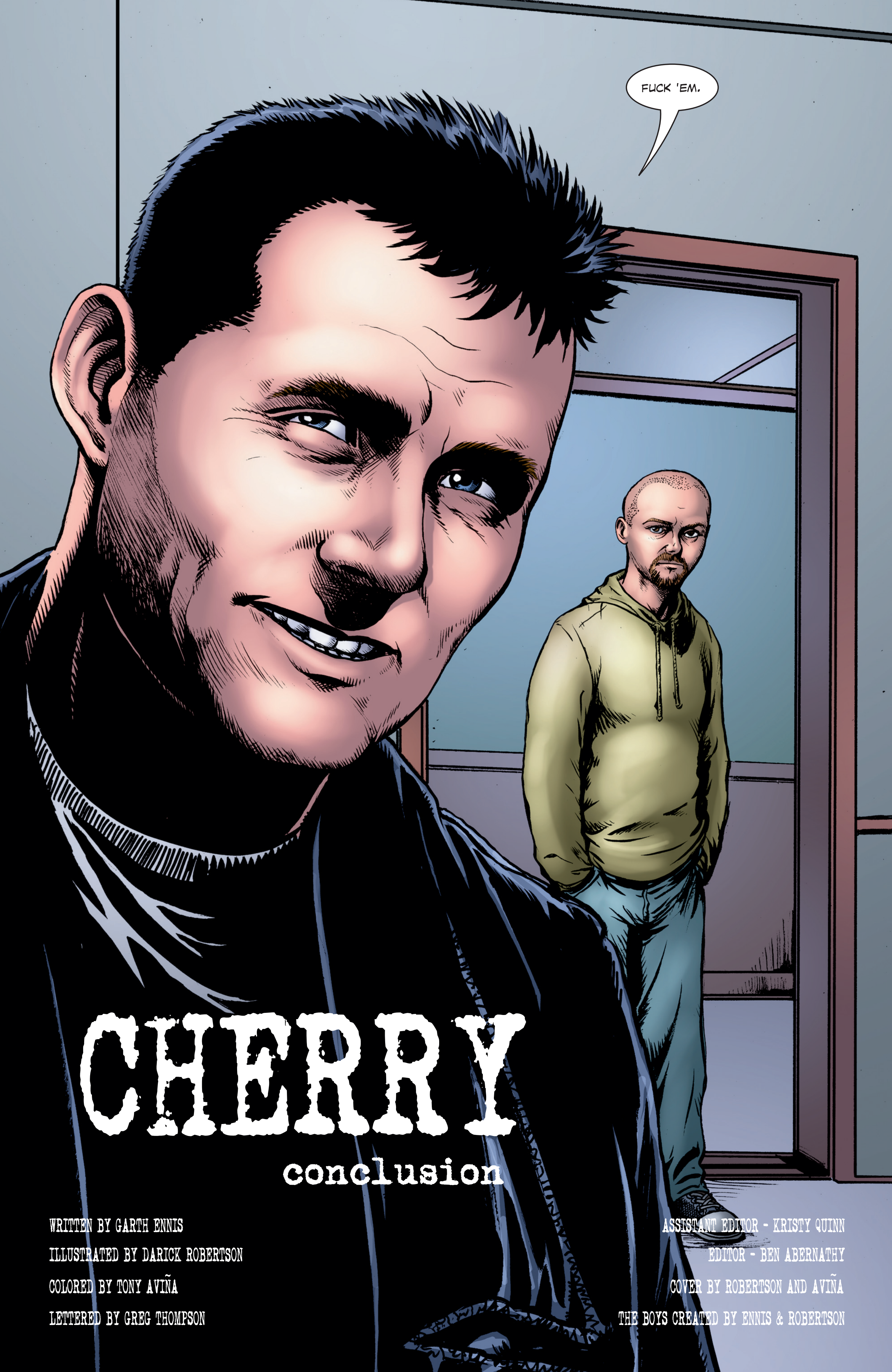

I... WELL...
GO ON, HAVE A GUESS.
'CAUSE THEY'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT IT?
IN ONE.
THEY'RE NOT TRAINED, THEY'RE JUST A LOAD OF AMATEURS DECIDED THEY WERE GONNA DO THIS. THEY HAVEN'T BEEN LICENSED, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN AUTHORIZED. WHY'S THAT, D'YOU THINK?
WHY WOULD THE COPS AN' THE WHITE HOUSE AN' EVEN THE FUCKIN' ***MILITARY*** JUST SIT BACK AN' LET THESE CUNTS GET ON WITH IT?
...THEY'RE SCARED OF THEM.
AN' THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN.
I WON'T BULLSHIT YOU, HUGHIE: THIS WOULDN'T BE THE LAST TIME YOU'D HAVE TO TOP SOMEONE. IT'S BIG BOYS' RULES NOW. ALL THE NICE-GUY STUFF YOU GET TO DO 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE, THAT ALL GOES OUT THE WINDOW IF YOU WANNA WIN.
YOU SAW VIC THE VEEP AT THE FUNERAL TODAY, YEAH?
AYE...
SEE, IT USED TO BE A FUCKSIGHT SIMPLER, MATE. THE SUPES ARE BACKED BY THE BIG CORPORATIONS, AN' WE KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM FOR THE GOVERNMENT. THAT HASN'T CHANGED.
BUT NOW THE LINES ARE BLURRED. DAKOTA BOB ***HATES*** SUPES, HE KNOWS HOW DANGEROUS THEY ARE--BUT VIC THE VEEP, HE'S A VOUGHT-AMERICAN MAN THOUGH AN' THROUGH. HE USED TO RUN THE FUCKIN' PLACE; THEY'RE THE ONES GOT HIM ON THE TICKET IN 2000.
AN' WHAT THAT MEANS, MY SON, IS WE ARE ONE BAD DAY AWAY FROM A SUPE-FRIENDLY PRESIDENT IN THE OVAL OFFICE.


AN' THIS IS WHY YOU THINK I SHOULD STAY?
I THINK YOU SHOULD STAY 'CAUSE YOU'RE GOOD AT IT.
YOU LIKE IT.
YOU'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE, SO YOU WANT IT.
ALL THAT, AN' I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER.


HOW'S THE HAMSTER, BY THE WAY?


A VERY EXCITING DAY, YES, FLETCHER: BECAUSE TODAY MARKS THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF OUR NEWEST MEMBER, ***STARLIGHT...***
AH, WILL SHE BE STANDING IN FOR THE LAMPLIGHTER DURING HIS ABSENCE?
THAT'S CORRECT, MARC, STARLIGHT IS THE LAMPLIGHTER'S REPLACEMENT IN THE SEVEN. STARLIGHT?
UM... YES?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE US A BETTER LOOK AT YOU?
SURE.
STARLIGHT RECENTLY LEFT THE TEENAGE GROUP ***YOUNG AMERICANS*** TO JOIN THE SEVEN; WE'RE DELIGHTED TO HAVE HER ABOARD AND ARE ALL LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH HER...
NICE RACK.
C'EST VRAI.
BSN
STARLIGHT: 7'S NEW HERO


LIVE
WELL, HOMELANDER, THANKS FOR INVITING US ABOARD TODAY; IT'S ALWAYS GREAT SPENDING TIME WITH THE WORLD'S FAVORITE SUPERHEROES...
THANK YOU, SCOTT. IT'S BEEN OUR PLEASURE.
FOR US, DUTY CALLS-- BUT LET ME JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO REMIND THE PEOPLE AT HOME THAT WE'RE STILL WATCHING OUT FOR THEM.
THAT'S OUR JOB. THAT'S WHAT WE *DO.* AND SHOULD THE WORST EVER HAPPEN, PLEASE, JUST REMEMBER:
LIVE
WE'LL BE THERE FOR YOU.
WELL, THERE GO THE SEVEN...
OFF TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR WHITE PEOPLE AGAIN.
HEARD THAT.
I DUNNO, THOUGH.
I MEAN THIS IS GONNA SOUND A LITTLE WEIRD COMIN' FROM ME, BUT YOU EVER THINK A COUPLE OF 'EM MIGHT HAVE THEIR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE? LIKE THERE MIGHT BE ONE OR TWO GOOD SUPES OUT THERE?
HEH.
WELL, IF THERE ARE:
LIVE



CHERRY

conclusion

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
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LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR - KRISTY QUINN
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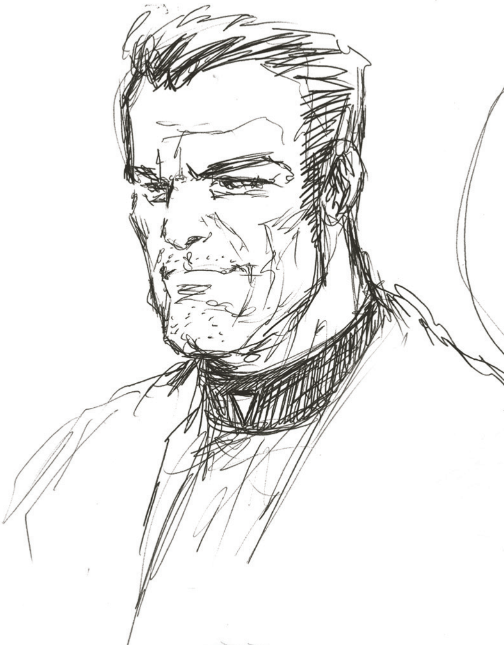
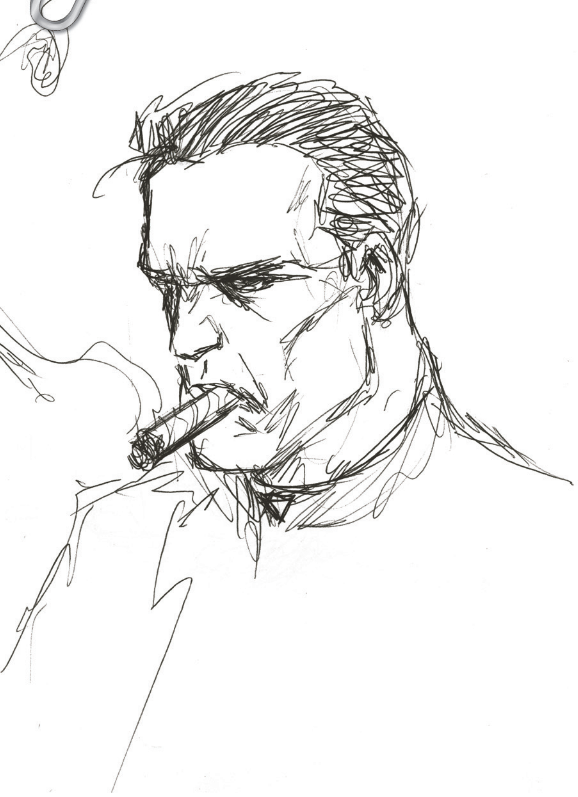
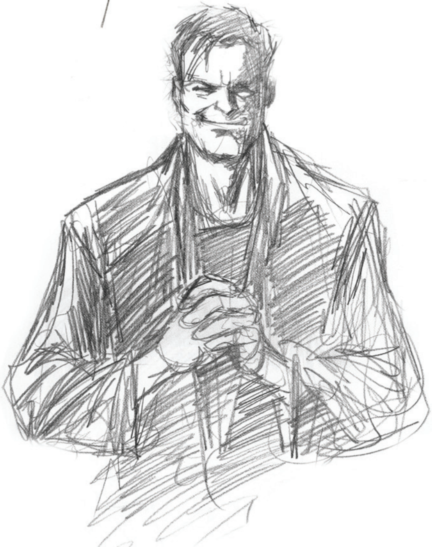
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON

the BOYS concept sketches

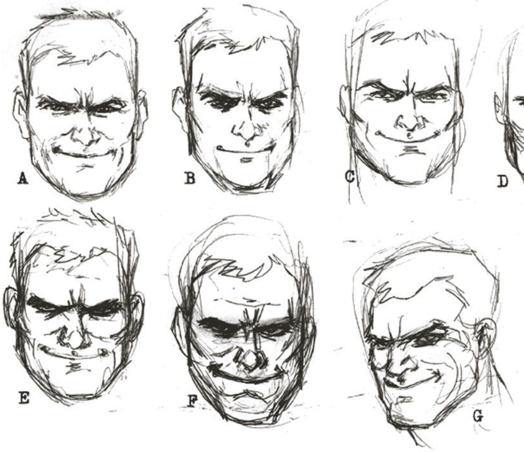


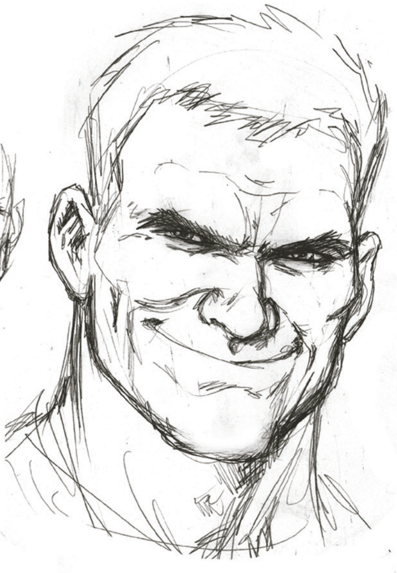




BUTCHER

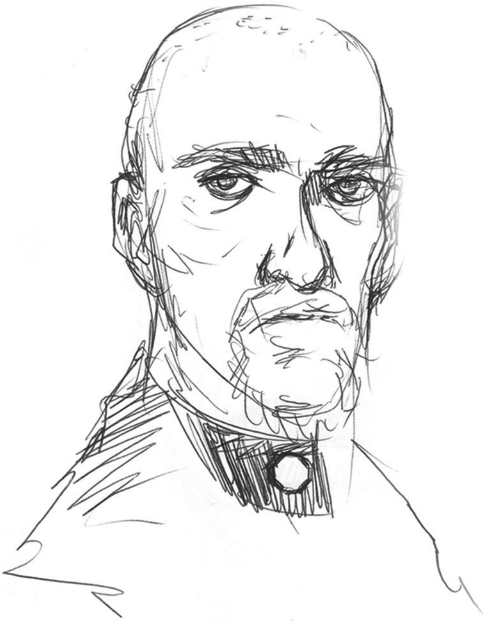
Originally conceived as "Savage", Garth later changed the name to "Butcher". I had a hard time wrapping my head around a character as brutal as Butcher without imagining another version of Nick Fury or Frank Castle. I entertained signature cigars and requisite stubble on his iron jaw but other than a gleeful smile, I wasn't seeing the character as Garth wanted him. Only until Garth described Billy Butcher as having a "dark, cruel smile of malicious intent" - that got me to sit down and draw Butcher's face over and over until I got it right.

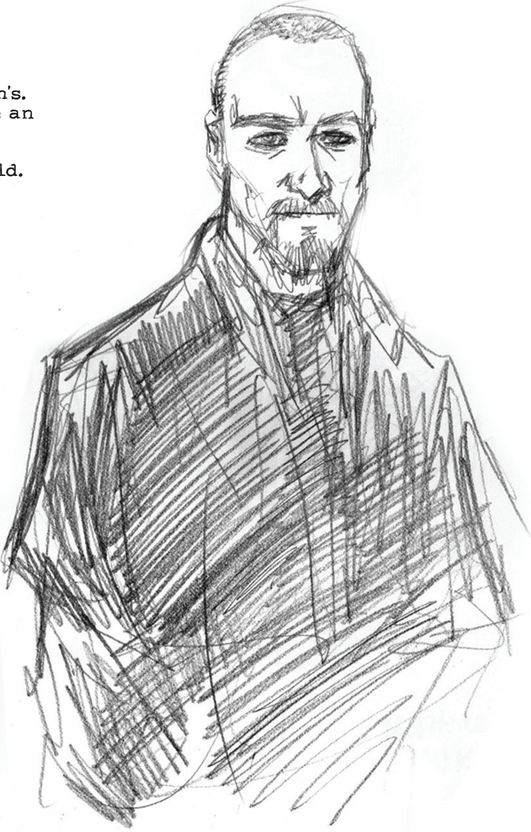




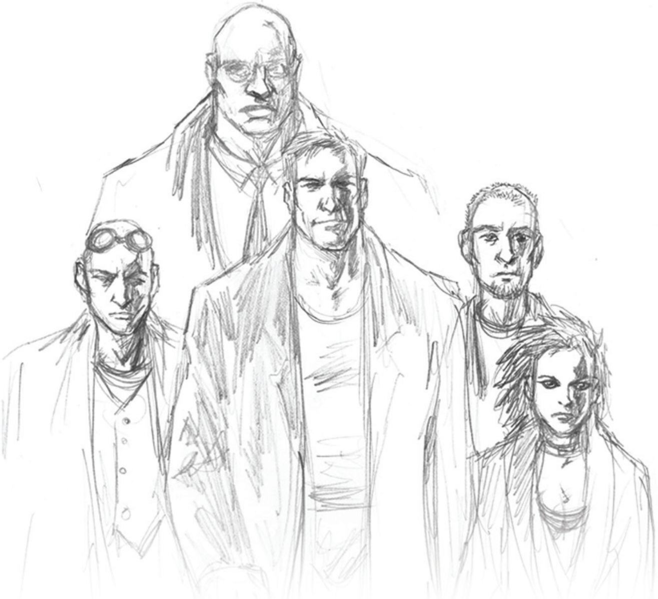
WEE HUGHIE

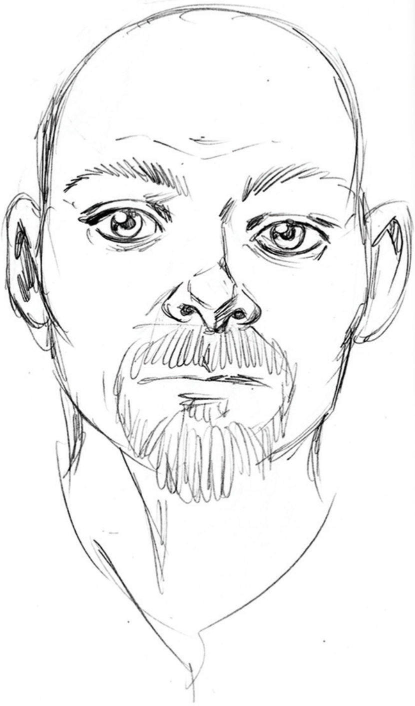
Wee Hughie was inspired by an old friend of Garth's. Garth emphasized that it was important to capture an innocenct but tough determination in Hughie. Two things that seemed to contradict each other, and somehow, in early sketches, he kept looking too old.





When I saw Simon Pegg in 'Spaced' I thought he captured that balance perfectly, and "Shaun" nailed that home. I never thought the reference would get so much attention, but I was thrilled when Simon contacted me and showed us such support! Wee Hughie has become my favorite character in the book to draw, since that balance in his nature is always a challenge and when I feel I get it, I have the most satisfaction accomplishing that.

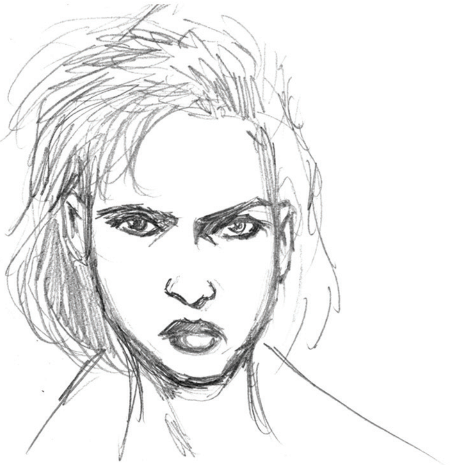


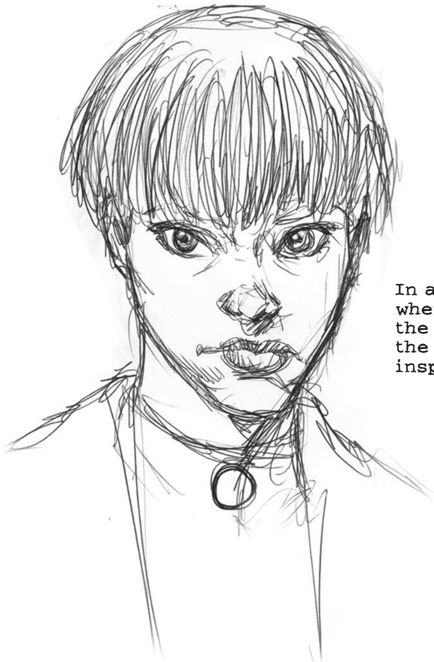


the BOYS concept sketches

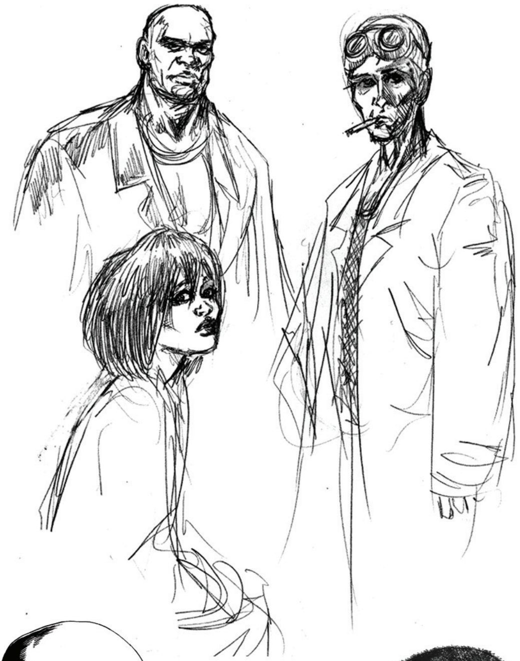
THE FEMALE

The point was to make her small and insane. In the years leading up to actually having scripts to see these characters in action, I didn't fully realize what Garth was going for, and I think my instinct was to go for sexy, like a 'Kill Bill' Tarantino-esque character.



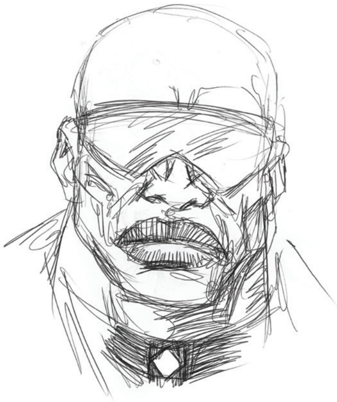


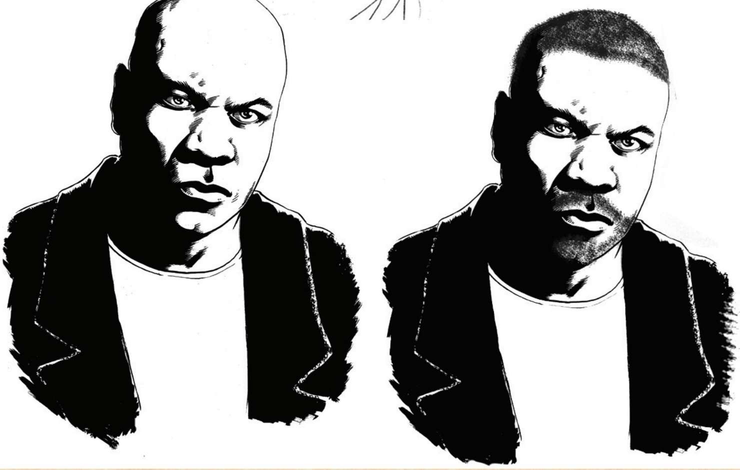
In a later sketch, I tried making her Japanese and that's when the character came to life for me. When I suggested the change in nationality to Garth, he lit up, and embraced the idea. I can't wait for the origin story he said the change inspired.



MOTHER'S MILK

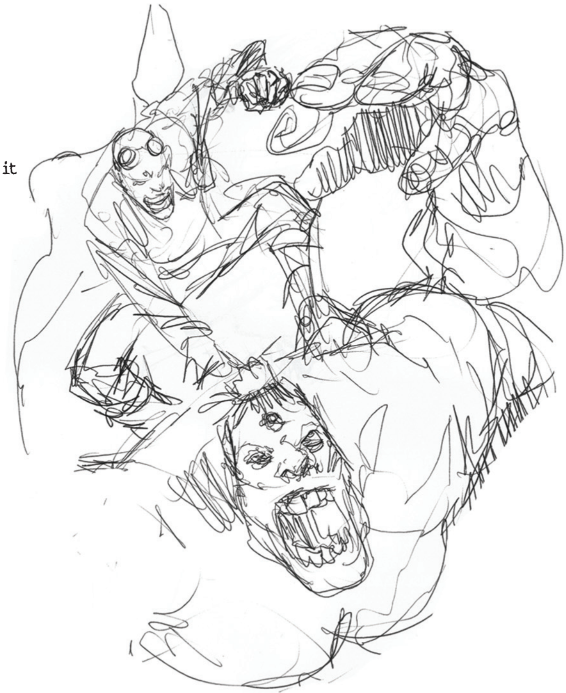
MM was my first real contribution to the BOYS when Garth first mentioned the book to me back in 2002. I can't say too much or I'll blow the surprise, but Garth applied an idea to this character that I had suggested and will eventually reveal. We originally saw him as bald and smooth but when I drew up the final design piece, Garth asked for a beard and tight afro at the last minute.



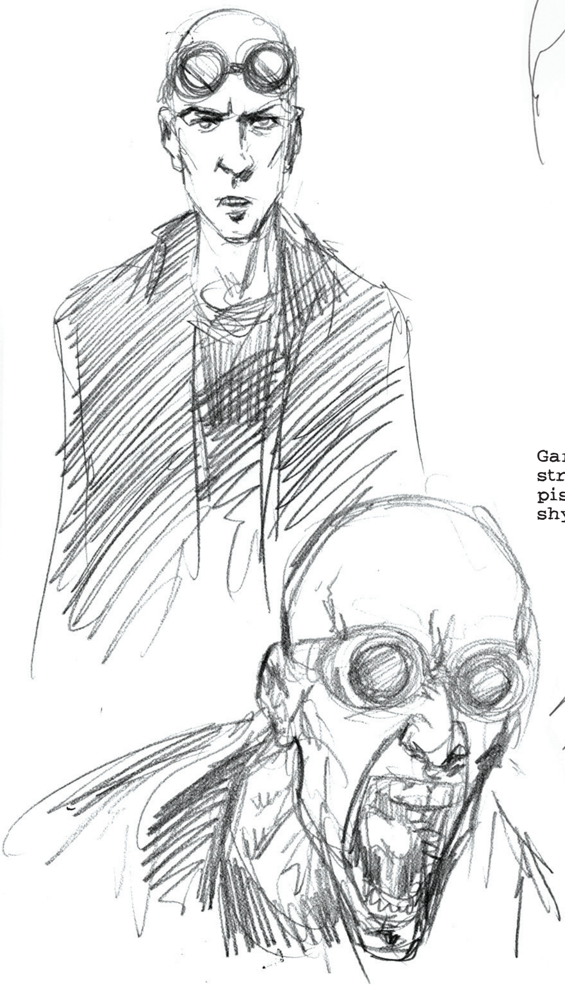


THE FRENCHMAN

The earliest character I played with when sketching, I imagined him in action from the beginning. Rolling off of Transmetropolitan, it was important not to make him too much like Spider Jerusalem, since he's skinny, bald and smokes and has goggles on all the time.

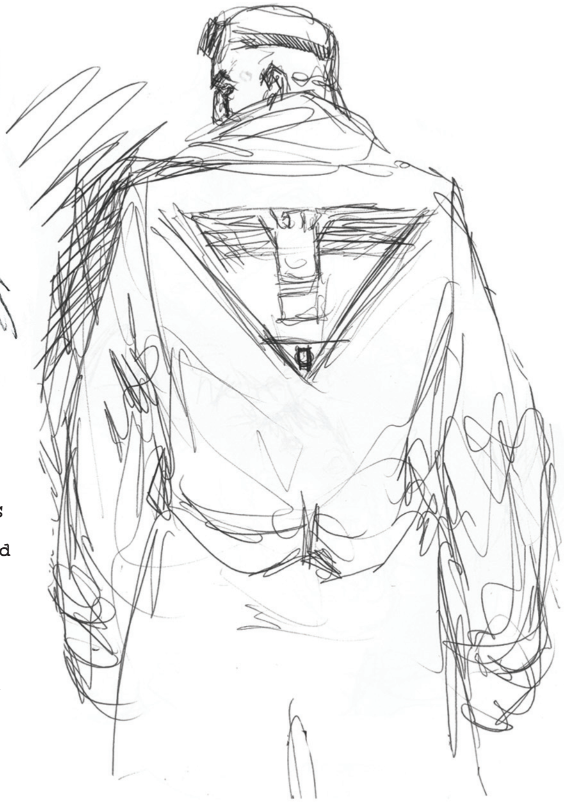


Garth wanted Frenchman's genial nature to be a strong contrast to the psychopath he becomes when pissed off. Where I saw him as aloof, Garth sees him shy, friendly and unassuming.



I felt it was important at first to give the BOYS some sort of logo, or symbol. I imagined them having their place in the super hero world and being more public figures. I designed a symbol for their coats and little collars for what I thought would be super suits beneath, ala the Challengers of the Unknown or Fantastic Four.

The key to The Boys is how otherwise normal they look aside from their signature boots and trench coats. Less is more.



Garth Ennis
Darick Robertson
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SEVEN
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(Transmetropolitan, Fury)

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Graphic Novel / Super Hero

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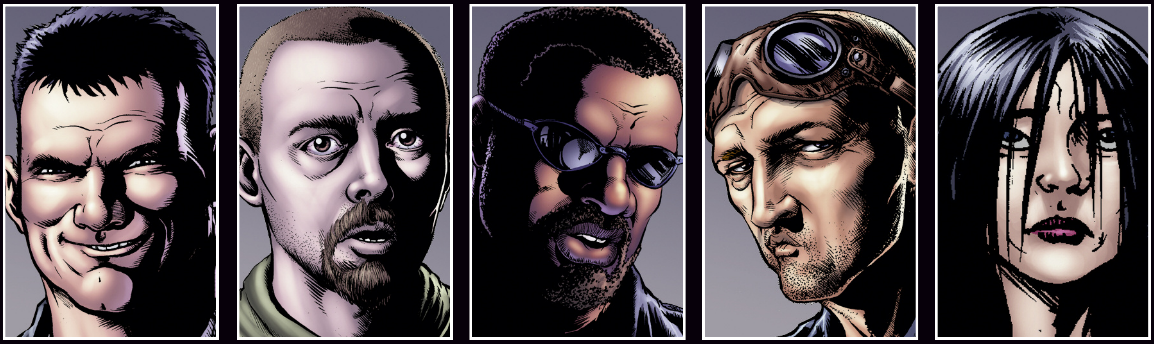
In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the “supes” don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

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